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CERVANTES' DON QUIXOTE.

PART II.

THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF

THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

BY

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

A TRANSLATION BASED ON THAT OF PETER ANTHONY MOTTEUX,

WITH THE MEMOIR AND NOTES OF

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

NEW EDITION.

VOLUME II.

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CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

DEDICATION	PAGE 1
PROLOGUE	3

PART II.

CHAPTER I.— <i>Of what passed between the Curate, the Barber, and Don Quixote, concerning his Indisposition</i>	9
CHAPTER II.— <i>Which treats of the memorable Quarrel between Sancho Panza and Don Quixote's Niece and Housekeeper; with other pleasant Passages</i>	21
CHAPTER III.— <i>Of the pleasant Discourse between Don Quixote, Sancho Panza, and the Bachelor Samson Carrasco</i>	27
CHAPTER IV.— <i>Wherein Sancho Panza satisfies the Bachelor Samson Carrasco in his Doubts and Queries; with other Passages fit to be known and related</i>	35
CHAPTER V.— <i>Of the wise and pleasant Dialogue between Sancho Panza and Teresa Panza his Wife; together with other Passages worthy of happy memory</i>	41
CHAPTER VI.— <i>Of what passed between Don Quixote, his Niece, and the Housekeeper; being one of the most important Chapters in the whole History</i>	48
CHAPTER VII.— <i>Of Don Quixote's Conference with his Squire, and other famous Passages</i>	54
CHAPTER VIII.— <i>Wherein is told Don Quixote's success in his Journey to visit the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso</i>	61
CHAPTER IX.— <i>That gives an Account of Things which will be found in it</i>	68

	PAGE
CHAPTER X.— <i>In which is related the diligence of Sancho to enchant the Lady Dulcinea; with other Passages no less ridiculous than certain</i>	72
CHAPTER XI.— <i>Of the stupendous Adventure that befell the valorous Don Quixote, with the Chariot or Cart of the Parliament of Death</i>	81
CHAPTER XII.— <i>Of the valorous Don Quixote's strange Adventure with the brave Knight of the Mirrors</i>	88
CHAPTER XIII.— <i>In which the Adventure with the Knight of the Wood is continued; with the wise, rare, and pleasant Discourse that passed between the two Squires</i>	94
CHAPTER XIV.— <i>Wherein is continued the Adventure of the Knight of the Wood</i>	100
CHAPTER XV.— <i>Giving an Account who the Knight of the Mirrors and his Squire were</i>	110
CHAPTER XVI.— <i>What happened to Don Quixote with a sober Gentleman of La Mancha</i>	112
CHAPTER XVII.— <i>In which is set forth the highest and utmost proof that Don Quixote ever gave, or could give, of his incredible Courage; with the successful issue of the Adventure of the Lions</i>	121
CHAPTER XVIII.— <i>Of what befel Don Quixote at the Castle or House of the Knight of the Green Coat; with other extravagant Passages</i>	132
CHAPTER XIX.— <i>In which is told the Adventure of the amorous Shepherd, and other truly comical Passages</i>	141
CHAPTER XX.— <i>Wherein is an Account of the Wedding of Camacho the Rich, and what befell Basil the Poor</i>	148
CHAPTER XXI.— <i>In which proceeds Camacho's Wedding; with other delightful Accidents</i>	156
CHAPTER XXII.— <i>Giving an Account of the great Adventure of Montesinos' Cave, situated in the heart of La Mancha, which the valorous Don Quixote successfully achieved</i>	162
CHAPTER XXIII.— <i>Of the wonderful Things which the unparalleled Don Quixote declared he had seen in the deep Cave of Montesinos, the greatness and impossibility of which makes this Adventure pass for apocryphal</i>	170
CHAPTER XXIV.— <i>Wherein is an Account of a thousand Trifles as impertinent as necessary to the right understanding of this grand History</i>	180
CHAPTER XXV.— <i>Wherein is set down the Braying Adventure, and the pleasant one of the Puppet-player, with the memorable divining of the fortune-telling Ape</i>	187

	PAGE
CHAPTER XXVI.— <i>Wherein is related the pleasant Adventure of the Puppet-play, with other very good Things truly</i> . . .	196
CHAPTER XXVII.— <i>Wherein is discovered who were Master Peter, and his Ape; as also Don Quixote's ill-success in the Braying Adventure, which did not end so happily as he desired and expected</i>	204
CHAPTER XXVIII.— <i>Of some Things which Benengeli tells us he that reads shall know, if he reads them with attention</i> . . .	211
CHAPTER XXIX.— <i>Of the famous Adventure of the Enchanted Bark</i>	217
CHAPTER XXX.— <i>Of what happened to Don Quixote with a Fair Huntress</i>	223
CHAPTER XXXI.— <i>Which treats of many and great Matters</i>	228
CHAPTER XXXII.— <i>Of Don Quixote's Answer to his reprover, with other grave and merry Accidents</i>	238
CHAPTER XXXIII.— <i>Of the savoury Conference which the Duchess and her Damsels held with Sancho Panza, worthy to be read and marked</i>	252
CHAPTER XXXIV.— <i>Which recounts the ways and means for disenchanting the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, being one of the most famous Adventures in the whole book</i>	259
CHAPTER XXXV.— <i>Wherein is continued the information given to Don Quixote how to disenchant Dulcinea; with other wonderful Passages</i>	266
CHAPTER XXXVI.— <i>Wherein is related the strange and never-thought-of Adventure of the Disconsolate Lady, otherwise the Countess Trifaldi, with Sancho Panza's Letter to his Wife Teresa Panza</i>	273
CHAPTER XXXVII.— <i>In which is continued the famous Adventure of the Disconsolate Lady</i>	279
CHAPTER XXXVIII.— <i>Wherein is the Account which the Disconsolate Lady gives of her Misfortune</i>	281
CHAPTER XXXIX.— <i>Where the Countess Trifaldi continues her stupendous and memorable Story</i>	287
CHAPTER XL.— <i>Of some Things that appertain and relate to this Adventure, and to this memorable Story</i>	290
CHAPTER XLI.— <i>Of Clavileño's Arrival; with the conclusion of this tedious Adventure</i>	295
CHAPTER XLII.— <i>Of the Instructions which Don Quixote gave Sancho Panza before he went to the Government of his Island; with other Matters of moment</i>	306

	PAGE
CHAPTER XLIII.— <i>Of the Second Instructions which Don Quixote gave to Sancho Panza</i>	311
CHAPTER XLIV.— <i>How Sancho Panza was carried to his Government, and of the strange Adventure that befel Don Quixote in the Castle</i>	317
CHAPTER XLV.— <i>How the great Sancho Panza took possession of his Island, and in what manner he began to govern</i>	326
CHAPTER XLVI.— <i>Of the dreadful Alarm given to Don Quixote by the Bells and Cats, during the course of the captivated Altisidora's Amours</i>	334
CHAPTER XLVII.— <i>Wherein is continued the Account of Sancho Panza's behaviour in his Government</i>	338
CHAPTER XLVIII.— <i>Of what happened to Don Quixote with Donna Rodriguez, the Duchess's Woman; as also other Passages worthy of record and eternal remembrance</i>	348
CHAPTER XLIX.— <i>Of what happened to Sancho Panza, as he went the rounds in his Island</i>	357
CHAPTER L.— <i>Wherein is declared who were the Enchanters and Executioners that whipped the Duenna, and pinched and scratched Don Quixote; with the success which befell the Page that carried Sancho's Letter to Teresa Panza, wife of Sancho Panza</i>	368
CHAPTER LI.— <i>Of the Continuation of Sancho Panza's Government; with other Passages, such as are good</i>	376
CHAPTER LII.— <i>Wherein is related the Adventures of the second Disconsolate or Distressed Lady, otherwise called Donna Rodriguez</i>	386
CHAPTER LIII.— <i>Of the toilsome End and Conclusion of Sancho Panza's Government</i>	393
CHAPTER LIV.— <i>Which treats of Matters that relate to this History, and no other</i>	398
CHAPTER LV.— <i>Of Things that happened to Sancho by the way, and others which you have only to see</i>	407
CHAPTER LVI.— <i>Of the extraordinary and unheard-of Combat which took place between Don Quixote de la Mancha, and the Lackey Tosilos, in the defence of the Lady Donna Rodriguez's Daughter</i>	414
CHAPTER LVII.— <i>Which tells how Don Quixote took his leave of the Duke, and what passed between him and the witty and wanton Altisidora, the Duchess's Damsel</i>	419
CHAPTER LVIII.— <i>Which tells how Adventures crowded so thick on Don Quixote, that they trod upon one another's heels</i> . .	423

	PAGE
CHAPTER LIX.— <i>Where is related the extraordinary Accident that happened to Don Quixote, which may well pass for an Adventure</i>	434
CHAPTER LX.— <i>What happened to Don Quixote in going to Barcelona</i>	442
CHAPTER LXI.— <i>Of what befell Don Quixote on his Entry into Barcelona; with other Accidents that have more Truth than Wisdom in them</i>	454
CHAPTER LXII.— <i>Which treats of the Adventure of the Enchanted Head; with other Trifles which must not be omitted</i>	457
CHAPTER LXIII.— <i>Of Sancho's Misfortunes on his visit to the Gallies; with the strange Adventure of the beautiful Morisca.</i>	470
CHAPTER LXIV.— <i>Which treats of the Adventure which Don Quixote laid most to heart of any that had yet befallen him</i> .	479
CHAPTER LXV.— <i>In which it is stated who he of the White Moon was; with Don Gregorio's release, and other Passages</i> . . .	483
CHAPTER LXVI.— <i>Which treats of that which shall be seen by him that reads it, or heard by him that listens when it is read</i>	488
CHAPTER LXVII.— <i>How Don Quixote resolved to turn Shepherd, and lead a rural Life for the Year of his Engagement; with other Passages truly good and diverting</i>	494
CHAPTER LXVIII.— <i>Of the Adventure of Hogs that befell Don Quixote</i>	499
CHAPTER LXIX.— <i>Of the most strange and most novel Adventure that befell Don Quixote in the whole course of this great History</i>	504
CHAPTER LXX.— <i>Which comes after the Sixty-ninth, and treats of Things not to be omitted for the clearing-up of this History</i>	509
CHAPTER LXXI.— <i>Of what happened to Don Quixote and his Squire Sancho on the way to their Village</i>	516
CHAPTER LXXII.— <i>Of how Don Quixote and Sancho got to their Village</i>	521
CHAPTER LXXIII.— <i>Of the omens Don Quixote met with as he entered his Village; with other Events that illustrate and give credit to this great History</i>	526
CHAPTER LXXIV.— <i>Of how Don Quixote fell sick, and of the Will he made, and his Death</i>	531
ADDITIONAL NOTES	539

DEDICATION

TO THE COUNT OF LEMOS.¹

IN sending to your Excellency, a short time past, my *Comedies*²—printed before being performed—I said, if my memory serves me, that “Don Quixote was waiting, with boots ready spurred to go and pay his respects to your Excellency.” I now announce that he has donned them and is already on the way; and should he arrive, it appears to me that he will have done your Excellency a service, for great pressure is put upon me to send him, by people in the remotest parts, that they may get quit of the disgust and nausea caused by another Don Quixote, who, disguising himself under the name of the *Second Part* has been perambulating the world. And he who has the most manifested a desire for him is the Great Emperor of China, for it is but a month ago that he wrote me a despatch in the Chinese language by an express, begging or rather supplicating me to send him off, inasmuch as he desired to found a college in which the Castilian language should be read, and was anxious that the book there to be read should be the History of Don Quixote: in addition to which he declared that I was to be the Rector of the said college. I inquired of the messenger if his Majesty had given him any assistance for me towards the expense: he replied that he had not thought of any such thing. Then brother, rejoined I, you can go back to your China on the


¹ [The Count of Lemos was viceroy of Naples.]

² [These *Comedies* were in fact published in the previous month of September, 1615.]

tenth or twentieth or whatever day of the month it was on which you were despatched : for I cannot with safety undertake so long a journey : for besides being in bad health, I am sorely in want of money, and Emperor for Emperor, ruler for ruler, I am attached in Naples to the Count of Lemos, who without any such entitlements of colleges and rectorships supports and protects me, and bestows more kindness on me than I have a right to look for. Therewith I dismissed him, and herewith I dismiss myself, offering to your Excellency the *Adventures of Persiles and Sigismunda*, a book which, *Deo volente*, will be finished within four months,¹ and which will be either the worst or the best (I speak of books of amusement) which has been composed in our language : and I may say that I repent of having said the worst, since, in the opinion of my friends, it attains the greatest possible merit. May it come to pass, with the good health to be desired for your Excellency, that *Persiles* shall presently kiss your hands, and I your feet, being as I am your Excellency's servant. Madrid, the last day of October, one thousand six hundred and fifteen.

Your Excellency's obedient

Miguel de Cervantes
Saavedra



¹ [He finished this shortly before his death in the following year, 1616 (see Biography, vol. i.), and it was published by his widow in 1617.]

PROLOGUE

TO THE READER.

BLESS me! reader, gentle or simple, or whatever you be, how impatiently by this time must you expect this Preface, supposing it to be nothing but revengeful invectives against the author of the second Don Quixote.¹ But I must beg your pardon; for I shall say no more of

¹ The first part of Don Quixote appeared in the year 1605; the sequel of the story (to which we are now come) was not published till 1615, the year before the death of Cervantes. In the year 1614, while Cervantes was preparing his second part for the press, there appeared at Tarragona a continuation of the Don's adventures, from the pen of a slavish imitator and base plagiarist, who assumed the name of Alonzo Fernandes de Avellanada, and designated himself a native of Tordesillas. There can be little doubt that this man had procured access to the MS. of Cervantes, or at least, that he had conversed with some one who had perused it; for the only parts of his book in which he does not betray very gross imitation of the first part, are those in which he introduces adventures that actually do appear in the second part of Cervantes' own work. The whole scheme of Sancho's government, and the character of Don Alvaro de Tarfo—who administers food and encouragement to all the madness of Don Quixote, exactly as the Duke does in Cervantes' second part—are of themselves instances of a coincidence that could by no means have been fortuitous. It appears that this work did not reach the hands of Cervantes till he had composed, if not printed, a considerable part of his sequel, for the allusions to Avellanada commence of a sudden, and are thenceforward continually repeated. The work of the imitator is every way inferior to that of Cervantes, yet it is by no means destitute of merit. But the vulgarity and obscenity, which Cervantes himself reprehends in the text, are altogether offensive; and few, I should imagine, can feel any great curiosity to peruse the composition of a man who was capable of attempting to turn into ridicule a great genius and a gallant soldier, by telling him that his hairs were grey, and that he had lost a limb at the battle of Lepanto.

him than everybody says, that Tordesillas is the place where he was begotten, and Tarragona the place where he was born; and though it be universally said, that even a worm, when trod upon, will turn again, yet I am resolved for once to cross the proverb. You perhaps now would have me call him coxcomb, fool, and madman; but I am of another mind, and so let his folly be its own punishment.

But there is something which I cannot so easily pass over; he is pleased to upbraid me with my age; as if it had been in my power to stop the career of Time. Then he tells me of the loss of one of my hands, as if that maim had been got in a quarrel in some tavern, and not upon the most memorable occasion that either past or present ages have beheld, and which, perhaps, futurity will never parallel. If my wounds do not redound to my honour in the thoughts of some of those that look upon them, they will at least secure me the esteem of those that know how they were gotten. A soldier makes a nobler figure as he lies dead in battle, than safe in flight; and I am so far from being ashamed of the loss of my hand, that were it possible to recall the same opportunity, I should think my wounds but a small price for sharing in that prodigious action. The scars in a soldier's face and breast are the stars that by a laudable imitation guide others to the port of honour and glory. Besides, it is not the grey hairs, but the understanding of a man, that may be said to write; and years are wont to improve the latter.

I am not wholly insensible of his epithet of *envious*, and of his describing, as if I were ignorant, what envy is: but I take Heaven to witness, I never was acquainted with any sort of envy beyond a sacred, generous, and ingenuous emulation, which could never engage me to abuse a clergyman, especially if made the more reverend by a post in the Inquisition; and if he said it, for whom he appears to have said it, he is mightily mistaken; for I had a veneration for his parts, admire his works, and have a regard for the efficacious virtue of his office.¹

I must return this gentleman-author my thanks for

¹ [He refers to Lope de Vega, who was for some time an officer of the Inquisition.]

his criticism upon my novels: he is pleased very judiciously to say, that they have more of satire than of morality; and yet owns, that the novels are good. Now I thought that if a thing was good, it must be so in every respect.

Methinks, reader, I hear you blame me for showing so little resentment, and using him so gently; but pray consider, it is not good to bear too hard upon a man that is so over-modest and so much in affliction: for certainly this must needs be a miserable soul; he has not the face to appear in public, but conceals his name, and counterfeits his country as if he had committed treason, or some other punishable crime. Well then, if ever you should happen to fall into his company, pray in pity tell him from me, that I have not the least quarrel in the world with him: for I am not ignorant of the temptations of Satan; and one of the most irresistible is to put into a man's head, that by writing and publishing a book he may get him as much fame from the world as he has money from the booksellers, and as little money from the booksellers as he has fame from the world. But if he won't believe what you say, and you be disposed to be merry, pray tell him this story.

Once upon a time there was a madman in Seville that hit upon one of the prettiest out-of-the-way whims that ever madman in this world was possessed withal. He got him a hollow cane, small at one end, and catching hold of a dog in the street, or anywhere else, he clapped his foot on one of his legs, and holding up the other in his hand, he fitted his cane to the part, and blew him up as round as a ball: then giving him a thump or two on the belly, and turning to the bystanders, who are always a great many upon such occasions: "Well, gentlemen," said he, "what do you think, is it such an easy matter to blow up a dog?" And what think you, sir, is it such an easy matter to write a book? but if this picture be not like him, pray, honest reader, tell him this other story of a dog and a madman.

There was a madman at Cordova, who made it his business to carry about the streets, upon his head, a huge stone of a pretty considerable weight; and whenever he met with a dog without a master, he would come up to

him and fairly drop his load all at once, souse upon him : the poor beast would howl, and growl, and limp away without so much as looking behind him, for two or three streets' length. It happened that among the dogs on whom he discharged his load was a cap-maker's dog, who was mightily valued by his master. Slap went the stone upon his head. The animal being almost crushed to death, set up his throat, and yelped most piteously ; in-somuch that his master runs out, and touched with the injury, whips up a measuring stick, lets drive at the madman, and belabours him to some purpose, crying out at every blow, " You villainous hound, abuse my spaniel ! You inhuman rascal, did not you know that my dog was a spaniel ? " and repeating the word spaniel over and over again, thwacked the poor lunatic, till he had not a whole bone in his skin. At last he crawled from under his clutches, and it was a whole month before he could come out again. Nevertheless out he came once more with his invention, and heavier than the former ; but coming by the dog again, yet recollecting himself, and shrugging up his shoulders ; " No," quoth he, " I must have a care, this dog is a spaniel." In short, all dogs he met, whether mastiffs or hounds, were spaniels to him ever after. Now the moral of the fable is this : this author's wit is the madman's stone, and it is likely he will be cautious how he lets it fall for the future.

Pray tell him too, that as to his menaces of taking the bread out of my mouth, I shall only answer him with a piece of an old song, *God prosper long our noble king, Our lives and safeties all*,¹—and so peace be with him. Long live the great Count of Lemos, whose humanity and celebrated liberality sustain me under the most severe blows of fortune ! and may the eminent charity of the Cardinal of Toledo, Don Bernardo de Sandoval y Roxas, make an eternal monument to his fame ! Had I never published a word, and were as many books published against me, as there are letters in Mingo Revulgo's

¹ Shelton translates this more literally :—" Betaking myself to the famous interlude of Perendenga, I answer him,

" Let the old man, my master, live,
And Christ be with us all."

poems, yet the bounty of these two princes, that have taken charge of me, without any soliciting, or adulation, were sufficient in my favour; and I think myself richer and greater in their esteem, than I would in the highest honour purchased at the ordinary rate of advancement. The indigent men may attain their favour, but the vicious cannot. Poverty may partly eclipse a gentleman, but cannot totally obscure him; and those glimmerings of virtue that peep through the chinks of a narrow fortune, have always gained the esteem of the truly noble and generous spirits.

Now, reader, I have done with him and you. Only give me leave to tell you, that this Second Part of Don Quixote, which I now present you, is cut by the same hand, and of the same piece with the first. Here you have the knight once more fitted out, and at last brought to his death, and fairly laid in his grave; that nobody may presume to raise any more stories of him. And it is enough that an honourable man has reported these sensible extravagancies without desire to enter on them afresh. Too much of one thing clogs the appetite, but scarcity makes everything go down.

I forgot to tell you, that my *Persiles* is almost finished, and may be expected; and the second part of the *Galatea*.

THE
LIFE AND ACHIEVEMENTS
OF THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN
DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

Of what passed between the Curate, the Barber, and Don Quixote, concerning his Indisposition.

CID HAMET BENENGELI relates in the Second Part of this History, and Don Quixote's third sally, that the curate and the barber were almost a whole month without giving him a visit, lest, calling to mind his former extravagancies, he might take occasion to renew them. However, they failed not to visit his niece and his house-keeper, whom they charged to treat and cherish him with great care, and to give him such diet as might be most proper to cheer his heart, and comfort his brain, whence, in all likelihood, his disorder wholly proceeded. They answered, that they did so, and would continue it to their utmost power: the rather, because they observed, that sometimes he seemed to be in his right senses. This news was very welcome to the curate and the barber, who looked on this amendment as an effect of their contrivance in bringing him home in the enchanted wagon, as it is recorded in the last chapters of the first part of this most

important, and no less punctual history. Thereupon they resolved to give him a visit, and make trial themselves of the progress of a cure, which they thought almost impossible. They also agreed not to speak a word of knight-errantry, lest they should endanger a wound so lately closed, and so tender. In short, they went to see him, and found him sitting up in his bed, in a waistcoat of green baize, and a red Toledo cap on his head; but the poor gentleman was so withered and wasted, that he looked like a mere mummy. He received them very civilly, and when they inquired of his health, gave them an account of his condition, expressing himself very handsomely, and with a great deal of judgment. After they had discoursed a while of several matters, they fell at last on state affairs and forms of government, correcting this grievance, and condemning that, reforming one custom, rejecting another, and establishing new laws, as if they had been the Lyncurguses or Solons of the age, till they had refined and new modelled the commonwealth at such a rate, that they seemed to have clapped it into a forge, and drawn it out wholly different from what it was before. Don Quixote reasoned with so much discretion on every subject, that his two examiners now undoubtedly believed him in his right senses.

His niece and housekeeper were present at these discourses, and, hearing the good gentleman give so many marks of sound understanding, thought they could never return Heaven sufficient thanks. But the curate, being resolved to try whether Don Quixote was perfectly recovered, thought fit to alter the resolution he had taken to avoid entering into any discourse of knight-errantry, and therefore began to talk to him of news, and, among the rest, that it was credibly reported at court, that the Grand Seignior was advancing with a vast army, and nobody knew his design nor where the tempest would fall; that all Christendom was alarmed, as it used to be almost every year; and that the king was providing for the security of the coasts of Sicily and Naples, and the island of Malta. "His majesty," said Don Quixote, "acts the part of a most prudent warrior, in putting his dominions betimes in a posture of defence, for by that precaution he prevents

the surprises of the enemy ; but yet, if my counsel were to be taken in this matter, I would advise another sort of preparation, which, I fancy, his majesty little thinks of at present.”—“ Now Heaven assist thee, poor Don Quixote,” said the curate to himself, hearing this, “ I am afraid thou art now tumbling from the top of thy madness to the very bottom of simplicity.” Thereupon the barber, who had presently made the same reflexion, desired Don Quixote to communicate to them this project of his ; “ For,” said he, “ who knows but, after all, it may be one of those that ought only to find a place in the list of impertinent admonitions usually given to princes.”—“ No, good Mr. Trimmer,” answered Don Quixote, “ my projects are not impertinent, but highly advisable.”—“ I meant no harm in what I said, sir ;” replied the barber, “ only we generally find most of those projects that are offered to the king, are either impracticable or whimsical, or tend to the detriment of the king or kingdom.”—“ But mine,” said Don Quixote, “ is neither impossible nor ridiculous ; far from that, it is the most easy, the most thoroughly weighed, and the most concise, that ever can be devised by man.”—“ Methinks you are too long before you let us know it, sir,” said the curate. “ To deal freely with you,” replied Don Quixote, “ I should be loth to tell it you here now, and have it reach the ear of some privy-counsellor to-morrow, and so afterwards see the fruit of my invention reaped by somebody else.”—“ As for me,” said the barber, “ I give you my word here, and in the face of heaven, never to tell it, either to king or rook,¹ or any earthly man, an oath I learned out of the *Romance of the Curate*, in the preface of which he tells the king who it was that robbed him of his hundred doubloons, and his ambling mule.”—“ I know nothing of the story,” said Don Quixote, “ but I have reason to be satisfied with the oath, because I am confident Master Barber is an honest man.”—“ Though he were not,” said the curate, “ I will be his surety in this matter, and will engage for him, that he shall no more speak of it, than if he were dumb, under what penalty you please.”—“ And who shall answer

¹ [A *Rey ni á Roque* ; apparently an allusion to the game of chess.]

for you, Master Curate?" answered Don Quixote. "My profession," replied the curate, "which binds me to secrecy."—"Body of me!" then cried Don Quixote, "what has the king to do more, but to cause public proclamation to be made,¹ enjoining all the knights-errant that are dispersed in this kingdom, to make their personal appearance at court, upon a certain day? For though but half a dozen should meet, there may be some one among them, who, even alone, might be able to destroy the whole united force of Turkey. For pray observe well what I say, gentlemen, and follow me. Do you look upon it as a new thing for one knight-errant alone to rout an army of two hundred thousand men, with as much ease as if all of them joined together had but one throat, or were made of sugar-paste? You know how many histories are full of these wonders. Were but the renowned Don Belianis living now, with a vengeance on me (to say nothing of any one else), or some knight of the innumerable race of Amadis de Gaul, and he met with these Turks, what a woful condition would they be in!"² However, I hope Providence will in pity look down upon his people, and raise up, if not so prevalent a champion as those of former ages, at least, some one who may perhaps rival them in courage; Heaven knows my meaning; I say no more."—"Alas!" said the niece, hearing this, "I will lay my life my uncle has still a hankering after knight-errantry."—"I will die a knight-errant," cried Don Quixote, "and so let the Turks land where they

¹ "Mas señor si me crecys
Manana antes de yantar
Mandad hayer un pregon
Por toda aquesta ciudad
Que vengan los cavalleros
Que estan a vuestro mandar," &c.

The Ballad of Grimaltos.

² E.g. it is thus Boiardo says of Gradasso, that—

"Solo credea con spada e lancia
Bastar a vincer Carlo e domar Francia."

Compare Ariosto, canto xlv. st. 8,

"Sapea come la strage era seguita . . .
E come un cavalier solo era stato,
Ch' un campo rotto, e l'altro avea salvato."

please, how they please, and when they please, and with all the forces they can muster ; once more I say, Heaven knows my meaning.”—“Gentlemen,” said the barber, “I beg leave to tell you a short story of somewhat that happened at Seville ; indeed it falls out as pat as if it had been made for our present purpose, and so I have a great mind to tell it.” Don Quixote gave consent, the curate and the rest of the company were willing to hear ; and thus the barber began :—

“A certain person being distracted, was put into the madhouse at Seville, by his relations. He had studied the civil law, and taken his degrees at Ossuna, though, had he taken them at Salamanca, many are of opinion that he would have been mad too. After he had lived some years in this confinement, he was pleased to fancy himself in his right senses, and, upon this conceit, wrote to the archbishop, beseeching him, with great earnestness, and all the colour of reason imaginable, to release him out of his misery by his authority, since, by the mercy of Heaven, he was wholly freed from any disorder in his mind ; only his relations, he said, kept him in still to enjoy his estate, and designed, in spite of truth, to have him mad to his dying day. The archbishop, persuaded by many letters which he wrote to him on that subject, all penned with sense and judgment, ordered one of his chaplains to inquire of the governor of the house, into the truth of the matter, and also to discourse with the party, that he might set him at large, in case he found him free from distraction. Thereupon the chaplain went, and having asked the governor what condition the graduate was in, was answered that he was still mad ; that sometimes, indeed, he would talk like a man of excellent sense, but presently after he would relapse into his former extravagancies, which, at least, equalled all his rational talk, as he himself might find if he pleased to discourse him. The chaplain, being resolved to make the experiment, went to the madman, and conversed with him above an hour, and in all that time could not perceive the least disorder in his brain ; far from that, he delivered himself with so much sedateness, and gave such direct and pertinent answers to every question, that the chaplain was obliged to believe

him sound in his understanding; nay, he went so far as to make a plausible complaint against the governor, alleging that, for the lucre of those presents which his relations sent him, he represented him to those who came to see him as one who was still distracted, and had only now and then lucid intervals; but that, after all, his greatest enemy was his estate, the possession of which his relations being unwilling to resign, they would not acknowledge the mercy of Heaven, that had once more made him a rational creature. In short, he pleaded in such a manner, that the governor was suspected, his relations were censured as covetous and unnatural, and he himself was thought master of so much sense, that the chaplain resolved to take him along with him, that the archbishop might be able to satisfy himself of the truth of the whole business. In faith of this, the good chaplain desired the governor to give the graduate the habit which he had brought with him at his first coming. The governor used all the arguments which he thought might dissuade the chaplain from his design, assuring him that the man was still frantic and disordered in his brain. But he could not prevail with him to leave the madman there any longer, and therefore was forced to comply with the archbishop's order, and returned the man his habit, which was neat and decent.

“Having now put off his madman's weeds, and finding himself in the garb of rational creatures, he begged of the chaplain, for charity's sake, to permit him to take leave of his late companions in affliction. The chaplain told him he would bear him company, having a mind to see the mad folks in the house. So they went up stairs, and with them some other people that stood by. Presently the graduate came to a kind of cage, where lay a man that was outrageously mad, though at that instant still and quiet; and addressing himself to him, ‘Brother,’ said he, ‘have you any service to command me? I am just going to my own house, thanks be to Heaven, which, of its infinite goodness and mercy, has restored me to my senses. Be of good comfort, and put your trust in the Father of Wisdom, who will, I hope, be as merciful to you as He has been to me. I will be sure to send you some choice victuals,

which I would have you eat by all means ; for I must needs tell you, that I have reason to imagine from my own experience, that all our madness proceeds from keeping our stomachs empty of food, and our brains full of wind. Take heart then, my friend, and be cheerful ; for this desponding in misfortunes impairs our health, and hurries us to the grave.' Just over against that room lay another madman, who having listened to all this discourse of the graduate, starts up from an old mat on which he lay stark naked ; 'Who is that,' cried he aloud, 'that is going away so well recovered and so wise?'—'It is I, brother, that am going,' replied the graduate ; 'I have now no need to stay here any longer ; for which blessing I can never cease to return my humble and hearty thanks to the infinite goodness of Heaven.'—'Doctor,' quoth the madman, 'have a care what you say, and let not the devil delude you. Stir not a foot, but keep snug in your old lodging, and save yourself the cursed vexation of being brought back to your kennel.'—'Nay,' answered the other, 'I will warrant you there will be no occasion for my coming hither again, I know I am perfectly well.'—'You well !' cried the madman, 'we shall soon see that. Farewell, but by the sovereign Jupiter, whose majesty I represent on earth, for this very crime alone that Seville has committed in setting thee at large, affirming, that thou art sound in thy intellects, I will take such a severe revenge on the whole city, that it shall be remembered with terror from age to age, for ever and aye ; Amen. Dost thou not know, my poor brainless thing in a gown, that this is in my power ? I that am the thundering Jove, that grasp in my hands the red-hot bolts of heaven, with which I keep the threatened world in awe, and might reduce it all to ashes ? But stay, I will commute the fiery punishment, which this ignorant town deserves, into another : I will only shut up the flood-gates of the skies, so that there shall not fall a drop of rain upon this city, nor on all the neighbouring country round about it, for three years together, to begin from the very moment that gives date to this my menace. Thou free ! thou well, and in thy senses ! and I here mad, distempered, and confined ? I will no more think of indulging the

town with rain, than I would hang myself.' As everyone there was attentive to these loud and frantic threats, the graduate turned to the chaplain, and taking him by the hand; 'Sir,' said he, 'let not that madman's threats trouble you. Never mind him; for, if he be Jupiter, and will not let it rain, I am Neptune, the parent and god of the waters, and it shall rain as often as I please, wherever necessity shall require it.'—'However,' answered the chaplain, 'good Mr. Neptune, it is not convenient to provoke Mr. Jupiter; therefore be pleased to stay here a little longer, and some other time, at convenient leisure, I may chance to find a better opportunity to wait on you, and bring you away.' The keeper and the rest of the company could not forbear laughing, which put the chaplain almost out of countenance. In short, the graduate was disrobed again, stayed where he was, and there is an end of the story."

"Well, Master Barber," said Don Quixote, "and this is your tale which you said came so pat to the present purpose, that you could not forbear telling it? Ah, Goodman Cut-beard, Goodman Cut-beard! how blind must he be that cannot see through a sieve! Is it possible your pragmatistical worship should not know that the comparisons made between wit and wit, courage and courage, beauty and beauty, birth and birth, are always odious and ill taken? I am not Neptune, the god of the waters, good Master Barber; neither do I pretend to set up for a wise man when I am not so. All I am at, is only to make the world sensible how much they are to blame, in not labouring to revive those most happy times, in which the order of knight-errantry was in its full glory. But indeed, this degenerate age of ours is unworthy the enjoyment of so great a happiness, which former ages could boast, when knights-errant took upon themselves the defence of kingdoms, the protection of damsels; the relief of orphans, the punishment of pride and oppression, and the reward of humility. Most of your knights, nowadays, keep a greater rustling with their sumptuous garments of damask, gold-brocade, and other costly stuffs, than with the coats of mail, which they should wear. There is no knight now that will lie on the hard ground in the open field, exposed

to the injurious air, from head to foot inclosed in ponderous armour. Where are those now, who, without taking their feet out of the stirrups, and leaning on their lances, like the knights-errant of old, only snatch slumber on sufferance, as they say? Where is that knight, who, having first traversed a spacious forest, climbed up a steep mountain, and journeyed over a dismal barren shore, washed by a turbulent tempestuous sea, and finding on the brink a little skiff, destitute of sails, oars, mast, or any kind of tackling, is yet so bold as to throw himself into the boat with an undaunted resolution, and resign himself to the implacable billows of the main, that now mount him to the skies, and then hurry him down to the most profound recesses of the waters; till, with his insuperable courage, surmounting at last the hurricane, even in its greatest fury, he finds himself above three thousand leagues from the place where he first embarked, and, leaping ashore in a remote and unknown region, meets with adventures that deserve to be recorded, not on parchment but on brass? But now, alas! sloth and effeminacy triumph over vigilance and labour; idleness over industry; vice over virtue; arrogance over valour, and the theory of arms over the practice, that true practice, which only lived and flourished in those golden days, and among those professors of chivalry. For, where shall we hear of a knight more valiant and more honourable than the renowned Amadis of Gaul? Who more discreet than Palmerin of England? Who more affable and complaisant than Tirante the White? Who more gallant than Lisuarte of Greece? Who more cut and hacked, or a greater cutter and hacker, than Don Belianis? Who more intrepid than Perion of Gaul? Who more daring than Felixmarte of Hyrcania? Who more sincere than Esplandian? Who more courteous than Don Cirongilio of Thrace? Who more brave than Rodomonte? Who more prudent than King Sobrino? Who more intrepid than Rinaldo? Who more invincible than Orlando? And who more agreeable or more affable than Rogero,¹

¹ Ariosto gives abundant authority for all these epithets. Thus—

. . . . " Il re d'Algieri Rodomonte, e di Sarza;
Non havea il campo d'Africa piu forte

from whom (according to Turpin in his *Cosmography*) the Dukes of Ferrara are descended? All these champions, Master Curate, and a great many more that I could mention, were knights-errant, and the very light and glory of chivalry. Now, such as these are the men I would advise the king to employ; by which means his majesty would be effectually served, and freed from a vast expense, and the Turk would be left tearing his beard. For my part, I do design to stay where I am, because the chaplain will not fetch me out; though, if Jupiter, as Master Barber said, will send no rain, here stands one that will and can rain, when he pleases. This I say, that Goodman Basin here may know I understand his meaning.” —“Truly, good sir,” said the barber, “I meant no ill; Heaven is my witness, my intent was good: and therefore I hope your worship will take nothing amiss.” —“Whether I ought to take it amiss or no,” replied Don Quixote, “is best known to myself.” —“Well,” said the curate, “I have hardly spoken a word yet; and before I go, I would gladly be eased of a scruple, which Don Quixote’s words have started within me, and which grates and gnaws my conscience.” —“Master Curate may be free with me in greater matters,” said Don Quixote, “and so may well tell his scruple; for it is no pleasure to have a burden upon one’s conscience.” —“With your leave then, sir,” said the curate, “I must tell you, that I can by no means prevail with myself to believe, that all this multitude of knights-errant, which your worship has mentioned, were ever real men, of this world, and true substantial flesh and blood; but rather, that whatever is said of them is all fable and fiction, and lies—dreams related by men awake, or rather men half-asleep.” —“This is indeed another mistake,” said Don Quixote, “into which many have been led, who do not believe there ever were any of those knights in the world.

Ne Saracin piu audace di costui.”

Orlando, Canto xiv. 26.

— “il Re Sobrino

Ne piu di lui prudente Sarracino.”

Ibid.—*ibid.* 24.

“Ruggiero il gagliardo cavalliero.”

Ibid. C. xliv.

And in several companies, I have many times had occasion to vindicate that manifest truth from the almost universal error that is entertained to its prejudice. Sometimes my success has not accorded with my intention, though at others it has; being supported on the shoulders of truth, which is so apparent, that I dare almost say, I have seen Amadis of Gaul with these very eyes. He was a tall comely personage, of a good and lively complexion, his beard well ordered though black, his aspect at once awful and affable: a man of few words, slowly provoked, and quickly pacified. And as I have given you the picture of Amadis, I fancy I could readily delineate all the knights-errant that are to be met with in history: for once apprehending, as I do, that they were just such as their histories report them, it is an easy matter to guess their features, statures and complexions, by the rules of ordinary philosophy, and the account we have of their achievements, and various humours."

"Pray, good sir," quoth the barber, "how tall then might the giant Morgante be?"—"Whether there ever were giants in the world or no," answered Don Quixote, "is a point much controverted. However, the holy writ, that cannot deviate an atom from truth, informs us there were some, of which we have an instance in the account it gives us of that huge Philistine, Goliath, who was seven cubits and a half high; which is a prodigious stature. Besides, in Sicily thigh-bones and shoulder-bones have been found of so immense a size, that from thence of necessity we must conclude by the certain rules of geometry, that the men to whom they belonged were giants, as big as huge steeples. But, for all this, I cannot positively tell you how big Morgante was; though I am apt to believe he was not very tall, and that which makes me inclinable to believe so, is, that in the history which gives us a particular account of his exploits, we read, that he often used to lie under a roof. Now if there were any house that could hold him, it is evident he could not be of immense bigness."—"That must be granted," said the curate, who took some pleasure in hearing him talk at that strange rate, and therefore asked him what his sentiments were of the faces of Rinaldo of Montalban,

Orlando, and the rest of the twelve peers of France,¹ who had all of them been knights-errant.—“As for Rinaldo,” answered Don Quixote, “I dare venture to say, he was broad-faced, of a ruddy complexion, his eyes sparkling and prominent, very captious, extremely choleric, and a favourer of robbers and profligate fellows. As for Roldan, Rotolando, or Orlando (for all these several names are given him in history), I am of opinion and assure myself, that he was of the middling stature, broad-shouldered, somewhat bandy-legged, brown-visaged, red-bearded, very hairy on his body, surly-looking, no talker, but yet very civil and well-bred.”—“If Orlando was no more courteous than you tell us,” said the curate, “no wonder the fair Angelica slighted him, and preferred the brisk, pretty, charming, downy-chinned young Moor before him; nor was she to blame for neglecting the roughness of Roldan for the soft embraces of Medoro.”—“That Angelica, Mr. Curate,” said Don Quixote, “was a dissolute damsel, a wild flirting wanton creature, and somewhat capricious to boot. She left the world as full of her follies as of the fame of her beauty. She despised a thousand princes, a thousand of the most valiant and discreet knights in the whole world, and took up with a paltry beardless page, that had neither estate nor honour, and who could lay claim to no other reputation, but that of being grateful, when he gave a proof of his affection to his friend. And indeed, even that great extoller of her beauty, the celebrated Ariosto, either not daring, or rather not desiring, to rehearse what happened to Angelica, after she had so basely prostituted herself (which passages doubtless could not be very much to her reputation), that very Ariosto, I say, dropped her character quite, and left her with these verses,

Perhaps some better lyre shall sing,
How love and she made him Cataya's king:

And without doubt that was a kind of prophecy; for the

¹ [The names of these twelve peers, Charlemagne's paladins, are not always given alike. The most celebrated were Orlando or Roland, Rinaldo, Astolfo, Oliver, Ogier the Dane, Ganelon, Florismart, Thierry, Nami, Otuel, Ferumbras, and Malagigi.]

denomination of *vates*, which signifies a prophet, is common to those whom we otherwise call poets. Accordingly indeed this truth has been made evident; for in process of time, a famous Andalusian poet¹ wept for her and celebrated her *Tears* in verse; and another eminent and choice poet of Castile² made her beauty his theme.” —“But pray, sir,” said the barber, “among so many poets that have written in that lady Angelica’s praise, did none of them ever write a satire upon her?” —“Had Sacripante or Orlando been poets,” answered Don Quixote, “I make no question but they would have handled her to some purpose; for it is proper and natural for disdained poets, when rejected by their feigned or not feigned mistresses, to revenge themselves with satires and lampoons; a proceeding certainly unworthy a generous spirit. However, I never yet did hear of any defamatory verses on the Lady Angelica, though she made so much havoc in the world.” —“That is a miracle indeed,” cried the curate. But here they were interrupted by a noise below in the yard, where the niece and the housekeeper, who had left them some time before, were talking loudly, which made them all hasten to the disturbance.

CHAPTER II.

Which treats of the memorable Quarrel between Sancho Panza, and Don Quixote’s Niece and Housekeeper; with other pleasant Passages.

THE history informs us, that the occasion of the noise which the niece and housekeeper made, was Sancho Panza’s endeavouring to force his way into the house, to see Don Quixote, while they held the door against him. —“What have you to do in this house, ye vagabond?” cried one of them. “Go, go, keep to your own home, friend. It is all along of you, and nobody else, that my poor master is distracted, enticed,

¹ [Luis Barahona de Soto.]

² [Lope de Vega in his *Hermosura de Angelica*.]

and carried a-rambling all the country over.”—“Housekeeper of the devil!” replied Sancho; “it is I that am distracted, enticed, and carried a-rambling, and not your master. It was he led me the jaunt; so you are wide of the matter. It was he that inveigled me from my house and home with his colloquing, and saying he would give me an island; which is not come yet, and I still wait for.”—“May’st thou be choked with thy plaguy islands,” cried the niece, “thou Sancho of ill-omen! And what are your islands? anything to eat, greedy-gut that thou art?”—“Hold you there!” answered Sancho, “they are not to eat, but to govern; and better governments than any four cities, or as many heads of the king’s corporations.”—“For all that,” quoth the housekeeper, “thou comest not within these doors, thou bundle of wickedness, and sackful of roguery! Go govern your own house! Plough your own fields, and never trouble yourself about island or dry land.”

The curate and barber took a great deal of pleasure in hearing this dialogue. But Don Quixote fearing lest Sancho should not keep within bounds, but blunder out some discoveries prejudicial to his reputation, while he ripped up a pack of little foolish slander, called him in, and enjoined the women to be silent. Sancho entered, and the curate and the barber took leave of Don Quixote, despairing of his cure, considering how deep his folly was rooted in his brain, and how bewitched he was with his silly knight-errantry.—“Well, neighbour,” said the curate to the barber, “now you will see when we least expect it, that our gentleman is gone upon another ramble.”—“I doubt it not,” answered the barber; “but I do not wonder so much at the knight’s madness, as at the silliness of the squire, who thinks himself so sure of the island, that I fancy all the art of man can never beat it out of his skull.”—“Heaven mend them!” said the curate. “In the meantime let us observe them; we shall find what will be the event of the extravagance of the knight, and the foolishness of the squire. One would think they had been cast in one mould; and indeed the master’s madness without the man’s impertinence, were not worth a rush.”—“Right,” said the barber,

"and now they are together, methinks I long to know what passes between them."—"I'll warrant," answered the curate, "that the two women will be able to give an account of that, for they are not of a temper to withstand the temptation of listening."

Meanwhile, Don Quixote having locked himself up with his squire, the two being alone—"I take it very ill," said he, "Sancho, that you should report, as you do, that I enticed you out of your paltry hut, when you know, that I myself left my own mansion-house. We set out together, continued together, and travelled together. We ran the same fortune, and the same hazards together. If thou hast been tossed in a blanket once, I have been battered and bruised a hundred times; and that is all the advantage I have had above thee."—"And reason good," answered Sancho; "for you yourself used to say, that ill-luck and cross-bitings are oftener to light on the knights than on the squires."—"Thou art mistaken, Sancho," replied Don Quixote; "for the proverb will tell thee, that *Quando caput dolet*," &c.—"Nay," quoth Sancho, "I understand no language but my own."—"I mean," said Don Quixote, "that when the head aches, all the members partake of the pain. So then, as I am thy master, I am also thy head; and as thou art my servant, thou art one of my members; it follows therefore, that I cannot be sensible of pain, but thou too oughtest to be affected with it; and likewise, that nothing of ill can befall thee, but I must bear a share."—"Right," quoth Sancho; "but when I, as a limb of you, was tossed in a blanket, my head was pleased to stay at the other side of the wall, and saw me flying in the air, without feeling aught of my trouble."—"Thou art greatly mistaken, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "if thou thinkest I was not sensible of thy sufferings. For I was then more tortured in mind, than thou wast tormented in body; but let us adjourn this discourse till some other time, which doubtless will afford us an opportunity to redress past grievances. I pray thee tell me now what does the town say of me? What do the neighbours, what do the people think of me? What say the gentry, and the better sort? How do the knights discourse of my valour, my high feats of arms, and my

courteous behaviour? What thoughts do they entertain of my design, to raise from the grave of oblivion the order of knight-errantry, and restore it to the world? In short, tell me freely and sincerely whatever thou hast heard; neither enlarged with flattering commendations, nor lessened by any omission of my dispraise; for it is the duty of faithful servants to lay truth before their masters in its own fact and figure. And I would have thee know, Sancho, that if it were to appear before princes, in its native simplicity, and disrobed of the odious disguise of flattery, we should see happier days; this age would be changed into an age of gold, and former times compared to this, would be called the iron age. Remember this, and be advised, that I may hear thee impart a faithful account of these matters.”—“That I will, with all my heart,” answered Sancho, “so your worship will not take it amiss, if I tell what I have heard, just as I heard it, neither better nor worse.”—“Nothing shall provoke me to anger,” answered Don Quixote; “speak freely, and without any circumlocution.”

“Why then,” quoth Sancho, “first and foremost you are to know, that the common people take you for a downright madman, and me for no less of a fool. The gentry say, that not being content to keep within the bounds of gentility, you have taken upon you to be a Don, and set up for a knight, and a right worshipful, with a small vineyard, not more than two acres of land, a tatter before, and another behind.¹ The knights, forsooth, say, they do not like to have your small gentry think themselves as good as they, especially your old-fashioned country squires that mend and lamp-black their own shoes, and darn ye their old black stockings themselves with green silk.”

“All this does not affect me,” said Don Quixote,

¹ The affectation of the lower gentry in Spain forms, in all the old stories of the *Gusto picaresco*, the Lazarillo, the Guzman d'Alfarache, &c., a subject of ridicule not less fruitful than the indolence and trickery of the vulgar. Clenardus, a great Dutch scholar, who travelled in Spain in the middle of the 16th century, in quest of Arabic MSS., gives, in his Epistles, a very quaint and graphic description of the same personages.

“for I always wear good clothes, and never have them patched. It is true, they may be a little torn sometimes, but they are torn more by arms than by long wearing.”—“As for what relates to your prowess,” said Sancho proceeding, “together with your feats of arms, your courteous behaviour, and your undertaking, there are several opinions about it. Some say, he is mad, but a pleasant sort of a madman; others say, he is valiant, but his luck is naught; others say, he is courteous, but impertinent. And thus they spend so many verdicts upon you, and take us both so to pieces, that they leave neither you nor me a sound bone in our skins.”

“Consider, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “that the more eminently virtue shines, the more it is exposed to persecution. Few or none of those famous heroes of antiquity could escape the venomous arrows of calumny. Julius Cæsar, that most courageous, prudent, and valiant captain, was marked, as being ambitious, and neither so clean in his apparel, nor in his manners, as he ought to have been. Alexander, whose mighty deeds gained him the title of the Great, was charged with being addicted to drunkenness. Hercules, after his many heroic labours, was accused of voluptuousness and effeminacy. Don Galaor, the brother of Amadis of Gaul, was taxed with being quarrelsome, and his brother himself with being a blubbing lover. And therefore, my Sancho, since so many worthies have not been free from the assaults of detraction, well may I be content to bear my share of that calamity, if it be no more than thou hast told me now.”—“Body of my father!” quoth Sancho, “there is the business; you say well, if this were all. But they don’t stop here.”—“Why,” said Don Quixote, “what can they say more?”—“More,” cried Sancho, “we are still to flay the cat’s tail. You have had nothing yet but tarts and gingerbread. But if you have a mind to hear all those slanders and backbitings that are about town concerning your worship, I will bring you one anon that shall tell you every kind of thing that is said of you, without bating you an ace on it! Bartholomew Carrasco’s son I mean, who has been a scholar at the university of Sala-

manca, and is got to be a bachelor of arts. He came last night, you must know, and as I went to bid him welcome home, he told me, that your worship's history is already in books, by the name of *The Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote de la Mancha*. He says I am in too, by my own name of Sancho Panza, and eke also my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso; nay, and many things that passed betwixt nobody but us two, which made me cross myself with fright to think how he that set them down could come by the knowledge of them."—"I dare assure thee, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that the author of our history must be some sage enchanter, and one of those from whose universal knowledge none of the things which they have a mind to record can be concealed."—"How should he be a sage and an enchanter?" quoth Sancho. "The bachelor Samson Carrasco, for that is the name of him I speak of, tells me, he that wrote the history is called Cid Hamet Berengéna."¹—"That is a Moorish name," said Don Quixote. "Like enough," quoth Sancho; "your Moors are main lovers of Berengénas."—"Certainly, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "thou art mistaken in the surname of that Cid, that lord, I mean; for Cid in Arabic signifies lord."—"That may very well be," answered Sancho. "But if you will have me fetch him hither, I will fly to bring him."—"Truly, friend," said Don Quixote, "thou wilt do me a particular kindness; for what thou hast already told me, has so filled me with doubts and expectations, that I shall not eat a bit till I am informed of the whole matter."—"I will go and fetch him," said Sancho. With that, leaving his master, he went to look for the bachelor, and having brought him along with him a while after, they all had a very pleasant dialogue.

¹ [*Berengéna*, with which Sancho confounds *Benengeli*, signifies the fruit of the egg-plant.]

CHAPTER III.

Of the pleasant Discourse between Don Quixote, Sancho Panza, and the bachelor Samson Carrasco.

DON QUIXOTE remained strangely pensive, expecting the bachelor Carrasco, from whom he hoped to hear news of himself, recorded and printed in a book as Sancho had informed him. He could not be persuaded that there was such a history extant, since the blood of those enemies he had cut off had not done reeking on the blade of his sword, ere they would send abroad in print the history of his mighty feats of arms. However, at last he concluded, that some learned sage had, by the way of enchantment, been able to commit them to the press, either as a friend, to extol his heroic achievements above the noblest performances of the most famous knights-errant; or as an enemy, to sully and annihilate the lustre of his great exploits, and debase them below the most inferior actions that ever were mentioned of any of the meanest squires. Though, thought he to himself, the actions of squires were never yet recorded; and after all, if there were such a book printed, since it was of a knight-errant, it could not choose but be ceremonious, lofty, notable, magnificent, and authentic. This thought yielded him a while some small consolation; but then he relapsed into melancholic doubts and anxieties, when he considered that the author had given himself the title of Cid, and consequently must be a Moor; and from Moors no truth could be expected, they all being given to impose on others with lies and fabulous stories, to falsify and counterfeit, and very fond of their own chimeras. He was not less uneasy, lest that writer should have been too lavish in treating of his amours, to the prejudice of his Lady Dulcinea del Toboso's honour. He earnestly wished, that he might find his own inviolable fidelity celebrated in the history, and the reservedness and decency which he had always

so religiously observed in his passion for her; slighting queens, empresses, and damsels of every degree for her sake, and suppressing within bounds the impulses of natural desire. Sancho and Carrasco found him thus agitated and perplexed with a thousand melancholic fancies, which yet did not hinder him from receiving the latter with a great deal of civility.

This bachelor, though his name was Samson, was none of the biggest in body, but a very great man at all manner of drollery; he had a pale and poor complexion, but good sense. He was about four-and-twenty years of age, round-visaged, flat-nosed, and wide-mouthed, all signs of a malicious disposition, and of one that would delight in nothing more than in making sport for himself, by ridiculing others; as he plainly showed when he saw Don Quixote. For, falling on his knees before him, "Admit me to kiss your highness's hand," cried he, "most noble Don Quixote; for by the habit of St. Peter, which I wear, though indeed I have as yet taken but the four first of the holy orders,¹ you are certainly one of the most renowned knights-errant that ever was, or ever will be, through the whole extent of the habitable globe. Blest may the sage Cid Hamet Benengeli be, for enriching the world with the history of your mighty deeds; and more than blest, that curious virtuoso, who took care to have it translated out of the Arabic into our vulgar Castilian, for the universal entertainment of mankind!"

"Sir," said Don Quixote, making him rise, "is it then possible that my history is extant, and that the sage that penned it was a Moor?"—"It is so notorious a truth," said the bachelor, "that I do not in the least doubt but at this day there have already been published above twelve thousand copies of it. Portugal, Barcelona, and Valencia, where they have been printed, can witness that, if there were occasion. It is said, that it is also now in the press at Antwerp. And I verily believe there is scarce a language into which it is not to be translated."—"Truly, sir," said Don Quixote, "one of the things that ought to yield the greatest satisfaction to a person of

¹ In the Roman Catholic Church the clergymen, *minorum ordinum*, are the Ostiarius, the Lector, the Exorcista, and the Acolytus

eminent virtue, is to live to see himself in good reputation in the world, and his actions published in print. I say, in good reputation, for otherwise there is no death that could be equal to it.'—"As for a good name and reputation," replied Carrasco, "your worship has gained the palm from all the knights-errant that ever lived: for, both the Arabian in his history, and the Christian in his version, have been very industrious to do justice to your character; your peculiar gallantry; your intrepidity and greatness of spirit in confronting danger; your constancy in adversities, your patience in suffering wounds and afflictions, and modesty and continence in that amour, so very platonic, between your worship and my Lady Donna Dulcinea del Toboso."—"Never," cried Sancho, at this point, "did I hear my lady Dulcinea called Donna; for she used to be called only my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso; in that, the history is out already."—"That is no material objection," said Carrasco.—"No, certainly," added Don Quixote: "but pray, good Mr. Bachelor, on which of all my adventures does the history seem to lay the greatest stress of remark?"—"As to that," answered Carrasco, "the opinions of men are divided according to their taste: some cry up the adventure of the windmills, which appeared to your worship so many Briareuses and giants.¹ Some are for that of the fulling-mills: others stand up for the description of the two armies, that afterwards proved two flocks of sheep. Others prize most the adventure of the dead corpse that was being carried to Segovia. One says, that none of them can compare with that of the galley-slaves; another, that none can stand in competition with the adventure of the Benedictine giants, and the valorous Biscayner."

"Pray, Mr. Bachelor," quoth Sancho, "is there nothing said of that adventure of the Yanguesians, an please you, when our precious Rozinante had a longing to seek artichokes in the sea?"—"There is not the least

¹ I should have mentioned at another place, that the Spanish windmills are much smaller than those of this country. Mr. Matthews, in his ingenious 'Diary of an Invalid,' says, that, at a little distance, a group of Spanish windmills "had really very much the appearance of a few decent giants of ten feet in height."

thing omitted," answered Carrasco; "the sage has inserted all with the nicest punctuality imaginable; even to the capers which honest Sancho fetched in the blanket."—"I fetched none in the blanket," quoth Sancho, "but in the air; and that, too, oftener than I could have wished, the more my sorrow."—"In my opinion," said Don Quixote, "there is no manner of history in the world, where you shall not find variety of fortune, much less any story of knight-errantry, where you cannot always have successful events."—"However," said Carrasco, "some who have read your history, wish that the author had spared himself the pains of registering some of that infinite number of drubs which the noble Don Quixote received."—"There lies the truth of the history," quoth Sancho.—"Those things in human equity," said Don Quixote, "might very well have been omitted; for actions that neither impair nor alter the history, ought rather to be buried in silence than related, if they redound to the discredit of the hero of the history. Certainly Æneas was never so pious as Virgil represents him, nor Ulysses so prudent as he is made by Homer."—"I am of your opinion," said Carrasco; "but it is one thing to write as a poet, and another thing to write as an historian. It is sufficient for the first to deliver matters as they ought to have been, whereas the last must relate them as they were really transacted, without adding or omitting anything, upon any pretence whatever."—"Well," quoth Sancho, "if this same Moorish gentleman be once got into the road of truth, a hundred to one but among my master's cudgellings he has not forgot mine: for they never took measure of his worship's shoulders; but they were pleased to do much for my whole body: but it was no wonder; for it is his own rule, that if once his head aches, every limb must suffer too."

"Sancho," said Don Quixote, "you are a crafty knave; upon my honour you can find memory when you have a mind to have it."—"Nay," quoth Sancho, "though I were minded to forget the rubs and drubs I have suffered, the bumps and tokens that are yet fresh on my ribs would not let me."—"Hold your tongue," said Don Quixote, "and let the learned bachelor proceed, that I may

know what the history says of me.”—“And of me too,” quoth Sancho, “for they tell me I am one of the top parsonages in it.”—“Personages, friend Sancho,” said Carrasco, “and not parsonages.”—“Heyday!” quoth Sancho, “have we got another corrector of hard words? If this be the trade, we shall never have done.”—“May I be cursed,” said Carrasco, “if you be not the second person in the history, honest Sancho; nay, and some there are who had rather hear you talk than the best there; though some there are again that will say, you were excessively credulous, to flatter yourself with having the government of that island, which your master here present promised you.”—“While there is life there is hope,”¹ said Don Quixote; “when Sancho is grown mature with time and experience, he may be better qualified for a government than he is yet.”—“Odsbodikins! Sir,” quoth Sancho, “if I be not fit to govern an island at these years, I shall never be a governor, though I live to the years of Methuseleh; but there the mischief lies, we have brains enough, but we want the island.”—“Come, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “hope for the best; trust in Providence; all will be well, and perhaps better than you imagine: but know, there is not a leaf on any tree that can be moved without the permission of Heaven.”—“That is very true,” said Carrasco; “and I dare say, Sancho shall not want a thousand islands to govern, much less one; that is, if it be Heaven’s will.”—“Why not?” quoth Sancho; “I have seen governors in my time, who, to my thinking, could not come up to the sole of my shoes, and yet forsooth, they called them your honour, and they ate their victuals all in silver.”—“Ay,” said Carrasco, “but these were none of your governors of islands, but of other easy governments: why, man, these ought, at least, to know their grammar.”—“Gramercy,² for that,” quoth Sancho, “but with grammar I neither play nor pay, for I do not understand it. But leaving the government in the hands of him that will best provide for me, I must tell you, Master Bachelor Samson Carrasco, I am infinitely glad, that, as your

¹ [*Aun hay sol en las bardas.* Lit. There’s still sun on the thatches.]

² [In the original there is a play on the words *grama*, *tica*, and *grammatica*, which is hardly translatable.]

author has not forgot me, so he has not given an ill character of me; for by the faith of a trusty squire, had he said anything that did not become an old Christian as I am, I had rung him such a peal, that the deaf should have heard me."—"That were a miracle," said Carrasco.—"Miracle me no miracles," cried Sancho; "let every man take care how he talks, or how he writes of other men, and not set down at random, higgledy-piggledy, whatever comes into his noddle."

"One of the faults found with this history," said Carrasco, "is, that the author has thrust into it a novel, which he calls *The Foolish Doubter*; not that it is ill writ, or the design of it to be disliked, but because it is not in its right place, and has no coherence with the story of Don Quixote."—"I will lay my life," quoth Sancho, "the son of a mongrel has made a gallimawfry of it all."—"Now," said Don Quixote, "I perceive that he who attempted to write my history is not one of the sages, but some ignorant prater, who would needs be experimenting and setting up for a scribbler without any judgment, come what might; like Orbaneja, the painter of Ubeda, who, being asked what he painted, answered, 'As it may come;' and when he had scrawled out a misshapen cock, was forced to write underneath, in Gothic letters, *This is a cock*. At this rate, I believe, he has performed in my history, so that it will require a commentary to explain it."—"Not at all," answered Carrasco, "for he has made everything so plain, that there is not the least thing in it but what any one may understand. Children handle it, youngsters read it, grown men understand it, and old people applaud it. In short, it is universally so thumbed, so studied, and so known, that if the people do but see a lean horse, they presently cry, 'There goes Rozinante.' But none apply themselves to the reading of it more than your pages; there is never a nobleman's ante-chamber where you shall not find a Don Quixote. No sooner has one laid it down, but another takes it up. One asks for it here, and there it is snatched up by another. In a word, it is esteemed the most pleasant and least dangerous diversion that ever was seen, as being a book that does not betray the least

indecent expression, nor a thought that is not orthodox."—"To write after another manner," said Don Quixote, "were not to write truth, but falsehood; and those historians who are guilty of that should be burnt like those who counterfeit the lawful coin. But I cannot conceive what could move the author to stuff his history with foreign novels and adventures, not at all to the purpose, while there was a sufficient number of my own to have exercised his pen. But, without doubt, we may apply the proverb, With hay or with straw,¹ &c., for verily, had he altogether confined himself to my thoughts, my sighs, my tears, my laudable designs, my adventures, he might yet have swelled his book to as great a bulk, at least, as all Tostado's² works. I have also reason to believe, Mr. Bachelor, that to compile a history, or write any book whatsoever, is a more difficult task than men imagine. There is need of a vast judgment, and a ripe understanding. It belongs to none but great geniuses to express themselves with grace and elegance, and to draw the manners and actions of others to the life. The most artful part in a play is the fool's, and therefore a fool must not attempt to write it. On the other side, history is in a manner a sacred thing, since it must contain truth; for where truth is, the supreme Father of it may also be said to be, at least inasmuch as concerns truth. However, there are men that will make you books, and turn them loose into the world, with as much dispatch as they would do a dish of fritters."

"There is no book so bad," said the bachelor, "but something good may be found in it."—"That is true," said Don Quixote; "yet it is a quite common thing for men, who have gained a very great reputation by their writings, before they printed them, to lose it afterwards quite, or at least the greatest part."—"The reason is plain," said Carrasco; "their faults are more easily discovered after their books are printed, as being then more read, and more narrowly examined, especially if the

¹ [The proverb entire is, *De paja o de heno el jergon lleno*, i.e. "The mattress full of hay or straw," i.e. whatever it is, there is plenty of it.]

² [A name given to a Bishop of Avila; his Latin works alone fill twenty-four folio volumes.]

author had been much cried up before, for then the severity of the scrutiny is so much the greater. All those that have raised themselves a name by their ingenuity, great poets and celebrated historians, are most commonly, if not always, envied by a sort of men, who delight in censuring the writings of others, though they never publish any of their own."—"That is no wonder," said Don Quixote, "for there are many divines that could make but very dull preachers, and yet are very quick at finding faults and superfluities in other men's sermons."—"All this is truth," replied Carrasco; "and therefore I could wish these censurers would be more merciful and less scrupulous, and not dwell ungenerously upon small spots, that are in a manner but so many atoms on the face of the clear sun which they murmur at. And if *aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*, let them consider how many nights he kept himself awake to bring his noble works to light, as little darkened with defects as might be. Nay, many times it may happen that what is censured for a fault, is rather an ornament, like moles that sometimes add to the beauty of the face. And when all is said, he that publishes a book runs a very great hazard, since nothing can be more impossible than to compose one that may secure the approbation of every reader."—"Sure," said Don Quixote, "that which treats of me can have pleased but few."—"Quite contrary," said Carrasco; "for as *Stultorum infinitus est numerus*, so an infinite number have admired your history. Only some there are who have taxed the author with want of memory or sincerity; because he forgot to give an account who it was that stole Sancho's Dapple; for that particular is not mentioned there; only we find by the story that it was stolen; and yet, by-and-by, we find him riding the same ass again, without any previous light given us into the matter. Then they say, that the author forgot to tell the reader what Sancho did with those hundred pieces of gold he found in the portmanteau in the Sierra Morena; for there is not a word said of them more; and many people have a great mind to know what he did with them, and how he spent them; which is one of the most material points in which the work is defective."

“Master Samson,” quoth Sancho, “I am not now in a condition to call up the accounts, for I am taken ill of a sudden with such a wambling in the stomach, that if I do not see and cure it with a sup or two of good old compound, St. Lucy’s thorn shall be in me. I have that cordial at home, and my chuck keeps it for me. When I have had my dinner, I am for you, and will satisfy you, or any in the world, either as to the loss of the ass, or the laying out of those same pieces of gold.” This said, without a word more, or waiting for a reply, away he went. Don Quixote desired, and entreated the bachelor to stay and do penance with him. The bachelor accepted his invitation, and stayed. A couple of pigeons were got ready to mend their commons. All dinner-time they discoursed about knight-errantry, Carrasco humouring him all the while. After they had slept out the heat of the day,¹ Sancho came back, and they renewed their former discourse.

CHAPTER IV.

Wherein Sancho Panza satisfies the Bachelor Samson Carrasco in his Doubts and Queries: with other Passages fit to be known and related.

SANCHO returned to Don Quixote’s house, and beginning again where he left off; “Now,” quoth he, “as to what Master Samson said he wanted to know; as to when, where, and by whom my ass was stolen, I answer, that the very night that we marched off to the Sierra Morena, to avoid the hue and cry of the Holy Brotherhood, after the rueful adventure of galley-slaves, and that of the dead body that was carrying to Segovia, my master and I slunk into a wood; where he leaning on his lance, and I without alighting from Dapple, both sadly bruised and tired with our late skirmishes, fell asleep, and slept as soundly as if we had four feather-beds under us; but I especially

¹ The custom of taking the *siesta*, or mid-day nap, prevails all over the south of Europe, and is universal in Eastern countries.

slept such a heavy sleep that the thief, whoever he was, had leisure enough to clap four stakes under the four corners of the pack-saddle, and then leading away the ass from between my legs, without being perceived by me in the least, there he fairly left me mounted.”—“This is no new thing,” said Don Quixote, “nor is it difficult to be done. With the same stratagem Sacripante had his steed stolen from under him by that notorious thief Brunelo at the siege of Albraca.”¹

“It was broad day,” said Sancho, going on, “when I, half awake and half asleep, began to stretch myself in my pack-saddle; but with my stirring, down came the stakes, and down came I, with a heavy fall to the ground. Presently I looked for my ass, but no ass was to be found. O how thick the tears trickled from my eyes, and what a piteous moan I made! If he that made our history has forgot to set it down word for word, he may be assured that he has left out a good thing. Some time after, I cannot just tell you how long it was, as we were going with my lady the Princess Micomicona, I knew my ass again, and he that rid him, though he went like a gipsy; and who should it be, do you think, but Gines de Passamonte, that impostor and great scoundrel, whom my master and I saved from the galleys.”—“The mistake does lie there,” said Carrasco; “but that only the author sets you upon the same ass that was lost, before he gives an account of his being found.”—“As to that,” replied Sancho, “I do not know very well what to say. If the man make a blunder, who can help it? But mayhap, it was a fault of the printer.”—“I make no question of that,” said Carrasco; “but pray, what became of the hundred pieces? Were they annihilated?”—“I spent them on myself,” quoth Sancho, “and on my wife and children: they were the cause of my wife’s taking so patiently my rambling and trotting after my master Don Quixote: for had I come back with my pockets empty, and without my ass, I must have looked for a rueful greeting. And now if you have any more to say to me, here am I, ready to answer the king himself; for what has anybody to meddle

¹ It is described at great length by Boiardo, L. 2, Canto 3, St. 52., &c.

or make whether I found or found not, or spent or spent not? If the knocks and cudgellings that have been bestowed on my carcase in our jaunts, were to be rated but at three maravedis apiece,¹ and I to be satisfied ready cash for every one, a hundred gold pieces more would not pay for half of them; and therefore let every man lay his hand on his breast, and not go and mistake black for white, and white for black: for every man is as Heaven made him, and sometimes a great deal worse."

"Well," said the bachelor, "if the author print another edition of the history, I will take special care he shall not forget to insert what honest Sancho has said, which will make the book as good again."—"Pray, good Mr. Bachelor," asked Don Quixote, "are there other emendations requisite to be made in this history?"—"Some there are," answered Carrasco, "but none of so much importance as those already mentioned."—"Perhaps the author promises a second part?" said Don Quixote.—"He does," said Carrasco; "but he says he cannot find it, neither can he discover who has it: so that we doubt whether it will come out or no; as well for this reason, as because some people say that second parts are never worth anything; others cry, there is enough of Don Quixote already: however, many of those that love mirth better than melancholy, cry out, give us more Quixoteries; let but Don Quixote lay on, and Sancho talk, be it what it will, we are satisfied."—"And how stands the author affected?" said the knight.—"Truly," answered Samson, "as soon as ever he can find out the history, which he is now looking for with all imaginable industry, he is resolved to send it immediately to the press, though more for his own profit than through any ambition of applause."—"What," quoth Sancho, "does he design to do it to get money by it? Nay, then we are like to have a rare history indeed; we shall have him botch and whip it up, like your tailors on Easter-Eve; for your hasty work can never be done as it should be. Let Master Moor take care how he goes to work; for, my life for his, I and my master will stock him with such a heap of stuff, in matter of adventures

¹ [*I.e.* about one halfpenny apiece.]

and odd chances, that he will not only have enough to write a second part, but a hundred. The poor fellow, belike, thinks we do nothing but sleep on a hay-mow; but let us once have our feet shod, and he will see what we are about: this at least I will be bold to say, that if my master would be ruled by me, we had been in the field by this time, undoing of misdeeds and righting of wrongs, as good knights-errant used to do."

Searce had Sancho made an end of his discourse, when Rozinante's neighing reached their ears. Don Quixote took it for a lucky omen, and resolved to take another turn within three or four days. He discovered his resolutions to the bachelor, and consulted him to know which way to steer his course. The bachelor advised him to take the road to Saragossa, in the kingdom of Arragon, a solemn tournament being shortly to be performed at that city on St. George's festival; where, by worsting all the Arragonian champions, he might win immortal honour, since to out-tilt them would be to out-rival all the knights in the universe. He applauded his noble resolution, but withal admonished him not to be so desperate in exposing himself to dangers, since his life was not his own, but theirs who in distress stood in want of his assistance and protection. "That is it now that I like not, Master Samson," quoth Sancho, at this point, "for my master makes no more to set upon an hundred armed men, than a young glutton of half a dozen of melons. Body of me! Mr. Bachelor, there is a time to retreat, as well as a time to advance; Saint Iago, and close Spain!¹ must not always be the cry: for I have heard somebody say, and if I am not mistaken, it was my master himself, That valour lies just between rashness and faint-heartedness; and if it be so, I would not have him run away without there is a reason for it, nor would I have him fall on when there is no good to be got by it. But above all things I would have him to know, if he has a mind I should go with him, that the bargain is, he shall fight for us both, and that I am tied to nothing but to look after him and his victuals and clothes: so far as this comes to, I will fetch and carry

¹ [*Santiago, y cierra España*, was the cry of Spanish soldiers when they closed with the enemy.]

with the best; but to think I will lug out my sword, though it be but against poor rogues, and sorry shirks, and hedge-birds, y'troth I must beg his pardon. For my part, Master Samson, it is not the fame of being thought valiant that I aim at, but that of being deemed the very best and trustiest squire that ever followed the heels of a knight-errant: and if, after all my services, my master Don Quixote will be so kind as to give me one of those many islands which his worship says he shall light on, I shall be much beholden to him; but if he does not, why then I am born, do ye see, and one man must not live to rely on another, but on his Maker. Mayhap ungoverned bread will taste as well, and perhaps better than if I were a governor; and what do I know but that the devil is providing me one of these governments for a stumbling-block, that I may stumble and fall, and so break my jaws, and knock out my grinders? I was born Sancho, and Sancho I mean to die; and yet for all that, if fairly and squarely, with little trouble and less danger, Heaven would bestow on me an island, or some such like matter, I am no such fool neither, do you see, as to refuse a good thing when it is offered me. No, I remember the old saying, When the calf is given thee, run and take him by the halter; and when good luck knocks at the door, let him in, and keep him there."

"My friend Sancho," said Carrasco, "you have spoken like any university-professor: however, trust in Heaven's bounty, and the noble Don Quixote, and he may not only give thee an island, but even a kingdom."—"One as likely as the other," quoth Sancho; "and yet let me tell you, Mr. Bachelor, the kingdom which my master is to give me, you shall not find it thrown into an old sack; for I have felt my own pulse, and find myself sound enough to rule kingdoms and govern islands; I have told my master as much before now."—"Have a care, Sancho," said Samson, "honours change manners; perhaps, when you come to be a governor, you will scarce know the mother that bore ye."—"This," said Sancho, "may happen to those that were born in a ditch, but not to those whose souls are covered, as mine is, four fingers thick with good

old Christian fat.¹ No, do but think how good-conditioned I be, and then you need not fear I should do dirtily to any one."—"Grant it, good Heaven!" said Don Quixote, "we shall see when the government comes, and methinks I have it already before my eyes." After this he desired the bachelor, if he were a poet, to oblige him with some verses, on his designed departure from his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, in which every verse should begin with one of the letters of her name, so that joining every first letter together at the end of the verses, they might make DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO. The bachelor told him, that though he were none of the famous poets of Spain, who, they say, were but three and a half,² he would endeavour to make the verses; though he was sensible this would be no easy task, there being seventeen letters in the name; so that if he made four stanzas of four verses apiece, there would be a letter too much; and if he made his stanzas of five lines, such as are called Decimas or Redondillas, there would be three letters too little; however, he would strive to sink a letter, and so take in the whole name in sixteen verses.—"Let it be so by any means," said Don Quixote; "for no woman will believe that those verses were made for her where her name is not plainly to be discerned. With this, it was agreed they should set out in a week's time. Don Quixote charged the bachelor not to speak a word of all this, especially to the curate, Master Nicolas, his niece, and his housekeeper, lest they should obstruct his honourable and valorous design. Carrasco gave him his word, and having desired Don Quixote to send an account of his good or bad success at his convenience, took his leave, and left him; and Sancho went to get everything ready for his journey.

¹ [A way of expressing that he had no taint of Jewish or Moorish blood. The pride he constantly shows in this fact is justified by the contempt in which the despised races were held; and the stringent disabilities imposed even on converts.]

² [The first, Alonzo de Ercilla, author of the *Araucana*: the second, Juan Rufo of Cordova, author of the *Austriada*; and the third, Christopher Verves of Valencia, author of the *Montserrat*. By the half-poet, Don Gregoir thinks Cervantes means himself.]

CHAPTER V.

Of the wise and pleasant Dialogue between Sancho Panza and Teresa Panza his Wife : together with other Passages worthy of happy memory.

THE translator of this history, being come to this fifth chapter, thinks fit to inform the reader, that he holds it to be apocryphal ; because it introduces Sancho speaking in another style than could be expected from his slender capacity, and saying things of so refined a nature, that it seems impossible he could do it. However, he thought himself obliged to render it in our tongue, to maintain the character of a faithful translator, and therefore he goes on in this manner.

Sancho came home so cheerful and so merry, that his wife read his joy in his looks as far as she could see him, and was fain to ask the cause, "Dear Sancho," cried she, "what makes you so merry?"—"I should be more merry, wife," quoth Sancho, "would but Heaven so order it, that I were not so well pleased as I seem to be."—"You speak riddles, husband," quoth she ; "I don't know what you mean by saying, you should be more merry if you were not so well pleased ; for, though I am silly enough, I cannot think a man can take pleasure in not being pleased."—"Look ye, Teresa," quoth Sancho, "I am merry because I am once more going to serve my master Don Quixote, who is resolved this third time to go a hunting after adventures, and I must go with him ; for so my necessities will have it, together with the hope that makes me merry, that I think I may be able to find another hundred crowns like that we spent, but then it grieves me to leave thee, and our children ; and would Heaven but be pleased to let me live at home dry-shod, in peace and quietness, without gadding over hill and dale, through brambles and briars (as Heaven might well do with small cost, if it would, and with no manner of trouble, but only to be willing it should be so), why then it is a clear

case that my mirth would be more firm and sound, since my present gladness is mingled with a sorrow to part with thee. And so I think I have made out what I have said, that I should be merrier if I did not seem so well pleased."

"Look you, Sancho," quoth the wife, "ever since you have been a member of knight-errant, you talk so round about the bush, that nobody can understand you."—"It is enough," quoth Sancho, "that He understands me who understands all things; and so no more words about it. But mind you, wife, be sure you look carefully after Dapple for these three days, that he may be in good case and fit to bear arms; double his pittance, look out his pannel and all his harness, and let everything be set to-rights; for we are not going to a wedding, but to roam about the world, and to make our party good with giants, and dragons, and hobgoblins, and to hear nothing but hissings, and roarings, and howlings, and yellings; all which would be but flowers of lavender, if we had not to meet with the Yanguesian carriers, and enchanted Moors."—"Nay, as for that, husband," quoth Teresa, "I am apt enough to think you squire-errants don't eat your master's bread for nothing; and therefore it shall be my daily prayer, that you may quickly be freed from that plaguy trouble."—"Troth, wife," quoth Sancho, "were not I in hopes to see myself, ere it be long, governor of an island, o' my conscience I should drop down dead on the spot."—"Not so, my husband," quoth the wife. "Let the hen live, though it be with pip. Do thou live, and let all the governments in the world go to the devil. Thou camest out of thy mother's womb without government, thou hast lived hitherto without government, and thou mayest be carried to thy grave without government, when it shall please the Lord. How many people in this world live without government, yet do not die, and are reckoned amongst other folk? There is no sauce in the world like hunger, and as the poor never want that, they always eat with a good stomach. But look ye, Sancho, if it should be thy good luck to get a government, prithee do not forget thy wife and children. Take notice that little Sancho is already full fifteen, and it is high time he went

to school, if his uncle the abbot mean to have him sent into the church. Then there is Mari-Sancha, your daughter; I dare say the burden of wedlock will never be the death of her, for I shrewdly guess, she longs as much for a husband, as you do for a government; and when all comes to all, better the daughter ill married than well kept."

"I' good sooth! wife," quoth Sancho, "if it be Heaven's blessed will that I get anything of a government, I will see and match Mari-Sancha so well, that she shall, at least, be called my lady."—"By no means, husband," cried the wife, "let her match with her equal: if from clouted shoes you set her upon high heels, and from her coarse russet coat you put her into a fardingale, and from plain Moll and thee and thou, go to call her madam, and your ladyship, the poor girl won't know how to behave herself, but will every foot make a thousand blunders, and show her homespun country breeding."—"Tush! fool," answered Sancho, "it will be but two or three years' 'prenticeship; and then you will see how strangely she will alter: your ladyship and keeping of state will become her, as if they had been made for her; and suppose they should not, what is it to anybody? Let her be but a lady, and let what will happen."

"Good Sancho," quoth the wife, "don't look above yourself; I say, keep to the proverb, that says, Birds of a feather flock together.¹ It would be a fine thing, for sure, for us to go and throw away our child on one of your lordlings, or right worshipfuls, who, when the whim should take him in the head, would take a new view of her, and call her country wench, and clod-hopper's or spinner's daughter. No, no, husband, I have not bred the girl up as I have done, in my time, for this, I will assure ye. Do thee but bring home money, and leave me to get her a husband. Why there is Lope Tocho, old Joan Tocho's son, a hale jolly young fellow, and one whom we all know; I have observed he has a kind eye for the wench; he is our own equal, and will be a good match

¹ [In the original it is, Wipe your neighbour's son's nose, and take him into your house, *i.e.* You had better take one you know with all his faults than a stranger.]

for her; then we shall always have her under our eyes, and be all as one, fathers and children, grandchildren and sons-in-law, and heaven's peace and blessing will always be with us. But never talk to me of marrying her at your courts, and great men's houses, where she will understand nobody, and nobody will understand her."—"Why, thou beast," cried Sancho, "thou wife for Barabbas, why dost thou hinder me from marrying my daughter to one that will get me grandchildren that may be called your honour and your lordship?¹ Have not I always heard my betters say, that he who will not entertain fortune when she comes, must not grumble when she passes him by? when good luck is knocking at our door, is it fit to shut him out? No, no, let us take advantage of this prosperous wind that is blowing for us." [This mode of locution, and what is said to have been spoken by Sancho below, made the translator of this history say, he held this chapter apocryphal.] "Canst thou not perceive, thou senseless animal," said Sancho going on, "that I ought to venture over head and ears to light on some good gainful government, that may free our feet from the mud, and marry Mari-Sancha to whom we please? Then thou wilt see how folks will call thee Donna Teresa Panza, and thou wilt sit in the church with thy carpets and cushions, and lean and loll in state, though the best gentlewoman in the town burst with spite and envy. No, no, remain as you are, still in the same posture, neither higher nor lower, like a figure in the hangings. Go to, let us have no more of this; Sanchica shall be a countess in spite of thy words, I say."

"Well, well, husband," quoth the wife, "have a care what you say, for I fear me this ladyship of my daughter will be her undoing. Do what you will, make her a duchess or a princess, but I will never give my consent. Look ye, brother, for my part, I ever love to see everything upon the square, and cannot abide to see folks take upon them when they should not. I was christened plain Teresa without any fiddle-faddle, or addition of

¹ Molière has borrowed a great part of this exquisite dialogue in his '*Bourgeois Gentilhomme*.' Monsieur and Madame Jourdain have a dispute exactly on the same subject. See Act III., Scene xii.

Dons or Donnas. My father's name was Cascajo; and because I married you, they call me Teresa Panza, though indeed by right I should be called Teresa Cascajo.¹ But where the kings are, there are the laws, and I am e'en contented with that name without putting a Don on the top of me, to weigh more than I can carry: neither will I give them no cause to cry, when they see me go like a countess, or a governor's madam, Look, look, how Madam Hog-wash struts along! It was but the other day she'd tug ye a distaff, capped with tow, from morning till night, and would go to mass with her coat over her head for want of a hood; yet now, look how she goes in her fardingale, and her brooches, puffed up with pride, as if everybody did not know her. No, husband, if it please Heaven but to keep me in my seven senses, or my five, or as many as I have, I will take care not to let people's tongues set me out at this rate. You may go, and be a governor, or an islander, and look as big as you will; but by my grandmother's daughter, neither I nor my girl will budge a foot from our village. For the proverb says:—

The wife that expects to have a good name
Is always at home as if she were lame;
And the maid that is honest, her chiefest delight
Is still to be doing from morning to night.²

March you and your Don Quixote together, to your islands and adventures, and leave us here to our sorry fortune; I will warrant you Heaven will better it, if we live as we ought to do. I wonder, though, who made him a Don; neither his father nor his grandsire were.”—“I tell thee thou art possessed,” quoth Sancho. “The Lord help thee, woman! what a heap of stuff hast thou twisted together without head or tail! What have thy Cascajos, thy brooches, thy old saws, and being puffed up with pride

¹ [The custom of La Mancha seems to have differed from that of the rest of Spain. See Vol. i. p. 533.]

² *La Muger honrada,
La pierna quebrada,
y en casa;
La doncella honesta
El hacher algo es su fiesta.*

to do with what I have said? Hark thee me, Gammer Addlepate, for I can find no better name for thee, since thou art not able to understand my meaning, and standest in thy own light; should I have told thee that my girl was to throw herself head foremost from the top of some steeple, or to ramble about the world as the infanta Donna Urraca¹ chose to do, then thou mightest have some reason not to be of my mind. But if in the twinkling of an eye, and while one might toss a pancake, I clap you a Don and a ladyship upon the back of her; if I fetch her out of her straw, to sit under a canopy, on a pedestal and in a balcony with more velvet cushions than all the Almohadas² of Morocco had Moors in their generation, why shouldst thou be against it, and not be pleased with what pleases me?"—"Shall I tell you why, husband?" answered Teresa; "it is because of the proverb, He that covers thee, discovers thee. A poor man is scarce minded, but every one's eyes will stare upon the rich; and if that rich man has formerly been poor, this sets others a-grumbling and backbiting; and your evil tongues will never have done, but swarm about the streets like bees, and buzz their stories into people's ears."—"Look you, Teresa," said Sancho, "mind what I say to thee, I will tell thee things

¹ In treating of the murder of King Sancho of Castille I have already had occasion to mention the name of this celebrated princess. Her father had made his will, dividing his kingdom among his three sons. The forgotten Infanta is introduced complaining, (in the words of the ballad)

"A mi porque soy muger dexays me desheridada
Yrme yo por estas tierras como un muger errada."

She sets out accordingly on her travels; but is at length somewhat appeased by having the town of Zamora given her for her portion. As soon as her father was dead she was besieged in this new possession by the new king, Don Sancho, and the Cid. Sancho was assassinated by Vellido d'Olfos, and the Cid had the honour of reducing Zamora and its romantic lady to obedience.

² [Almohada signifies a cushion, and was also the surname of a famous Moorish family.] The Moorish fashion of sitting on low *divans*, or cushions arranged around the sides of the apartment, was retained in Spain during the whole period of the House of Austria. The Bourbon princes introduced for the first time, the use of chairs.]

that perhaps thou never heardest of in thy life; nor do I speak of my own head, but what I heard from that good father who preached in our town all last Lent. He told us, if I am not mistaken, that all those things which we see before our eyes, do appear, hold, and exist in our memories much better, and with a greater stress than things past." [All these reasons which are here offered by Sancho, are another argument to persuade the translator to hold this chapter for apocryphal, as exceeding the capacity of Sancho, who went on to say:—] "From thence it arises, that when we happen to see a person well dressed, richly equipped, and with a great train of servants, we find ourselves moved and prompted to pay him respect, in a manner, in spite of ourselves, though at that very moment our memory makes us call to remembrance some low circumstances, in which we had seen that person before. Now this ignominy, be it either by reason of his poverty, or mean parentage, as it is already passed, is no more, and only that which we see before our eyes remains. So then, if this person whom fortune has raised to that height out of his former obscurity, (the father also said,) be well-bred, generous and civil to all men, and does not affect to vie with those that are of noble descent; assure thyself, Teresa, nobody will remember what he was, but look upon him as what he is, unless it be your envious spirits, from whose taunts no prosperous fortune can be free."—"I do not understand you, husband," quoth Teresa; "even follow your own inventions, and do not puzzle my brains with your harangues and rhetorics. If you are so revolved to do as ye say——" "Resolved, you shall say, wife," quoth Sancho, "and not revolved."—"Prithee, husband," said Teresa, "let us have no words about that matter; I speak as Heaven is pleased I should; and meddle no more in schemes: and all I have to say now is this, if you hold still in the mind of being a governor, pray even take your son Sancho along with you, and henceforth train him up to your trade of governing; for it is but fitting that the son should be brought up to the father's calling."—"When once I am governor," quoth Sancho, "I will send for him by the post, and I will send thee money withal; for of that I shall have no lack; there

never want those that will lend governors money when they have none. But then be sure you clothe the boy so, that he may look not like what he is, but like what he is to be.”—“Send you but money,” quoth Teresa, “and I will make him as fine as a May-day garland.”¹—“So then, wife,” quoth Sancho, “I suppose we are agreed that our Moll shall be a countess.”—“The day I see her a countess,” quoth Teresa, “I reckon I lay her in her grave. However, I tell you again, even follow your own inventions; you men will be masters, and women are born to obey their husbands, though they have no sense.” Here she fell a weeping as heartily as if she had seen her daughter already dead and buried. Sancho comforted her, and promised her, that though he was to make her a countess, yet he would see and put it off as long as he could. Thus ended their dialogue, and Sancho went back to Don Quixote, to dispose everything for their going away.

CHAPTER VI.

Of what passed between Don Quixote, his Niece, and the Housekeeper: being one of the most important Chapters in the whole History.

WHILE Sancho Panza and his wife Teresa Cascajo had the foregoing impertinent dialogue, Don Quixote's niece and housekeeper were not idle, guessing by a thousand signs that he intended a third sally, and a return to his (for them) evil knight-errantry. Therefore they endeavoured by all possible means to divert him from so ill a design; but it was but preaching to a rock, and hammering cold iron. But among other arguments; “In short, sir,” quoth the housekeeper, “if you will not be ruled, but will needs run wandering over hill and dale, like a soul in purgatory, seeking misfortune, for so I may well call the hopeful adventures which you go about, I will never leave complaining to Heaven and the king till there is a stop put to it some way or other.”

¹ [*Como un palmito*, in the original: *i.e.* As fine as a palm branch; such as are carried in procession on Palm Sunday.]

“What answer Heaven will vouchsafe to give thee, I know not,” answered Don Quixote: “neither can I tell what return his majesty will make to thy petition. This I know, that were I a king, I would excuse myself from answering the infinite number of impertinent memorials that are brought to him every day. I tell thee, woman, among the many other fatigues which royalty sustains, it is one of the greatest to be obliged to hear every one, and to give answer to all people. Therefore, pray trouble not his majesty with anything concerning me.”—“But pray, sir, tell me,” replied she, “are there not knights in the king’s court?”—“I must confess,” said Don Quixote, “that, for the ornament, the grandeur, and the pomp of royalty, many knights are, and ought to be, maintained there.”—“Why then,” said the woman, “would it not be better for your worship to be one of those brave knights, who serve the king their master on foot in his court?”—“Hear me, friend,” answered Don Quixote, “all knights cannot be courtiers, nor can all courtiers be knights-errant. There must be of all sorts in the world; and though we were all to share the common appellation of knights, yet there would be a great difference between the one and the other. For your courtiers, without so much as stirring out of their chambers, or the shade and shelter of the court, can journey over all the universe in a map, without the spending of a farthing, without suffering the inconveniences of heat, cold, hunger, and thirst; while we who are the true knights-errant, exposed to sun, frost, and air, and all the inclemencies of heaven, by night and by day, on foot as well as on horseback, measure the whole surface of the earth with our own feet. Nor are we only acquainted with the pictures of our enemies, but with their very persons, ready upon all occasions and at all times to engage them, without standing upon trifles, or the ceremony of measuring weapons, or examining whether our opponents have any holy relics, or other secret charms about them, whether the sun be duly divided, or any other punctilios and circumstances observed among private duellists; things which thou understandest not, but I do: and must further let thee know, that the true knight-errant, though he met ten

giants, whose tall aspiring heads not only touch but overtop the clouds, each of them stalking with prodigious legs like huge towers, their sweeping arms like masts of mighty ships, each eye as large as a mill-wheel, and more fiery than a glass-furnace, yet he must in no wise be afraid to meet them; rather he must encounter them with a gentle countenance, and an undaunted courage, assail them, close with them, and if possible vanquish and destroy them all in an instant; nay, though they came armed with the scales of a certain fish, which they say is harder than adamant, and instead of swords had dreadful sabres of keen Damascene steel, or mighty maces with points of the same metal, as I have seen them more than once or twice. I have told thee thus much, my friend, that thou may'st see the vast difference between knights and knights; and I think it were to be wished that all princes knew so far how to make the distinction, as to give the pre-eminence to this first species of knights-errant, among whom there have been some whose fortitude has not only been the defence of our kingdom, but of many more, as we read in their histories."—"Ah, sir," said the niece, "have a care what you say; all the stories of knights-errant are nothing but lies and fables, and if they are not burnt, they ought at least to be covered with a sanbenito,¹ the badge of heresy, or some other mark of infamy, that the world may know them to be wicked, and perverters of good manners."—"Now, by the powerful Sustainer of my being," cried Don Quixote, "wert thou not so nearly related to me, wert thou not my own sister's daughter, I would take such revenge for the blasphemy thou hast uttered, as would resound through the whole universe. What! Is it possible that a young baggage who scarce knows her bobbins from a bodkin, should presume to set to with her tongue, and censure the histories of knights-errant! What would Sir Amadis have said, had he heard this! But he undoubtedly would have forgiven thee, for he was the most courteous and complaisant of the knights of his time, being moreover a great protector of damsels; but thy words might have

¹ [*Saco benedicto*, a coat of black canvas, painted with flames and devils, worn by the victims of the Inquisition at the stake.]

reached the ears of some, that would have sacrificed thee to their indignation; for all knights are not possessed of civility or good-nature; some are rough and revengeful; and neither are all those that assume the name of knight-errant, such all in all. Some indeed are of gold, but others are of such an alloy as cannot bear the touchstone of truth, though they deceive the sight. Inferior mortals there are, who aim at knighthood, and strain to reach the height of honour; and high-born knights there are, who seem fond of grovelling in the dust, and being lost in the crowd of inferior mortals. The first raise themselves by ambition or by virtue; the last debase themselves by negligence or by vice; so that there is need of a distinguishing understanding to judge between these two sorts of knights, so alike in name, and so different in actions.”—“Bless me! dear uncle,” cried the niece, “that you should know so much, as to be able, if there was occasion, to get up into a pulpit, or preach in the streets, and yet be so strangely mistaken, so grossly blind of understanding, as to fancy a man of your years and infirmity can be strong and valiant; that you can set everything right, and force stubborn malice to bend, when you yourself stoop beneath the burden of age: and what is yet more odd, that you are a knight, when it is well known you are none! For, though some gentlemen may be knights, a poor gentleman can hardly be so.”

“You say well, niece,” answered Don Quixote; “and as to this last observation, I could tell you things that you would wonder at, concerning families; but because I will not mix sacred things with profane, I waive the discourse. However, listen both of you, and for your further instruction know, that all the lineage and descents of mankind are reducible to these four heads: First, of those, who from a very small and obscure beginning, have raised and spread themselves out to a total magnitude. Secondly, of those who deriving their greatness from their origin, have still preserved the dignity and character of their commencement. A third are those who, though they had large foundations, have ended in a point like a pyramid, which by little and little dwindles as it

were into nothing, in comparison with its basis or seat. Others there are (and those are the bulk of mankind) who have neither had a good beginning, nor a rational continuance, and whose ending shall therefore be obscure; such are the common people, the plebeian race. The Ottoman house is an instance of the first sort, having derived their present greatness from the poor beginning of a base-born shepherd. Of the second sort, there are many princes who being born such, enjoy their dominions by inheritance, and continue in them peacefully without addition or diminution. Of the third sort, there is an infinite number of examples: for all the Pharaohs and Ptolemies of Egypt, your Cæsars of Rome, and all the swarm (if I may use that word) of princes, monarchs, lords, Medes, Assyrians, Persians, Greeks and Barbarians: all these families and empires have ended in a point, as well as those who gave rise to them: for it were impossible at this day to find any of their descendants, or if we could find them it would be in a poor grovelling condition. As for the vulgar, I say nothing of them, more than that they are thrown in as ciphers to increase the number of mankind, without deserving any other praise. Now, my good-natured fools, you may at least draw this reasonable inference from what I have said of this promiscuous dispensation of honours, and this uncertainty and confusion of descent, that virtue and liberality in the present possessor, are the most just and undisputable titles to nobility; for the advantages of pedigree, without these qualifications, serve only to make vice more conspicuous. The great man that is vicious will be greatly vicious, and the rich miser is only a covetous beggar: for, not he who possesses, but he that spends and enjoys his wealth, is the rich and the happy man; nor he either who barely spends, but he who does it with discretion. The poor knight indeed cannot show he is one by his magnificence; but yet by his virtue, affability, civility, and courteous and gentle behaviour, he may display the ingredients that enter into the composition of the knighthood; and though he cannot pretend to liberality, wanting riches to support it, his charity may recompense that defect; for an alms of two maravedis cheerfully bestowed upon an indigent beggar by a man

in poor circumstances, speaks him as liberal as the larger donation of a rich man given with the ringing of bells. There is no one seeing him adorned with the said virtues but will hold and judge him, though he know him not, to be of good breeding. There are two paths to dignity and wealth; letters and arms. Arms I have chosen; and the influence of the planet Mars that presided at my nativity, led me to that adventurous road. So that all your attempts to shake my resolution are in vain: for in spite of all mankind, I will pursue what Heaven has fated, fortune ordained, what reason requires, and (which is more) what my inclination demands. I am sensible of the many troubles and dangers that attend the prosecution of knight-errantry, but I also know what infinite honours and rewards are the consequences of the performance. The path of virtue is narrow, and the way of vice easy and open; but their ends and resting-places are very different. That of vice is a broad and spacious road indeed, but death is always met at the end of the journey: whereas that of virtue, narrow and laborious, leads to life—and not a life that soon must have an end, but an immortal being. For I know, as our great Castilian poet¹ expresses it, that

‘Through steep ascents, through strait and rugged ways,
Ourselves to glory’s lofty seats we raise:
In vain he hopes to reach the bless’d abode
Who leaves the narrow path for the more easy road.’”

“Alack a-day!” cried the niece, “my uncle is a poet too! He knows everything and can do everything. I will lay my life he might turn mason in case of necessity, and build a house as easy as a birdcage.”—“Why truly, niece,” said Don Quixote, “were not my understanding wholly involved in thoughts relating to the exercise of knight-errantry, there is nothing which I durst not engage to perform, no curiosity should escape my hands, especially birdcages and tooth-picks.” By this somebody knocked at the door, and being asked who it was, Sancho answered it was he. Whereupon the housekeeper slipped out of the way, not willing to see him, so much

¹ [Garcilaso de la Vega.]

did she abhor him. The niece let him in; Don Quixote received him with open arms; and locking themselves both in the closet, they had another dialogue as pleasant as the former.

CHAPTER VII.

Of Don Quixote's Conference with his Squire, and other famous Passages.

THE housekeeper no sooner saw her master and Sancho locked up together, but she presently surmised the drift of that close conference, and concluding that no less than the determination for a third sally would prove the result of it, she flung her veil over her head, and quite cast down with sorrow and vexation, trudged away to seek Samson Carrasco, the bachelor of arts; depending on his wit and eloquence, to dissuade his friend Don Quixote from his frantic resolution. She found him walking in the yard of his house, and fell presently on her knees before him in a cold sweat, and with all the marks of a disordered mind. "What is the matter, madam Housekeeper," said he, when he saw her sorrow and dismay, "what has befallen you, that you look as if you were ready to give up the ghost?"—"Nothing," said she, "dear sir, but that my master is departing! he is departing, that is most certain."—"How," cried Carrasco, "what do you mean? Is his soul departing out of his body?"—"No," answered the woman, "but all his wits are quite and clean departing. He means to be gadding again into the wide world, and is upon the spur now the third time to hunt after ventures, as he calls them,¹ though I don't know why he calls those chances so. The first time he was brought home was athwart an ass, and almost cudgelled to pieces. The other time he was forced to ride home in a wagon, cooped up in a cage, where he would make us believe he was enchanted; and the poor soul looked so dismally, that the

¹ [*Ventura* signifies good luck, as well as adventures involving risk.]

mother that bore him would not have known him; so meagre, wan, and withered, and his eyes so sunk and hid in the utmost nook and corner of his brain, that I am sure I spent about six hundred eggs to bring him to himself again; ay, and more too, as heaven and all the world is my witness, and the hens that laid them that will not let me lie.”—“That I believe,” said the bachelor, “for your hens are so well-bred, so fat, and so good, that they won’t say one thing and think another for the world. But is this all? Has no other ill-luck befallen you, besides this of your master’s intended ramble?”—“No other, sir,” quoth she. “Then trouble your head no further,” said he, “but go you home and get me some warm bit for breakfast, and as you go, say me the prayer of St. Apollonia, if you know it; and I will come to you presently, and you shall see wonders.”—“Dear me,” quoth she, “the prayer of St. Apollonia! Why, it is only good for the tooth-ache; but his ailing lies in his skull.”—“Mistress,” said he, “do not dispute with me: know that I am bachelor of arts at Salamanca, and that there is no *bachelorizing*¹ beyond that?” With that away she goes, and he went presently to find the curate, to consult with him about what shall be declared in due time.

When Sancho and his master were locked up together in the room, there passed some discourse between them, of which the history gives a very punctual and impartial account. “Sir,” quoth Sancho to his master, “I have at last reduced my wife, to let me go with your worship wherever you will have me.”—“Induced, you would say, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “and not reduced.”—“Look you, sir,” quoth Sancho, “if I am not mistaken, I have prayed you once or twice not to stand correcting my words, if you understand my meaning: if you do not, why then do but say to me, Sancho, Devil, or what you please, I understand thee not; and if I do not make out my meaning plainly, then take me up; for I am so forcible——” “I understand you not,” said Don Quixote, interrupting him, “for I cannot guess the meaning of your forcible.”—“Why, so forcible,” quoth Sancho, “is as much as to say, forcible;

¹ [The point in the original is that *bachiller* means babbler as well as bachelor.]

that is, I am so and so, as it were.”—“Less and less do I understand thee,” said the knight.—“Why then,” quoth Sancho, “there is an end of the matter; for I can speak no better, so help me God.”—“O! now,” quoth Don Quixote, “I fancy I guess your meaning; you mean *docible*; I suppose, implying that you are so ready and apprehensive, that you will presently observe what I shall teach you.”—“I will lay any even wager now,” said Sancho, “you understood me well enough at first, but you had a mind to put me out, merely to hear me make two hundred other blunders.”—“That may be,” said Don Quixote, “but prithee tell me, what says Teresa?”—“Why, an’t please you,” quoth Sancho, “Teresa bids me make sure work with your worship, and that we may have less talking and more doing; that a man must not be his own carver; that he who cuts does not shuffle; that it is good to be certain; that paper speaks when beards never wag; that a bird in hand is worth two in the bush. One holdfast is better than two I will give thee. Now I say, a woman’s counsel is not worth much, yet he that despises it is no wiser than he should be.”—“I say so too,” said Don Quixote; “but pray, good Sancho, proceed; for thou art in excellent strain; thou talkest like pearls to-day.”—“I say,” quoth Sancho, “as you know better yourself than I do, that we are all mortal men, we are here to-day and gone to-morrow; as soon goes the young lamb, as the old wether; no man can tell the length of his days; for death is deaf, and when he knocks at the door of our life he is always in post-haste, neither fair words nor foul, crowns nor mitres can stay him, as the report goes, and as we are told from the pulpit.”—“All this I grant,” said Don Quixote; “but what would you infer from hence?”—“Why, sir,” quoth Sancho, “all I would be at is, that your worship allow me so much a month for my wages, whilst I stay with you, and that the aforesaid wages be paid me out of your estate. For I will trust no longer to rewards, that mayhap may come late, and mayhap not at all. I would be glad to know what I get, be it more or less. A little in one’s own pocket, is better than much in another man’s purse. Set a hen upon an egg. Every little makes a mickle;

while a man gets he never can lose. Should it happen, indeed, that your worship should give me this same island, which you promised me, though it is what I dare not so much as hope for, why then I'm not so ungrateful, nor drive things to such a pass, but that I am willing to strike off upon the wages I receive, an amount *pro cata*."—"Doubtless, friend Sancho," said Don Quixote, "a cat is sometimes as good as a rat."—"Ho! I understand you," cried Sancho: "I dare lay a wager I should have said *rata* and not *cata*: but no matter for that, since you knew what I meant."—"Yes, Sancho," quoth the knight, "I have dived to the very bottom of your thought, and understand now the aim of all your numerous shot of proverbs.—Look you, friend Sancho, I should never scruple to pay thee wages, had I any example to warrant such a practice. Nay, could I find the least glimmering of a precedent through all the books of chivalry that ever I read, for any yearly or monthly stipend, your request should be granted. But I have read all, or the greatest part of the histories of knights-errant, and find that all their squires depended purely on the favour of their masters for a subsistence; till by some surprising turn in the knight's fortune, the servants were advanced to the government of some island, or some equivalent gratuity; at least, they had honour and a title conferred on them as a reward. Now, friend Sancho, if you will depend on these hopes of preferment, and return to my service, it is well: if not, get you home, and tell your Teresa, that I will not break through all the rules and customs of chivalry. If she like, and you like, to leave your reward to me, *bene quidem*; if not, let us part friends as before; and remember this, that if there be vetches in my dove-house, it will want no pigeons. Good arrears are better than ill pay, and a good complaint is better than bad pay. Take notice, too, there is proverb for proverb, to let you know that I can pour out a volley of them as well as you. In short, if you will not go along with me upon courtesy, and run the same fortune with me, Heaven be with you, and make you a saint; I do not question but I shall get me a squire, more obedient, more careful, and less over-loaded and talkative than you."

Sancho hearing his master's firm resolution, it was cloudy weather with him in an instant; he was struck dumb with disappointment, and down sank his heart at once: for he verily thought he could have brought him to any terms, and that his master would not for the world go without him. While he was thus dolefully buried in thought, in came Samson Carrasco, and the housekeeper and niece, very eager to hear the bachelor's arguments to dissuade Don Quixote from his intended sally. But Samson, who was a rare comedian, presently embracing the knight, as on the first occasion, and with raised voice, "O flower of chivalry," cried he, "refulgent glory of arms, living honour and mirror of our Spanish nation, may all those who prevent the third expedition which thy heroic spirit meditates, be lost in the labyrinth of their perverse desires, and find no clue to lead them to their wishes!" Then turning to the housekeeper, "You have no need now to say the prayer of St. Apollonia," said he, "for I find it written in the spheres, that Don Quixote must no longer delay the prosecution of his high and new designs; and I should injure my conscience, should I presume to dissuade him from the benefits that shall redound to mankind, by exerting the strength of his formidable arm, and the innate virtues of his heroic soul. For his stay deprives the oppressed of their rights, orphans of protection, damsels of their honour, widows of a patron, and married women of a vigorous comforter: nay, also delays many other important exploits and achievements, which are the duty and necessary consequences of the honourable order of knight-errantry. Go on then, my graceful, my valorous Don Quixote; rather this very day than the next; let your greatness be upon the wing; and if anything be wanting towards the completing of your equipage, I stand forth to supply you with my life and fortune, and ready, if it be thought expedient, to attend your excellence as a squire, an honour which I am ambitious to attain." — "Well, Sancho," said Don Quixote, hearing this, and turning to his squire, "did I not tell thee I should not want squires? behold who offers me his service! the most excellent bachelor of arts, Samson Carrasco, the perpetual darling

and glory of courts of the Salamanca schools, sound and active of body, patient of labour, inured to abstinence, silent in misfortune, and, in short, endowed with all the accomplishments that constitute a squire. But forbid it, Heaven, that to indulge my private inclinations I should presume to weaken the whole body of learning, by removing from it so substantial a pillar, so vast a repository of sciences, and lop this eminent palm of the liberal arts. —No, my friend, remain thou another Samson in thy country, be the honour of Spain, and the delight of thy ancient parents; I shall content myself with any squire, since Sancho does not vouchsafe to go with me.” —“I do, I do,” cried Sancho, relenting with tears in his eyes, “I do vouchsafe; it shall never be said of me, master, that the bread is eaten and the company gone. Nor have I heart of flint, sir: for all the world knows, and especially our town, what the whole generation of the Panzas has ever been. Besides, I well know, and have already found by many good turns, and more good words, that your worship has had a good will towards me all along; and if I have done otherwise than I should, in standing upon wages, or so, it were merely to humour my wife, who when once she is set upon a thing, stands digging and hammering at a man like a cooper at a tub, till she clinches the point. But in fact, I am the husband, and will be her husband, and she is but a wife, and shall be a wife. None can deny but I am a man every inch of me, wherever I am, and I will be a man at home in spite of anybody; so that you have no more to do, but to make your will and testament; but be sure you make the conveyance so firm, that it cannot be revolted, and then let us be gone as soon as you please, that Master Samson’s soul may be at rest; for he says his conscience won’t let him be quiet, till he has set you upon another journey through the world; and I here again offer myself to follow your worship, and promise to be faithful and loyal, as well, nay, and better, than all the squires that ever waited on knights-errant.” The bachelor was amazed to hear Sancho Panza express himself after that manner; and though he had read much of him in the first part of his history, he could not believe him to be so pleasant a fellow as he is there represented. But hearing him

now talk of revolting instead of revoking testaments and conveyances, he was induced to credit all that was said of him, and to conclude him one of the most solemn simpletons of the age; nor could he imagine that the world ever saw before so extravagant a couple as the master and man.

Don Quixote and Sancho embraced, becoming as good friends as ever; and so, with the approbation of the great Carrasco, who was then the knight's oracle, it was decreed, that they should set out at the expiration of three days; in which time all necessities should be provided, especially a whole helmet, which Don Quixote said he was resolved by all means to procure. Samson offered him one which he knew he could easily get of a friend, and which looked more dull with the mould and rust than bright with the lustre of the steel. The niece and the housekeeper made a woful outcry; they tore their hair, scratched their faces, and howled as mourners at funerals used to do, lamenting the knight's departure, as if it had been his real death! and cursing Carrasco most unmercifully, though his behaviour was the result of a contrivance plotted between the curate, the barber, and himself. In short, Don Quixote and his squire having got all things in a readiness, the one having pacified his wife, and the other his niece and housekeeper, towards the evening, without being seen by anybody but the bachelor, who would needs accompany them about half a league from the village, they set forward for Toboso. The knight mounted his Rozinante, and Sancho his ancient Dapple, his wallet well stuffed with provisions, and his purse with money, which Don Quixote gave him to defray expenses. At last Samson took his leave, desiring the champion to give him, from time to time, an account of his success, that according to the laws of friendship, he might sympathize in his good or evil fortune. Don Quixote made him a promise, and then they parted; Samson went home, and the knight and squire continued their journey for the great city of Toboso.

CHAPTER VIII.

Wherein is told Don Quixote's success in his Journey to visit the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso.

BLESSED be the mighty Alla, says Hamet Benengeli, at the beginning of this eighth chapter; blessed be Alla! which ejaculation he thrice repeated, in consideration of the blessing that Don Quixote and Sancho had once more taken the field again; and that from this period, the readers of their delightful history may date the knight's achievements, and the squire's pleasantries; and he entreats them to forget the former heroical transactions of the Ingenious Gentleman, and fix their eyes upon his future exploits, which take birth from his setting out for Toboso, as the former began in the fields of Montiel. Nor can so small a request be thought unreasonable, considering what he promises, which begins in this manner.

Don Quixote and his squire were no sooner parted from the bachelor, but Rozinante began to neigh, and Dapple to bray; which both the knight and the squire interpreted as good omens, and most fortunate presages of their success; though the truth of the story is, that as Dapple's braying exceeded Rozinante's neighing, Sancho concluded that his fortune should out-rival and eclipse his master's; which inference I will not say he drew from some principles which he knew, in judicial astrology, inasmuch as the history is silent in that particular; however, it is recorded of him, that oftentimes on falling or stumbling, he wished he had not gone out of his house that day, and from such accidents prognosticated nothing but dislocation of joints and breaking of ribs; and notwithstanding his foolish character, he was not far wrong in this. "Friend Sancho," said Don Quixote to him, "I find the approaching night will overtake us ere we can reach Toboso, where, before I enter upon any expedition, I am resolved to go and receive benediction, and obtain my leave from the peerless Dulcinea; being assured after that of happy

events in the most dangerous adventures; for nothing in this world inspires a knight-errant with so much valour, as the smiles and favourable aspects of his mistress.”—“I am of your mind,” quoth Sancho; “but I am afraid, sir, you will hardly come at her, to speak with her, at least not to meet her in a place where she may give you her blessing, unless she throw it over the mud-wall of the yard, where I first saw her, when I carried her the news of your mad pranks in the midst of Sierra Morena.”—“Mud-wall, did it seem to thee, Sancho!” cried Don Quixote: “where or whence can you have seen that never-duly-celebrated paragon of beauty and gentility; it was undoubtedly in some court, in some stately gallery, or walk, or whatever it is called, in some sumptuous and royal palace.”—“It may be so,” said Sancho, “though, so far as I can remember, it seemed to me neither better nor worse than a mud-wall.”—“It is no matter,” replied the knight, “let us go thither; let me but see her, though it be over a mud-wall, through the window of a cottage, a chink of a door, or the pales of a garden, or anywhere; which way soever the least beam from her bright eyes reaches mine, it will so enlighten my mind, so fortify my heart, and invigorate every faculty of my being, that no mortal will be able to rival me in prudence and valour.”—“Troth! sir,” quoth Sancho, “when I beheld that same sun of a lady, methought it did not shine so bright, as to cast forth any beams at all; but mayhap the reason was, that the dust of the grain she was winnowing raised a cloud about her face, and made her look somewhat dull.”—“What does it profit thee, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “always to say, to think, to believe, and to maintain that my lady Dulcinea was winnowing wheat? Are such exercises used by persons of her quality, whose recreations are always noble, and such as display an air of greatness suitable to their birth and dignity? Canst thou not remember the verses of our poet,¹ when he recounts the

¹ The passage referred to is in the third of Garcilaso’s Eclogues.

“De quatro nymphas que del Tajo amado
Salieron juntas a cantar,” &c.

employments of the four nymphs in their crystal mansions, when they advanced their heads above the streams of the lovely Tagus, and sat upon the grass, working those rich embroideries, where silk and gold, and pearl embossed, were so curiously interwoven, and which that ingenious bard so artfully describes? So must my princess have been employed when thou didst behold her; but the envious malice of some base necromancer fascinated thy sight, as it represents whatever is most grateful to me in different and displeasing shapes. And this makes me fear, that if the history of my achievements, which they tell me is in print, has been written by some magician who is no well-wisher of mine, he has undoubtedly delivered many things with partiality, misrepresented my life, inserting a hundred falsehoods for one truth, and diverting himself with the relation of idle stories, foreign to the purpose, and unsuitable to the continuation of a true history. O envy! envy! thou gnawing worm of virtue, and spring of infinite mischiefs! there is no other vice, my Sancho, but pleads some pleasure in its excuse; but envy is always attended by disgust, rancour, and distracting rage.”—“I am much of your mind,” said Sancho, “and I think, in the same book which neighbour Carrasco told us he had read of our lives, the story makes bold with my credit, and has handled it at a strange rate, and has dragged it about the kennels, as a body may say. Well, now, as I am an honest man, I never spoke an ill word of a magician in my born days; and I think they need not envy my condition so much. It is true, I am somewhat malicious; I have certain shortcomings of slyness; but it is all covered by the great cloak of my simplicity, always natural, and never feigned; and if there were nothing else in me but my religion—for I firmly believe whatever our holy Roman Catholic Church believes, and I hate the Jews mortally—these same historians should take pity on me, and spare me a little in their books. But let them say on to the end of the chapter; naked I came into the world, and naked must go out. I can neither win nor lose by the bargain: and though my name be in print, and handed about, I care not a fig for the worst they can say of me.”—“What thou sayest,

Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "puts me in mind of what happened to a celebrated poet of our time who wrote a very scurrilous and abusive lampoon upon all the ladies of the court, forbearing to name one, as not being sure whether she was one of them or no; but the lady not finding herself there, was not a little affronted at the omission, and made a great complaint to the poet, asking him what he had seen in her, that he should leave her out of his list; desiring him at the same time to enlarge his satire, and put her in, or if not, to remember what he was born. The author obeyed her commands, and made her such as duennas name not, and gave her satisfaction by making her as famous for infamy as any woman about the town. Such another story is that of Diana's temple, one of the seven wonders of the world, burnt by a shepherd merely to eternize his name; which, in spite of an edict that enjoined all people never to mention it, either by word of mouth or in writing, yet is still known to have been Erostratus. The story of the great emperor Charles the Fifth, and a Roman knight, upon a certain occasion, is much the same. The emperor had a great desire to see the famous temple once called the Pantheon, but now more happily the church of All Saints.¹ It is the most entire of the edifices remaining of heathen Rome, and that which best gives an idea of the glory and magnificence of its founders. It is built in the shape of a half-orange, of a vast extent, and very lightsome, though it admits no light but at one window, or, to speak more properly, at a round aperture at the top of the roof. The emperor being got up thither, and looking down from the brink upon the fabric, with a Roman knight by him, who showed all the beauties of that vast edifice: after they were gone from the place, says the knight, addressing the emperor, 'It came into my head a thousand times, sacred sir, to embrace your majesty, and cast myself with you from the top of the church to the bottom, that I might thus purchase an immortal name.'—'I thank you,' said the emperor, 'for not doing it; and for the future, I will give you no opportunity to put your

¹ [The actual name of the Pantheon as consecrated by Boniface IV. is Santa Maria ad Martyres.]

loyalty to such a test. Therefore I banish you my presence for ever ; which done, he bestowed some considerable favour on him. I tell thee, Sancho, this desire of honour is potent in the highest degree. What dost thou think made Horatius, armed at all points, plunge headlong from the bridge into the rapid Tiber ? What made Mucius burn his hand ? What prompted Curtius to leap into the profound flaming gulf ? What forced Cæsar over the Rubicon, spite of all the omens that dissuaded his passage ? And to instance a more modern example, what made the undaunted Spaniards sink their ships, when led by the most courteous Cortez, in the New World ?

These and a multiplicity of other great actions are owing to the immediate thirst and desire of fame, which mortals expect as the proper price and immortal recompense of their great actions. But we that are Christian catholic knights-errant ought rather to fix our hopes upon a reward placed in the eternal and celestial regions, where we may expect a permanent honour and complete happiness ; not like the vanity of fame, which at best is but the shadow of great actions, and must necessarily vanish, when destructive time has eaten away the substance which it followed. So, my Sancho, since we expect a Christian reward, we must suit our actions to the rules of Christianity. In giants we must kill pride and arrogance : but our greatest foes, and whom we must chiefly combat, are within. Envy we must overcome by generosity and nobleness of soul ; anger, by a reposed and easy mind ; riot and drowsiness, by temperance and vigilance ; lasciviousness, by our inviolable fidelity to those who are mistresses of our thoughts ; and sloth, by our indefatigable peregrinations through the universe, to seek occasions of military, as well as Christian honours. This, Sancho, is the road to lasting fame, and a good and honourable renown."

"I understand passing well every tittle you have said," answered Sancho ; "but pray now, sir, will you dissolve me of one doubt, that is just come into my head——"
"Resolve thou would'st say, Sancho," replied Don Quixote : "well, speak, and I will endeavour to satisfy thee."—
"Why then," quoth Sancho, "pray tell me these same

Julys, and these Augusts, and all the rest of the famous knights you talk of that are dead, where are they now?"—"Without doubt," answered Don Quixote, "the heathens are in hell. The Christians, if their lives were answerable to their profession, are either in purgatory, or in heaven."—"So far so good," said Sancho; "but pray tell me, the tombs where lie these lords, have they any silver lamps still burning before them, and are their chapel-walls hung about with crutches, winding-sheets, old periwigs, wax-legs and eyes, or with what are they hung?"—"The monuments of the dead heathens," said Don Quixote, "were for the most part sumptuous pieces of architecture. The ashes of Julius Cæsar were deposited on the top of a pyramid of stone of a prodigious bigness, which is now called St. Peter's Needle. The emperor Adrian's sepulchre was a vast structure as big as an ordinary village, and called Moles Adriana, and now the castle of St. Angelo in Rome. Queen Artemisia buried her husband Mausolus in so curious and magnificent a pile, that his monument was reputed one of the seven wonders of the world. But none of these, nor any other of the heathen sepulchres, were adorned with any winding-sheets, or other offering, that might imply the persons interred were saints."—"Thus far we are right," quoth Sancho; "now, sir, pray tell me, which is the greatest wonder, to raise a dead man or kill a giant?"—"The answer is obvious," said Don Quixote, "to raise a dead man certainly."—"Then, master, I have nicked you," saith Sancho; "for he that raises the dead, makes the blind see, the lame walk, and the sick healthy, who has lamps burning night and day before his sepulchre, and whose chapel is full of pilgrims, who adore his relics, on their knees, that man, I say, has more fame in this world and in the next, than any of your heathenish emperors or knights-errant ever had, or will ever have."—"I grant it," said Don Quixote.—"Very good," quoth Sancho. "This fame, these gifts, these rights, privileges, and what do you call them, the bodies and relics of these saints have; so that by the consent and good-liking of our holy mother the church, they have their lamps, their watches, their winding-sheets, their crutches, their pictures, their heads of hair, their legs, their eyes, and the

Lord knows what, by which they stir up people's devotion and spread their Christian fame. Kings will vouchsafe to carry the bodies of saints or their relics on their shoulders,¹ they will kiss you the pieces of their bones, and spare no cost to set off and deck their shrines and chapels."—"And what of all this?" said Don Quixote; "what is your inference?"—"Why, truly, sir," quoth Sancho, "that we turn saints as fast as we can, and that is the readiest and cheapest way to get this same honour we pretend to. It was but yesterday or the other day, or I cannot tell when, I am sure it was not long since, that two poor bare-footed friars were sainted; and you cannot think what a crowd of people there is to kiss the iron chains they wore about their waists instead of girdles, to humble the flesh. I dare say they are more revered than Orlando's sword that hangs in the armoury of our sovereign lord the king,² whom Heaven grant long to reign! So that for aught I see, better it is to be a friar, of whatever order he may be, than a valiant errant knight; and a dozen or two of sound lashes well meant, and as well laid on, will obtain more of heaven than two thousand thrusts with a lance, though they be given to giants, dragons, or hobgoblins."—"All this is very true," replied Don Quixote, "but all men cannot be friars; and many are the roads by which God brings his own to Heaven. Chivalry is a religion,³ and there are knights in the fraternity of saints in heaven."—"However," quoth Sancho, "I have heard say, there are more friars there than knights-errant."—"That is," said Don Quixote, "because there are a greater number of friars than of knights."—"But are there not a great many errants?" said Sancho.—"There are many indeed," answered

¹ In 1605, King Philip II., his son the unfortunate Don Carlos, and the Archduke Rodolph, afterwards emperor, received, in great pomp, the body of St. Eugenius, at the great gate of the Cathedral of Toledo. Ribadaneira says, "la mas insigne cosa fue de ver al Catolico Rey llevar sobre sus ombros el arca en que yva el cuerpo."

² The old French traveller Moriconys (1628), says, "En la salle des armes on vous fait voir Durandal, l'espee de Roland."—Tom. III. p. 38

³ "Las religiones de cavalleria, e militares, embio D'ios a su Iglesia defenderla con las armas." RIBADANEIRA. *Vida de Ign. Loyola*, L. 2, c. 18.

Don Quixote, "but very few that deserve the name of knights."

In such discourses as these the knight and squire passed the night, and the whole succeeding day, without encountering anything to be mentioned; at which Don Quixote was very much concerned. At last, towards evening the next day, they discovered the goodly city of Toboso, which revived the knight's spirits wonderfully, but made Sancho sad, because he did not know the house where Dulcinea lived, nor had ever seen it any more than his master. So that the one was mad till he saw her, and the other very melancholic and disturbed in mind because he had never seen her; nor did he know what to do, should his master send him to Toboso. However, as Don Quixote would not make his entry until nightfall, they spent the evening among some oaks not far distant from the place, till the prefixed moment came; then they entered the city where they met with adventures indeed.

CHAPTER IX.

That gives an Account of Things which will be found in it.

It was on the turn of midnight, more or less,¹ when Don Quixote and Sancho descended from a hill, and entered Toboso. A profound silence reigned over all the town, and all the inhabitants were fast asleep, and stretched out at their ease. The night was somewhat clear, though Sancho wished it dark, to provide some excuse for his folly. Nothing disturbed the general tranquillity, but now and then the barking of dogs, that wounded Don Quixote's ears,

¹ This chapter begins with the first line of the old Spanish ballad of Count Claros of Montalban, in which is described a love-adventure of that knight with one of Charlemagne's daughters (exactly similar to the authentic one of the Secretary Eginhart). "*Media noche era por hilo,*" &c.

"It was midnight by the thread, and the cocks began to crow,

All were asleep but Claros, him waking held his woe," &c.

[For *hilo* however, is often printed *filo*, which means a sharp edge, and is more significant here.]

but more poor Sancho's heart. Sometimes an ass brayed, hogs grunted, cats mewed ; which jarring mixture of sounds was not a little augmented by the stillness and serenity of the night, and filled the enamoured champion's head with a thousand forebodings. However, turning to his squire, "My dear Sancho," said he, "show me the way to Dulcinea's palace, perhaps we shall find her still awake."—"Body of me," cried Sancho, "what palace do you mean? When I saw her highness, she was in a little paltry cot."—"Perhaps," replied the knight, "she was then retired into some corner of the castle, to divert herself in private with her damsels, as great ladies and princesses sometimes do."—"Well, sir," said Sancho, "since it must be a castle whether I will or no, yet can you think this a time of night to find the gates open, or a seasonable hour to thunder at the door, till we raise the house and alarm the whole town? Are we going to a bawdyhouse, think you, like your wenchers, that can rap at a door any hour of the night, and knock people up when they list?"—"Let us once find the palace," said the knight, "and then I will tell thee what we ought to do ; but stay, either my eyes delude me, or that lofty gloomy structure, which I discover yonder, is Dulcinea's palace."—"Well, lead on, sir," said the squire ; "and yet, though I were to see it with my eyes, and feel it with my ten fingers, I shall believe it even as much as I believe it is now noonday."

The knight led on, and having ridden about two hundred paces, came at last to the building which he took for Dulcinea's palace : but found it to be the great church of the town.—"We are mistaken, Sancho," said he, "I find this is a church."—"I see it is," said the squire ; "and I pray the Lord we have not found our graves ; for it is an ill sign to haunt churchyards at this time of night, especially when I told you, if I am not mistaken, that this lady's house stands in a little blind alley, without any thoroughfare."—"A curse on thy distempered brain!" cried Don Quixote ; "where, blockhead, where didst thou ever see castles and palaces built in a blind alley, without a thoroughfare?"—"Sir," said Sancho, "every country has its several fashions ; and for aught you know, they may build their great houses and palaces in blind alleys at

Toboso : and therefore, good your worship, let me alone to hunt up and down in what bye-lanes and alleys I may strike into ; mayhap in some nook or corner we may light upon this same palace. Would it were at the dogs, for leading us such a jaunt, and plaguing a body at this rate.” —“Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “speak with greater respect of my mistress’s concerns ; be merry and wise, and do not throw the helve after the hatchet.”¹ —“Cry mercy, sir,” quoth Sancho, “but would it not make any one mad, to have you put me upon finding readily our dame’s house at all times, which I never saw but once in my life ? Nay, and to find it at midnight, when you yourself cannot find it, that have seen it a thousand times !” —“Thou wilt make me desperately angry,” said the knight : “Hark you, heretic, have I not repeated it a thousand times, that I never saw the peerless Dulcinea, nor even entered the portals of her palace ; but that I am in love with her purely by hearsay, and upon the great fame of her beauty and rare accomplishments ?” —“I hear you say so now,” quoth Sancho ; “and since you say you never saw her, I must needs tell you I never saw her either.” —“That is impossible,” said Don Quixote ; “at least you told me you saw her winnowing wheat, when you brought me an answer to the letter which I sent by you.” —“That is neither here nor there, sir,” replied Sancho ; “for to be plain with you, I saw her but by hearsay too, and the answer I brought you was by hearsay as well as the rest, and I know the Lady Dulcinea no more than the man in the moon.” —“Sancho, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “there is a time for all things ; unseasonable mirth always turns to sorrow. When I declare that I have never seen nor spoken to the mistress of my soul, it is not for you to trifle and say so too, when you are so sensible of the contrary.”

Here their discourse was interrupted, a fellow with two mules happening to pass by them, and by the noise of the plough which they drew along they guessed it might be some country labourer going out before day to his husbandry ; and so indeed it was. He went singing the

¹ [Lit. *la soga tras el caláero*, the rope after the bucket.]

doleful ditty of the defeat of the French at Roncesvalles ;¹ "*Ye Frenchmen all must rue the woful day.*"—"Let me die," said Don Quixote, hearing what the fellow sang, "if we have any good success to-night; dost thou hear what this peasant sings, Sancho?"—"Ay, marry do I," quoth the squire; "but what is the rout at Roncesvalles to us? it concerns us no more than if he had sung the ballad of *Colly my Cow*;² we shall speed neither the better nor the worse for it." By this time the ploughman being come up to them; "Good-morrow, honest friend," cried Don Quixote to him; "pray can you inform me which is the palace of the Peerless Princess, the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso?"—"Sir," said the fellow, "I am a stranger, and but lately come into this town; I am ploughman to a rich farmer. But here, right over against you, lives the curate and the sexton; they are the likeliest to give you some account of that lady-princess, as having a list of all the folk of Toboso, though I fancy there is no princess at all lives here. There be indeed a power of gentle dames, and each of them may be a princess in her own house for aught I know."—"Perhaps, friend," said Don Quixote, "we shall find the lady for whom I inquire among those."—"Why truly, master," answered the ploughman, "as you say, such a thing may be, and so speed you well! 'Tis break of day." With that, switching his mules, he staid for no more questions.

Sancho perceiving his master in suspense, and not very well satisfied; "Sir," said he, "the day comes on apace, and I think it will not be very handsome for us to stay to

¹ The original says simply, "*Venia el labrador cantando aquel romance que dice,*

*"Mala la hubistes Franceses
En esa de Roncesvalles."*

This is the well-known ballad of the Admiral Guarinos, which I translate, because it was for ages the most popular of all among the country people of Spain. See Additional Note I. (A).

² The passage ought to be translated, "he might just as well sing *Calainos*." Sancho refers to a popular ditty, which all the critics seem to be agreed in considering as *the most ancient* of all the Spanish ballads. The *Coplas de Calaynos* are so numerous, that I omit in my translation a good many of the introductory stanzas. See Additional Note I. (B).

be stared at, and sit sunning ourselves in the street. We had better slip out of town again and betake ourselves to some wood hard by, and then I will come back, and search every hole and corner in town for this same house, castle, or palace of my lady's, and it will go hard if I do not find it out in the long run: then will I talk to her highness, and tell her how you do, and how I left you hard by, waiting her orders and instructions about talking with her in private, without bringing her name in question."—"Dear Sancho," said the knight, "thou hast spoke and included a thousand sentences in the compass of a few words; I approve, and lovingly accept thy advice. Come, my child, let us go, and in some neighbouring grove find out a convenient retreat; then, as thou sayest, thou shalt return to seek, to see, and to deliver my embassy to my lady, from whose discretion and most courteous mind I hope for more than miraculous favours." Sancho sat upon thorns till he had got his master out of town, lest he should discover the falsehood of the account he brought him in Sierra Morena, of Dulcinea's answering his letter; so hastening to be gone, they were presently got two miles from the town into a wood where Don Quixote took covert, and Sancho was dispatched to Dulcinea. In which negotiation some accidents fell out, that require new attention and a fresh belief.

CHAPTER X.

In which is related the diligence of Sancho to enchant the Lady Dulcinea; with other Passages no less ridiculous than certain.

THE author of this important history being come to the matters which he relates in this chapter, says he would willingly have left them buried in oblivion, in a manner despairing of his reader's belief. For Don Quixote's madness flies here to so extravagant a pitch, that it may be said to have outstripped, by two bow-shots, all imaginable credulity. However, notwithstanding this mistrust, he has set down every particular, just as the same

was transacted, without adding or diminishing the least atom of truth through the whole history; not valuing in the least such objections as may be raised to impeach him of breach of veracity. A proceeding which ought to be commended; for truth is refined but not dissevered, and always prevails over falsehood, as oil does above water. And so, continuing his narration, he tells us, that when Don Quixote was retired into the wood or forest, or rather into the grove of oaks near the great Toboso, he ordered Sancho to go back to the city, and not to return to his presence till he had had audience of his lady; beseeching her that it might please her to be seen by her captive knight, and vouchsafe to bestow her benediction on him, by virtue of which he might hope for a prosperous event in all his onsets and perilous attempts and adventures. Sancho undertook the charge, engaging him as successful a return of this as of his former message.

“Go then, child,” said the knight, “and have a care of being daunted when thou approachest the beams of that sun of beauty. Happy, thou, above all the squires of the universe! Observe and engrave in thy memory the manner of thy reception; mark whether her colour changes upon the delivery of thy commission; whether her look betrays any emotion or concern when she hears my name; whether she does not seem to sink on her cushion, in case thou happenest to find her seated on the pompous throne of her authority. And if she be standing, mind whether she stands sometimes upon one foot, and sometimes on another; whether she repeats three or four times the answer which she gives thee, or changes it from kind to cruel, and then again from bitter to sweet; whether she does not seem to adjust her hair, though every lock appears in perfect order. In short, son, observe all her actions, every motion, every gesture; for by the accurate relation which thou givest of these things, I shall divine the secrets of her breast, and draw just inferences in relation to my amour. For I must tell thee, Sancho, if thou dost not know it already, that the outward motions of lovers are the surest messengers of their inward affections, they are the most faithful intelligencers in an amorous negotiation. Go then, my friend! thy own

better stars, not mine, attend thee ; and meet with a more prosperous event, than that which in this doleful desert, tossed between hopes and fears, I dare expect.”—“ I will go, sir,” quoth Sancho, “and I will be back in a trice : meanwhile cheer up, I beseech you ; come sir, comfort that little heart of yours, now no bigger than a hazel-nut ! Don’t be cast down, I say ; remember the old saying, Faint heart never won fair lady : where there is no hook, to be sure there will hang no bacon ; the hare leaps out of the bush where we least look for her. I speak this to give you to understand, that though we could not find my lady’s castle in the night, I may light on it when I least think on it now it is day ; and when I have found it, let me alone to deal with her.”—“ Well, Sancho,” said the knight, “thou hast a rare talent in applying thy proverbs ; Heaven give me better success in my designs !”

This said, Sancho turned his back, and switching his Dapple, left the Don on horseback, leaning on his lance, and resting on his stirrups, full of melancholy and confused imaginations. Let us leave him too, to go along with Sancho Panza, who was no less uneasy in his mind ; so much so, that no sooner was he got out of the grove, but turning about, and perceiving his master quite out of sight, he dismounted, and laying himself down at the foot of a tree, thus began to hold a parley with himself.—“ Friend Sancho,” quoth he, “pray let me ask you whither your worship is a-going ? Is it to seek some ass you have lost ?—No, by my troth.—What is it then thou art hunting after ?—Why I am looking, you must know, for a thing of nothing, only a princess, and in her the sun of beauty, forsooth, and all heaven together.—Well, and where dost thou think to find all this, Sancho ?—Where ! why in the great city of Toboso.—And pray, sir, who set you to work ?—Why, who but the most renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, he that rights the wronged, that gives drink to the hungry, and meat to those that are dry.—Very good, sir, but pray dost know where she lives ?—My master says it is somewhere in a king’s palace, or stately castle.—And hast thou ever seen her, trow ?—No marry ha’n’t I : why, my master himself never set eyes on her in his life.—But tell me, Sancho, what if the people of

Toboso should know that you are come to inveigle their princesses, and make their ladies run astray, and should baste your ribs handsomely, and leave you never a sound bone, do you not think they would be mightily in the right on it?—Why, troth, they would not be much in the wrong; though methinks they should consider, too, that I am but sent on another body's errand; "A messenger thou art, my friend, The fault is not thine own."—Nay, never trust to that, Sancho, for your people of La Mancha are plaguy hot as they are honest, and will endure no tricks to be put upon them: body of me! if they but smoke thee, they will maul thee after a strange rate.—Hold, fool. Blast thee, no! Why do I go about to look for a cat on three feet for another man's maggot! Besides, when all is done, I may perhaps as well look for a needle in a bottle of hay,¹ or for 'the bachelor' at Salamanca, as for Dulcinea all over the town of Toboso. Well, it is the devil, and nothing but the devil, has put me upon this troublesome piece of work."

This was the dialogue Sancho had with himself; and the consequence of it was the following soliloquy. "Well, there is a remedy for all things but death, which will be sure to lay us flat one time or other. This master of mine, by a thousand tokens I have seen, is a downright madman, and I think I come within an inch of him; nay, I am the greatest cod's-head of the two, to serve and follow him as I do, if the proverb be not a liar, Show me thy company, I will tell thee what thou art; and the other old saw, Birds of a feather flock together.² Now then, my master being mad, and so very mad, as to mistake sometimes one thing for another, black for white, and white for black: as when he took the windmills for giants, the friar's mules for dromedaries, and the flocks of sheep for armies, and much more to the same tune; I guess it will be no hard matter to pass upon him the first country-wench I shall meet with for the Lady Dulcinea. If he won't believe it, I will swear it; if he swear again, I will out-swear him; and if he be positive, I will be more positive than he; and stand to it, and outface him in it, come what will on it:

¹ [Lit. *á Marica por Ravena*, for a Mary at Ravenna.]

² [Lit. Not where you were bred, but where you have fed.]

so that when he finds I won't flinch, he will either resolve never to send me more of his sleeveless errands, seeing what a lame account I bring him, or he will think some one of those wicked wizards, who, he says owe him a grudge, has changed her into some other shape out of spite."

This happy contrivance helped to compose Sancho's mind, and now he looked on the affair to be as good as done. Having therefore stayed till the evening, that his master might think he had employed so much time in going and coming, things fell out very luckily for him: for as he arose to mount his Dapple, he spied three country-wenchès coming towards him from Toboso, upon three young asses; whether male or female, the author has left undetermined, though we may reasonably suppose they were she-asses, such being most frequently used to ride on by country-lasses in those parts. But this being no very material circumstance, we need not dwell any longer upon the decision of that point. In fine, as soon as Sancho saw the girls, he made all the haste he could to get to his master, and found him breathing out a thousand sighs and amorous lamentations.

"Well, my Sancho," said the knight, immediately upon his approach, "what news? Are we to mark this day with a white or a black stone?"—"Even mark it rather with red ochre," answered Sancho, "as they do professor's chairs, that everybody may know who they belong to."—"Why then," said Don Quixote, "I suppose thou bringest good news."—"Ay, marry do I," quoth Sancho; "you have no more to do but to clap spurs to Rozinante, and get into the open fields, and you will see my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, with a brace of her damsels, coming to see your worship."—"Blessed heavens!" cried Don Quixote, "what art thou saying, my dear Sancho? Take heed, and do not presume to beguile my real grief with a delusive joy."—"What should I get by putting a trick upon you," replied Sancho, "and when I shall be found true this next moment? Come, sir, put on, put on, and you will see our lady-princess coming, dressed up and bedecked like her own sweet self indeed. Her damsels and she are all one spark of gold; all pearls, all diamonds, all rubies, all cloth of gold above ten rows high. Their hair spread over their

shoulders like so many sunbeams, and dangling and dancing in the wind; and what is more, they ride upon three flea-bitten gambling hags, the like of which won't be seen again."—"Ambling nags thou meanest, Sancho," said Don Quixote.—"Gambling hags or ambling nags," quoth Sancho, "there is no such difference, methinks; but be they what they will, I am sure I never set eyes on finer creatures than those that ride upon their backs, especially my Lady Dulcinea; it would make one swoon away but to look upon her."—"Let us move then, my Sancho," said Don Quixote: "and as a gratification for these unexpected happy tidings, I freely bestow on thee the best spoils the next adventure we meet with shall afford; and if that content thee not, take the colts which my three mares thou knowest of are now ready to foal on our town-common."—"Thank you for the colts," said Sancho; "but as for the spoils, I am not sure they will be worth much."

They were now got out of the wood, and discovered the three country-lasses at a small distance. Don Quixote, casting his eyes towards Toboso, and seeing nobody on the road but the three wenches, was strangely troubled in mind, and turning to Sancho, asked him whether the princess and her damsels were come out of the city when he left them.—"Out of the city!" cried Sancho; "why, where are your eyes? are they in your heels, in the name of wonder, that you cannot see them coming towards us, shining as bright as the sun at noonday?"—"I see nothing," returned Don Quixote, "but three wenches upon as many asses."—"Now, heaven deliver me from the devil!" quoth Sancho; "is it possible your worship should mistake three what-d'ye-call-em, three ambling nags I mean, as white as driven snow, for three ass-colts! Body of me! You may pull off my beard by the roots an't be so."—"Believe me, friend Sancho," said the knight; "they are either he or she asses, as sure as I am Don Quixote, and thou Sancho Panza; at least they appear to me to be such."—"Come, sir," quoth the squire, "do not talk at that rate, but snuff your eyes, and go pay your homage to the mistress of your soul; for she is near at hand." And so saying, Sancho hastened up to the three country-wenches, and alighting from Dapple, took hold

of one of the asses by the halter, and falling on his knees, "Queen, and princess, and duchess of Beauty, an't please your haughtiness, and greatness," quoth he, "vouchsafe to take into your good grace and liking, yonder knight, your captive, who is turned of a sudden into cold marble-stone, and struck all of a heap, to see himself before your high mightiness. I am Sancho Panza his squire, and he himself the wandering weather-beaten knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called the Knight of the Doleful Countenance." By this time, Don Quixote, having placed himself down on his knees by Sancho, gazed with dubious and disconsolate eyes on the creature whom Sancho called queen and lady; and perceiving her to be no more than a plain country-wench, so far from being well-favoured that she was blubber-cheeked and flat-nosed, he was lost in astonishment, and could not utter one word. On the other side, the wenches were no less surprised, to see themselves stopped by two men so different, and on their knees. But at last she whose ass was held took courage, and broke silence in an angry tone. "Come," cried she, "get out of our way with a murrain, and let us go about our business; for we are in haste."—"O princess! and universal Lady of Toboso," answered Sancho. "why does not that great heart of yours melt, to see the post and pillar of knight-errantry fall down before your high and mighty presence!"—"Heyday!" quoth another of the females, hearing this, "Scratch my father-in-law's ass! Look how your small gentry come to jeer and flout poor country-girls, as if we could not give them as good as they bring. Go get about your business, and let us go about ours, and speed you well."—"Rise, Sancho," said Don Quixote, hearing this, "for I am now convinced, that misfortune has not yet filled up my cup, and has barred all the passages that could convey relief to my miserable soul, in this frail habitation of the flesh. O! thou extremity of all that is valuable, masterpiece of all human perfection, and only comfort of this afflicted heart, thy adorer, though now a spiteful enchanter persecutes me, and fascinates my sight, hiding with mists and cataracts from me, and me alone, those peerless beauties under the foul disguise of rustic deformity! if he has not transformed thy faithful knight into some ugly shape, to

make me loathsome to thy sight, look on me with a smiling amorous eye; and in the submission and genuflexion which I pay to thy beauty, even under the fatal cloud that obscures it, read the humility with which my soul adores thee.”—“My grandmother take him,” quoth the country-wench; “Listen to his gibberish. Get you on, sir, and let us go; and we shall think it a kindness.” This said, Sancho made way for her, and let her pass, overjoyed his plot had succeeded so well, The imaginary Dulcinea was no sooner at liberty, but punching her ass with the end of a staff which she had in her hand, she began to scour along the road: but the angry beast, not being used to such smart instigations, fell a-kicking at such a rate, that down came my Lady Dulcinea. Presently Don Quixote ran to help her up, and Sancho to resettle and gird her pack-saddle, that hung under the ass’s belly. Which being done, the knight very courteously was going to take his enchanted mistress in his arms, to set her on her saddle, but she being now got on her legs, took a run, and clapping her hands upon the ass’s crupper, at one jump leaped into her pannel, as swift as a hawk, and there she sat with her legs astride like a man.

“By St. Roc!” quoth Sancho, “our lady mistress is lighter than a sparrow-hawk. I’ll be hanged, if I don’t think she might teach the best jockey in Cordova or Mexico to mount a-horseback. At one jump she was vaulted into the saddle, and, without spurs, makes her nag step it like a zebra! and her damsels don’t come much short of her, for they all fly like the wind.” Indeed, he said true, for when Dulcinea was once mounted, they both made after her at full speed without so much as looking behind them for above half a league.

Don Quixote followed them with his eyes; and when they were quite out of sight, turning to his squire, “Now, Sancho,” said he, “what thinkest thou of this matter? Are not these base enchanters inexorable? How extensive is their spite, thus to deprive me of the happiness of seeing the object of my wishes in her natural shape! Sure I was doomed to be an example of misfortunes, and the mark against which they shoot all the arrows of their hatred. Note, Sancho, that these traitors were not content

to turn and transform my Dulcinea, but they must do it into the vile and deformed resemblance of that country-wench; nay, they even took from her that sweet scent of fragrant flowers and amber, those grateful odours, so essential to ladies of her rank; for, to tell the truth, when I went to help her upon her nag, as thou callest it, (for to me it seemed nothing but an ass,) she gave me such a whiff of raw garlic, as had like to have overcome me and put me into a convulsion.”—“O ye vile wretches!” cried Sancho, “O ye wicked and ill-minded enchanterers! O that I might but once see the whole nest of ye threaded together on one string, and hung up a-smoking by the gills like so many pilchards! You know a deal, you can do a deal, and you make a deal of mischief. One would have thought you might have been contented, like a pack of rogues as you are, with having changed the pearls of my lady’s eyes into gall-nuts, and her most pure golden locks into a red cow’s tail, and all her good points into bad, but you must be meddling with her breath, by which we might have guessed what lay hid under that coarse disguise; though, for my part, I must needs own, she did not appear to be deformed at all, but rather fair and beautiful; by the same token that she had a mole on the side of the upper lip, like a whisker, whence sprouted seven or eight red hairs, each about a span in length, looking like so many threads of gold wire.”—“As the moles on the body,” said Don Quixote, “are generally answerable to those on the face, Dulcinea should have such another mole on the flat of her thigh, opposite to that side of her face, where that beauty-spot is seated: but methinks, Sancho, the hairs thou talkest of, are of a length somewhat extraordinary for moles.”—“There they were, I assure you,” quoth Sancho; “and they looked too as if she had brought them with her into the world.”—“That I believe, my friend,” said Don Quixote, “for every part of Dulcinea must be naturally perfect and complete; so that, though a hundred moles were scattered over her fair outside, and as conspicuous too as that which thou didst see, they would be no deformities in her; but so many moons and stars, an additional lustre to her beauty. But tell me, Sancho, that saddle which appeared to me to be the pannel of an ass,

was it a pillion or side-saddle?"—"It was a pad-saddle," answered Sancho, "with a field-covering, and so rich that it might purchase half a kingdom."—"And could not I see all this?" cried Don Quixote. "Well, I have said it, and must repeat it a thousand times, I am the most unfortunate man in the universe."

The cunning rogue of a squire, hearing his master talk at that rate, could hardly keep his countenance, and refrain from laughing, to see how admirably he had fooled him. At last, after a great deal of discourse of the same nature, they both mounted again, and took the road for Saragossa, designing to be present at the most celebrated festivals and sports that are solemnized every year in that noble city. But they met with many accidents by the way, and those so great and new, that they must not be passed over unrecorded nor unread; as shall appear from what follows.

CHAPTER XI.

Of the stupendous Adventure that befel the valorous Don Quixote, with the Chariot or Cart of the Parliament of Death.

DON QUIXOTE rode on very melancholic; the ill jest of the magicians, in transforming his Lady Dulcinea, perplexed him strangely, and set his thoughts upon the rack, how to restore her to her former beauty. In this disconsolate condition, he went on abandoned to distraction, carelessly giving Rozinante the reins: and the horse finding himself at liberty, and tempted by the goodness of the grass, took the opportunity to feed very heartily; which Sancho perceiving, "Sir," said he, rousing him from his waking dream, "sorrow was never designed for beasts, but men; but yet let me tell you, if men give way to it too much, they make beasts of themselves. Come, sir, awake, awake by all means; pull up the reins, and ride like a man: cheer up, and show the bearing that becomes a knight-errant. What the devil ails you? Was ever a man so moped! Are we here, or are we in France? Let Satan take all the Dulcineas in the world, for one

single knight-errant is worth all the enchantments and transformations in the world.”—“Hold, Sancho,” cried Don Quixote, with more spirit than one would have expected; “hold, I say; not a blasphemous word against that beauteous enchanted lady; for all her misfortunes are chargeable on me only, and flow from the envy which the wicked bear me.”—“So say I, sir,” replied the squire; “for would it not vex any one that had seen her before, to see her now as you saw her?”—“Ah, Sancho,” said the knight, “thy eyes were blessed with a view of her perfections in their entire lustre, thou hast reason to say so. Against me, against my eyes only is the malice of their venom directed. But now I think on it, Sancho, thy description of her beauty was a little absurd in that particular, of comparing her eyes to pearls; sure such eyes are more like those of a whiting or a sea-bream, than those of a fair lady; and in my opinion Dulcinea’s eyes are rather like two verdant emeralds, railed in with two celestial arches, which serve as eyebrows. Therefore, Sancho, you must take your pearls from her eyes, and apply them to her teeth, for I verily believe you mistook the one for the other.”—“Troth! sir, it might be so,” replied Sancho; “for her beauty confounded me, as much as her ugliness did you. But let us leave all to Heaven, that knows all things that befall us in the vale of misery, this wicked troublesome world, where we can be sure of nothing without some spice of knavery or imposture. In the meantime, there is a thing comes into my head that puzzles me plaguily. Pray, sir, when you get the better of any giant or knight, and send them to pay homage to the beauty of your lady Dulcinea, how will the poor conquered knight or giant be able to find her? I cannot but think how they will have to seek, how they will saunter about, gaping and staring all over Toboso town, and if they should meet her full butt in the middle of the king’s highway, yet they will know her no more than my father.”—“Perhaps, Sancho,” answered Don Quixote, “the force of her enchantment does not extend so far as to debar vanquished knights and giants from knowing her. I will try the experiment on the first I conquer, and will command them to return immediately to me, to inform me of

their success.”—“I like what you say very well,” quoth Sancho; “we may chance to find out the truth by this means; and if so be my lady is only hid from your worship, she has not so much reason to complain as you may have; and so our mistress be safe and sound, let us make the best of a bad market, and even go seek adventures. The rest we will leave to time, which is the best doctor in such cases, nay, in worse diseases.”

Don Quixote was going to return an answer, but was interrupted by a cart that was crossing the road. He that drove it was a hideous devil, and the cart being open, without either tilt or boughs, exposed a parcel of the most surprising and different shapes imaginable.¹ The first figure that appeared to Don Quixote, was no less than Death itself, with a human countenance; on the one side of Death stood an angel, with large wings of different colours; on the other side was placed an emperor, with a crown that seemed to be of gold; at the feet of Death lay the god called Cupid, with his bow, quiver, and arrows, but not blindfold. Next to these a knight appeared, completely armed in white, except his head, on which, instead of a helmet, he wore a hat; whereon was mounted a large plume of party-coloured feathers. There were also several other persons in strange and various dresses. All this at first somewhat surprised Don Quixote, and frightened the poor squire out of his wits; but presently the knight

¹ In the preface to Cervantes' eight comedies, there is to be found by far the most authentic and particular account of the early drama of Spain. Among other matters he describes, with a great deal of humour, the whole *apparatus theatricus* of a troop of strolling players, such as that introduced in the text, and mentions the very man Angulo, whose name occurs in the next page, as being a player of a very extraordinary genius—equalled by few, and surpassed by none of those who fifty years afterwards performed in the pieces of Lope de Vega and Cervantes himself. It was the custom for these old strollers to go from town to town, above all, from convent to convent, on Corpus Christi day, and other high festivals of the church. The Devil, Goliath, the Dragon, &c., mentioned as having been the most common personages introduced in their performances, may afford sufficient light as to the nature of the *Autos sacramentales* of Spain; which were in truth exactly of the same species with our own “mysteries.” The Morisco dance, the bells and bladders of the Fools, &c., show how much the Spaniards, and through them our own ancestors, had borrowed from the Moors.

cleared up, imagining it some rare and hazardous adventure that called on his courage. With this conceit, and armed with a resolution able to confront any danger, he placed himself in front of the cart in the road, and with a loud and menacing voice, "You carter, coachman, or devil," cried he, "or whatever you be, let me know immediately whence you come, and whither you go, and what people are those which load that carriage, which by the freight rather seems to be Charon's boat, than any terrestrial vehicle."—"Sir," answered the devil very civilly, stopping his cart, "we are strolling players, that belong to Angulo el Malo's¹ company, and it being the octave of Corpus Christi, we have this morning acted a tragedy, called The Parliament of Death, in a town yonder behind the mountain, and this afternoon we are to play it again in the town you see before us ; which being so near, we travel to it in the same clothes we act in, to save the trouble of undressing and dressing ourselves again. That young man is Death : that other an angel. This woman, sir, who belongs to the author, plays the queen : there is one acts a soldier ; he next to him an emperor ; and I myself play the devil ; and you must know, the devil is one of the best parts in the play. If you desire to be satisfied in anything else, do but ask and I will resolve you, for the devil knows everything."—"Now, by the faith of my function," said Don Quixote, "I find we ought not to give credit to appearances, before we have made the experiment of feeling them ; for at the discovery of such a scene, I would have sworn some strange adventure had been approaching. I wish you well, good people : drive on to act your play, and if I can be serviceable to you in any particular, believe me ready to assist you with all my heart ; for in my very childhood I loved the player's art, and have been a great admirer of dramatic representations from my youthful days."

During this friendly conversation, it unluckily fell out, that one of the company, anticly dressed, being the fool of the play, came up frisking with his morrice bells, and three full-blown cow's bladders fastened to the end of a

¹ [A player and play-writer contemporary with Cervantes. See "The Dogs' Dialogue" in the Exemplary Novels ; trans. p. 171.]

stick. In this odd appearance he began to flourish his stick in the air, and bounce his bladders against the ground just at Rozinante's nose. The jingling of the bells and the rattling noise of the bladders so startled and affrighted him, that Don Quixote could not hold him in; and having got the curb betwixt his teeth, away the horse hurried his unwilling rider along the plain, with more swiftness than his feeble bones seemed to promise. Sancho, considering the danger of his master's being thrown, leaped from his Dapple, and ran as fast as he could to his assistance; but before he could come up to him, Rozinante had laid his master and himself on the ground; which was indeed the common end of Rozinante's mad tricks and presumptuous racing. On the other side, the fool of the bladders no sooner saw Sancho dismount to help his master, but he leaped upon poor Dapple, and rattling his bladders over the terrified animal's head, made him fly through the field towards the town where they were to play.

Sancho beheld his master's fall and his ass's flight at the same time, and stood strangely divided in himself, not knowing which to attend to first. At length the duty of a good servant and a faithful squire prevailing over his care for the ass, he ran to his master, though every obstreperous bounce with the bladder upon Dapple's hind quarters struck him to the very soul, and he could have wished every blow upon his own eyeballs, rather than on the least hair of his ass's tail. In this agony of spirits, he came to Don Quixote, whom he found lying in far worse circumstances than the poor knight could have wished; and helping him to remount, "O! sir," cried he, "the devil is run away with Dapple."—"What devil?" asked Don Quixote.—"The devil with the bladders," answered Sancho.—"No matter," said Don Quixote, "I will force the traitor to restore him, though he were to lock himself up with him in the most profound and gloomy caverns of hell. Follow me, Sancho: we may easily overtake the waggon, and the mules shall atone for the loss of the ass."—"You need not be in such haste now," quoth Sancho, "for I perceive the devil has left Dapple already, and is gone his ways."

What Sancho said was true, for both ass and devil having tumbled, in imitation of Don Quixote and Rozinante, the devil walked on foot to the town, and the ass came himself back to his master. "All this," said Don Quixote, "shall not hinder me from revenging the affront put upon us by that unmannerly devil, at the expense of some of his companions, though it were the emperor himself."—"O, good your worship," cried Sancho, "never mind it; I beseech you take my counsel, sir: never meddle with players; they are a sort of people that always find a many friends. I have known one of them taken up for two murders, yet escape the gallows. You must know, that as they are a parcel of merry wags, and make sport wherever they come, everybody is fond of them, and is ready to stand their friend, especially if they be of the king's players, or some of the nobles, who have such a habit and address that one might mistake some, if not all, of them for lords."—"I care not," said Don Quixote; "though all mankind unite to assist them, that buffooning devil shall never escape unpunished, to make his boast that he has affronted me." Whereupon, riding up to the waggon, which was now got pretty near the town, "Hold, hold," he cried; "stay, my pretty sparks; I will teach you to be civil to the beasts that are entrusted with the bearing of squires to knights-errant."

This loud salutation having reached the ears of the strolling company, though at a good distance, they presently understood what it imported; and in an instant Death leaped out of the cart; the emperor, the devil driver, and the angel immediately followed; and even the queen, and the god Cupid, as well as the rest, having taken up their share of flints, stood ranged in battle array, ready to receive their enemy at the point of their stones. Don Quixote, seeing them drawn up in such excellent order, with their arms lifted up, and ready to let fly at him a furious volley of shot, made a halt to consider in what quarter he might attack this dreadful battalion with least danger to his person.

Thus pausing, Sancho overtook him, and seeing him ready to charge the well-formed squadron, "For goodness sake, sir," cried he, "what d'ye mean? Are you mad,

sir? There is no fence against brook-sop,¹ unless you could fight with a brazen bell over you. Is it not rather rashness than true courage, think you, for one man to offer to set upon a whole army? where Death is too, and where emperors fight in person: nay, and where good and bad angels are against you? But if all this weighs nothing with you, consider, I beseech you, that though they seem to be kings, princes, and emperors, yet there is not so much as one knight-errant among them all.”—“Now thou hast hit upon the only point,” said Don Quixote, “that can and must move me from my determination: for, indeed, as I have often told thee, Sancho, I am bound from drawing my sword against any below the order of knighthood. It is thy business to fight in this cause, if thou hast a just resentment of the indignities offered to thy ass: and I from this post will encourage and assist thee with salutary orders and instructions.”—“No, I thank you, sir,” quoth Sancho, “I need no revenge; a true Christian must forgive injuries; and as for Dapple, I don’t doubt but to find him willing to leave the matter to me, and stand to my verdict in the case, which is to live peaceably and quietly as long as Heaven is pleased to let me.”—“Nay, then,” said Don Quixote, “if that be thy resolution, good Sancho, prudent Sancho, Christian Sancho, sincere Sancho, let us leave these idle apparitions, and proceed in search of more substantial and honourable adventures, of which in all probability this part of the world will afford us many and momentous.” So saying, he wheeled off, and Sancho followed him. On the other side, Death and all his flying squadron returned to their cart, and went on their journey.

Thus ended the most dreadful adventure of the chariot of Death, much more happily than could have been expected, thanks to the laudable counsels which Sancho Panza gave his master; who the day following had another adventure no less remarkable, with one that was a knight-errant and a lover.

¹ [*Sopa de arroyo*: i.e. pebbles.]

CHAPTER XII.

Of the valorous Don Quixote's strange Adventure with the brave Knight of the Mirrors.

DON QUIXOTE passed the night that succeeded his encounter with Death, under the covert of some lofty trees; having, at Sancho's persuasion, refreshed himself with some of the provisions which Dapple carried. As they were at supper, "Well, sir," quoth the squire, "what a rare fool I had been, had I chosen for my good news the spoils of your first venture, instead of the brood of the three mares! Troth! commend me to the saying, A bird in hand is worth two in the bush.¹"—"However," answered Don Quixote, "hadst thou let me fall on, as I would have done, thou mightest have shared at least the emperor's golden crown, and Cupid's painted wings; for I would have plucked them off, and put them into thy power."—"Ah, but," says Sancho, "your strolling emperors' crowns and sceptres are not of pure gold, but tinsel and copper."—"I grant it," said Don Quixote; "nor is it fit the decorations of the stage should be real, but rather imitations, and the resemblance of realities, as the plays themselves must be; which, by the way, I would have you love and esteem, Sancho, and consequently those that write and also those that act them; for they are all instrumental to the good of the commonwealth, and set before our eyes those looking-glasses that reflect a lively representation of human life; nothing being able to give us a more just idea of nature, and what we are or ought to be, than comedians and comedies. Prithée tell me, hast thou never seen a play acted, where kings, emperors, popes, knights, ladies, and other characters, are introduced on the stage? one acts the ruffian, another the cheat; this man the merchant, and that the soldier; one plays the witty fool, and another the foolish lover: but the play

¹ [Literally: "A sparrow in the hand is worth more than a vulture flying."]

done, and the actors undressed, they are all equal, and as they were before.”—“All this I have seen,” quoth Sancho.

“Just such a comedy,” said Don Quixote, “is acted on the great stage of the world, where some play the emperors, others the popes, and, in short, all the parts that can be brought into a dramatic piece; till death, which is the catastrophe and end of the action, strips the actors of all their marks of distinction, and levels their quality in the grave.”—“A rare comparison,” quoth Sancho, “though not so new, but that I have heard it over and over again. Just such another is that of a game at chess, where while the play lasts, every piece has its particular office; but when the game is over, they are all mingled and huddled together, and clapped into a bag, just as when life is ended we are laid up in the grave.”—“Truly, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “thy simplicity lessens, and thy sense improves every day.”—“And good reason why,” quoth Sancho: “some of your worship’s wit must needs stick to me; for your dry unkindly land, with good dunging and tilling, will in time yield a good crop. I mean, sir, that your conversation is the dung that has been thrown on the barren ground of my wit; the time I have served your worship, and kept you company, is, as a body may say, the tillage, and with this I must needs bring forth blessed fruit at last, so as not to shame my master, but keep in the paths of good manners, which you have beaten into my parched understanding.” Sancho’s affected style made Don Quixote laugh, though he thought what he said of his amendment to be true in the main: and he could not but wonder from time to time. But the fellow never discovered his weakness so much as by endeavouring to hide it, being most apt to tumble when he strove to soar too high. His excellence lay chiefly in a knack of drawing proverbs into his discourse, whether to the purpose or not, as any one that has observed his manner of speaking in this history, must have perceived.

In such discourses they passed a great part of the night, till Sancho wanted to drop the hatches of his eyes, which was his way of saying he had a mind to go to sleep.

Thereupon he unsaddled Dapple, and set him a-grazing : but Rozinante was condemned to stand saddled all night, by his master's injunction and prescription, used of old by all knights-errant, who never unsaddled their steeds in the field, but took off their bridles, and hung them at the pommel of the saddle. However, he was not forsaken by faithful Dapple, whose friendship was so unparalleled and inviolable, that tradition has handed it down from father to son, that the author of this true history composed particular chapters thereupon ; though, to preserve the decorum due to so heroic a history, he would not insert them in the work. Yet sometimes he departed from his intent ; as when he writes, that the two creatures took a pleasure in being together to rub one another ; and when they had had enough of that sport, Rozinante would gently lean his head at least half a yard over Dapple's neck, and so they would stand, looking wistfully on the ground for three days ; except somebody made them leave that posture, or hunger compelled them to seek food. Nay, I cannot pass by what is reported of the author, how he left in writing, that he had compared their friendship to that of Nisus and Euryalus, and that of Pylades and Orestes, which, if it were so, deserves universal admiration ; the sincere affection of these quiet animals being a just reflexion on men who are so guilty of breaking their friendship to one another. Hence came the saying,

There is no friend ; all friendship's gone :
Now men hug, then fight anon.¹

And that other, Where you see your friend, trust to your-

¹ The verses, quoted in the text, are from one of the ballads of the *Guerras Civiles de Granada*, in which there is described a fray between the Zegrís and the Abencerrages. The young cavaliers of Granada had all been engaged in their favourite sport of throwing the cane—which still forms the chief amusement of the Turkish horsemen. A trivial circumstance served to bring out the latent enmities of the two rival clans ; and then says the ballad,

“ No hay amigo para amigo,
Las cañas se vuelven lanzas”—

literally, “ it is no longer friend against friend ; the canes are turned into lances.”

self.¹ Neither should the world take it to be extravagant that the affection of these animals was compared by our author to that of men; since many important principles of prudence and morality have been learnt from irrational creatures; as, the use of clysters from the stork, and the benefit of vomiting, as well as gratitude, from the dog. The crane gave mankind an example of vigilance, the ant of providence, the elephant of gentility, and the horse of loyalty.

At last Sancho fell asleep at the root of a cork-tree, and his master fetched a slumber under a spacious oak. But it was not long ere he was disturbed by a noise behind him, and starting up, he looked and hearkened on the side whence he thought the voice came, and discovered two men on horseback; one of whom, letting himself carelessly slide down from the saddle, and calling to the other, "Alight, friend," said he, "and unbridle your horse; for methinks this place will supply them plentifully with pasture and me with silence and solitude to indulge my amorous thoughts."—While he said this, he laid himself down on the grass; in doing which, the armour he had on made a noise, a sure sign, that gave Don Quixote to understand he was some knight-errant. Thereupon going to Sancho, who slept on, he plucked him by the arm; and having waked him with much ado, "Friend Sancho," said he, whispering him in his ear, "here is an adventure."—"Heaven grant it be a good one!" quoth Sancho. "But where is that same lady adventure's worship?"—"Where! dost thou ask, Sancho? why, turn thy head, man, and look yonder. Dost thou not see a knight-errant there lying on the ground? I have reason to think he is in melancholy circumstances, for I saw him fling himself off from his horse, and stretch himself on the ground in a disconsolate manner, and his armour clashed as he fell."—"What of all that?" quoth Sancho. "How do you make this to be an adventure?"—"I will not yet affirm," answered Don Quixote, "that it is an adventure: but as fair a rise to one as ever was seen. But hark! he is tuning a lute or guitar,

¹ [The original is an allusion to the Spanish proverb, *De amigo á amigo chinche en el ojo*," equivalent to "Look for an ill turn from your friend."]

and by his coughing and spitting he is clearing his throat to sing.”—“Troth now, sir,” quoth Sancho, “it is even so in good earnest; and I fancy it is some knight that is in love.”—“All knights-errant must be so,” answered Don Quixote: “but let us hearken, and if he sings, we shall know more of his thoughts presently, *for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.*”—Sancho would have answered, but that the Knight of the Wood’s voice, which was neither good nor bad, interrupted him, and the two listened, and heard as follows:—

SONG.

“Bright queen, how shall your loving slave
Be sure not to displease?
Some rule of duty let him crave;
He begs no other ease.

“Say, must I die, or hopeless live?
I’ll act as you ordain:
Despair a silent death shall give,
Or Love himself complain.

“My heart, though soft as wax, will prove
Like diamonds firm and true:
For what th’ impression can remove
That’s stamp’d by love and you?”

The Knight of the Wood concluded his song with a sigh, that seemed to be fetched from the very bottom of his heart; and after some pause, with a mournful and disconsolate voice, “O, the most beautiful, but most ungrateful of womankind,”¹ cried he, “how is it possible, most serene Casildea de Vandalia, your heart should consent that a knight who idolizes your charms, should waste the flower of his youth, and kill himself with continual wanderings and hard fatigues? Is it not

¹ Amadis of Gaul (Book II. c. 46) meets with an adventure of the same sort in a wood where he is spending the night in lamenting over the rigours of his Oriana. Patin, brother to the Emperor of Rome, is heard by him uttering some words, which he considers as “blasphemies against the peerless”—he challenges him—they defer the battle till dawn—Amadis then kills the horse of his antagonist, makes him recant his blasphemies, &c. Vandalia, the word used for Andalusia, by the bachelor, was the name given to that district, at the period of its occupation by the Gothic conquerors.

enough, that I have made you to be acknowledged the greatest beauty in the world, by all the Knights of Navarre, all the Knights of Leon, all the Tartesians, all the Castilians, and, in fine, by all the Knights of La Mancha?"—"Not so," said Don Quixote then; "for I myself am of La Mancha, and never acknowledged, nor ever could, nor ought to acknowledge a thing so injurious to the beauty of my mistress; therefore, Sancho, it is a plain case, this knight is out of his senses. But let us hearken, perhaps we shall discover something more."—"That you will, I will warrant you," quoth Sancho, "for he seems like to grumble for a month together." But it happened otherwise; for the Knight of the Wood overhearing them, ceased his lamentation, and raising himself on his feet, in a loud but courteous tone called to them, "Who is there? What are ye? Are ye of the number of the happy or the miserable?"—"Of the miserable," answered Don Quixote.—"Repair to me then," said the Knight of the Wood, "and be assured you have met misery and affliction itself."—Upon so moving and civil an invitation, Don Quixote and Sancho drew near to him; and the mournful knight taking Don Quixote by the hand, "Sit down," said he, "Sir Knight; for that your profession is chivalry, I need no other conviction than to have found you in this retirement, where solitude and the night-dews are your companions, and the proper stations and reposing places of knights-errant."—"I am a knight," answered Don Quixote, "and of the order you mention; and though my sorrows, and disasters, and misfortunes usurp the seat of my mind, I have still a heart disposed to entertain the afflictions of others. Yours, as I gather by your complaints, is derived from love, and, I suppose, owing to the ingratitude of that beauty you now mentioned."—While they were thus parleying together, they sat close by one another on the hard ground, very peaceably and lovingly, and not like men that by break of day were to break one another's heads.—"And is it your fortune to be in love?" asked the Knight of the Wood.—"It is my misfortune," answered Don Quixote; "though the griefs that spring from well-placed affections ought rather to be held as favours than disasters."—"This might

be true," replied the Knight of the Wood, "if the disdain of some mistresses were not often so galling to our tempers, as to appear something like revenge."—"For my part," said Don Quixote, "I never felt my mistress's disdain."—"No truly," quoth Sancho, who was near them, "for my lady is as gentle as a lamb, and as soft as butter."—"Is that your squire?" said the Knight of the Wood.—"It is," answered Don Quixote.—"I never saw a squire," said the Knight of the Wood, "that durst presume to interrupt his master when he was speaking himself. There is my fellow yonder; he is as big as his father, and yet no man can say he ever opened his lips when I spoke."—"Well, well," quoth Sancho, "I have talked, and may talk again, before such another, and perhaps—but I have done—The more ye stir, the more it will stink."—At the same time the Squire of the Wood pulling Sancho by the arm, "Come, brother," said he, "let us two go where we may chat freely by ourselves, like squires as we are, and leave our masters to fall out in the stories of their loves: I will warrant ye they will be at it all night, and will not have done by the time it is day."—"With all my heart," quoth Sancho; "and then I will tell you who I am, and what I am, and you shall judge if I am not fit to make one among the talking squires."—With that the two squires withdrew, and had a dialogue, as comical as that of their masters was serious.

CHAPTER XIII.

In which the Adventure with the Knight of the Wood is continued; with the wise, rare, and pleasant Discourse that passed between the two Squires.

THE knights and their squires thus divided, the latter to tell their lives, and the former to relate their amours, the story, leaving the discourse of the masters till afterwards, begins with the Squire of the Wood.—"Sir," said he to Sancho, "this is a troublesome kind of life, that we squires of knights-errant lead: well may we say, we eat our bread in the sweat of our brows; which is one of the curses laid on our first parents."—"Well may we say too,"

quoth Sancho, "we eat it with a cold shivering of our bodies; for there are no poor creatures that suffer more by heat or cold, than we squires of knight-errantry. Nay, if we could but eat at all, it would never vex one; for good fare lessens care; but sometimes we shall go a day or two, and never so much as breakfast, unless it be upon the wind that blows."—"After all," said the Squire of the Wood, "we may bear with this, when we think of the reward we are to expect; for that same knight-errant must be excessively unfortunate, that has not some time or other the government of some island, or some good handsome earldom, to bestow on his squire."—"As for me," quoth Sancho, "I have often told my master, I would be contented with the government of any island; and he is so noble and free-hearted, that he has promised it over and over again."—"For my part," quoth the other squire, "I should think myself well paid for my services with some good canonry, and I have my master's word for it too."—"Why then," quoth Sancho, "belike your master is some church-knight, and may bestow such livings on his good squires. But mine is purely lay; some of his wise friends indeed (no thanks to them for it) once upon a time counselled him to be an archbishop: I fancy they wished him no good, but he would not; for he will be nothing but an emperor. I was afraid he might have had a hankering after the church, I not being gifted that way; for between you and me, though I look like a man, I should make but a beast in the church."—"Let me tell you, friend," quoth the Squire of the Wood, "that you are out in your politics; for these island governments are not all in good case; some are crooked, some poor, some melancholy; the best will bring more trouble and care than they are worth, and those that take them on their shoulders are ready to sink under them. I think it were better for us to quit this confounded slavery, and e'en jog home, where we may entertain ourselves with more delightful exercises, such as fishing and hunting, and the like; for he is a sorry squire indeed, that wants his horse, his couple of hounds, or his fishing-tackle, to live pleasantly at home."—"All this I can have at will," quoth Sancho: "indeed I have never a nag; but I have an honest ass here, worth two of my

master's horse any day in the year. A bad Easter be my lot, and may it be the next, if I would swop beasts with him, though he gave me four bushels of barley to boot, no, marry would not I: laugh as much as you will at the value I set on my Dapple; for dapple, you must know, is his colour. Now as for hounds, we have enough and to spare in our town; and there is no sport like hunting at another man's cost."—"Faith and troth! brother squire," quoth the Squire of the Wood, "I am fully set upon it. These vagrant knights may e'en seek their mad adventures by themselves; for me, I will home, and breed up my children, as it behoves me; for I have three, as precious as three orient pearls."—"I have but two," quoth Sancho; "but they might be presented to the Pope himself, especially my girl, that I am bringing up to be a countess (if Heaven wills), in spite of her mother."—"And how old, pray," said the Squire of the Wood, "may this same young lady countess be?"—"Why she is about fifteen," answered Sancho; "a little over or a little under, but she is as tall as a pikestaff, as fresh as an April morning, and strong as a porter."—"With these parts," quoth the other, "she may set up not only for a countess, but for one of the wood-nymphs! Ah, the young buxom whore's-brood! What a spring the mettlesome quean will have with her!"—"My daughter is no whore," quoth Sancho, in a grumbling tone, "and her mother was an honest woman before her: and they shall be honest, by Heaven's blessing, while I live: so, sir, pray speak more civilly. Methinks your master should have taught you better manners; for knights-errant are the very pink of courtesy."

"Alas," quoth the Squire of the Wood, "how you are mistaken! how little you know the way of praising people now-a-days! Have you never observed when any horseman at a bull-fight gives the bull a home-thrust with his lance, or when anybody behaves himself cleverly upon any occasion, the people will cry out, What a brisk son of a whore that is! a clever dog, I will warrant him. So what seems to be slander, in that sense is notable commendation: and be advised by me, don't think those children worth the owning, who won't do that which may make their parents be commended in that fashion."—"Nay,

if it be so," quoth Sancho, "I will disown them if they don't; and henceforth you may give me and my wife and children a whole bawdy-house and welcome; for they do a thousand things that deserve all these fine names. Heaven send me once more to see them, and deliver me out of this mortal sin of squire-erranting, which I have been drawn into a second time by the wicked bait of a hundred ducats, which the devil threw in my own way in Sierra Morena, and which he still haunts me with, and brings before my eyes here and there and everywhere—no not here, but there,—a bag full of doubloons; methinks I am counting such another over and over! Now I hug it, now I carry it home, and receive annuities, and buy funds, and live like a prince! Thus I pass away the time, and this lulls me on to drudge on to the end of the chapter, with this dunderheaded master of mine, who, to my knowledge, is more a madman than a knight."

"Truly," said the Squire of the Wood, "this makes the proverb true, Covetousness breaks the sack. And now you talk of madmen, I think my master is worse than yours; for he is one of those of whom the proverb says, Other folks' cares kill the ass. In searching after another knight's wits, he loses his own; and hunts up and down for that which may make him rue the finding."—"And is not the poor man in love?" quoth Sancho.—"Ay, marry," said the other, "and with one Casildea de Vandalia, one of the rawest¹ and yet most overdone pieces of woman's flesh in the world. But the rawness is not the thing that plagues his noddle now. He has some other crotchets in his crown, and you will hear more of it ere long."—"There is no way so smooth," quoth Sancho, "but it has a hole or rut in it to make a body stumble. In some houses they boil beans, and in mine they do it by the kettle-full. So madness has more need of good attendants than wisdom. But if this old saying be true, that it lightens sorrow to have companions in our grief, you are the fittest to comfort me; you serve one fool and I another."—"My master," quoth the Squire of the Wood, "is more stout than foolish, but more knave than either."—"Mine is not like yours then," quoth Sancho, "he has not one grain of knavery in him;

¹ [A play on the word *Cruda*, which signifies cruel as well as raw.]

he is as dull as an old cracked pitcher, hurts nobody, does all the good he can to everybody; a child may persuade him it is night at noonday; and he is so simple that I cannot help loving him, with all my heart and soul, and cannot leave him, in spite of all his follies.”—“Have a care, brother,” said the Squire of the Wood; “when the blind leads the blind both may fall into the ditch. It is better to wheel about fair and softly, and steal home again to our own firesides; for those who hunt adventures do not always catch good ones.”

Here the charitable Squire of the Wood observing that Sancho spit very often and very dry, “I fancy, brother,” said he, “that our tongues stick to the palates of our mouths with talking; but to cure that, I have something that hangs to the pommel of my saddle, which is not bad.” Then he went and took down a leather bottle of wine, and a cold pie, half a yard long; which is no fiction, for Sancho himself, when he laid his hands on it, took it rather for a baked goat than a kid, though it was indeed but a hutch-rabbit. “What,” said Sancho, at the sight, “did you bring this too abroad with you?”—“What d’ye think?” said the other. “Do you take me for one of your fresh-water squires? I’d have you know, I carry as good provisions at my horse’s crupper as any general upon his march.”

Sancho did not stay for an invitation, but fell to in the dark, cramming down morsels as big as boluses. “Ay, marry, sir,” said he, “you are a squire every inch of you, a true and trusty, round and sound, noble and free-hearted squire. This good cheer is a proof of it, which I do not say jumped hither by witchcraft; but one would almost think so. Now here sits poor wretched I, that have nothing in my knapsack but a crust of cheese, so hard you might break a giant’s head with it, and a few acorns, walnuts and filberts: thanks to my master’s niggardly temper, and fancy that all knights-errant must live on a little dried fruit and salads!”—“Well, well, brother,” replied the Squire of the Wood, “our masters may diet themselves by rules of chivalry, if they please; your thistles, and your herbs and roots, do not at all agree with my stomach: I must have good meat, i’faith! and this

bottle here still at hand at the pommel of my saddle. It is my joy, my life, the comfort of my soul; I hug and kiss it every moment;" and saying this, he gave it to Sancho, who rearing it to his thirsty lips, with his eyes fixed upon the stars, kept himself in that happy contemplation for a quarter of an hour together. At last, when he had taken his draught, with a deep groan, a nod on one side, and a cunning leer, "O! the son of a whore! What a rare and catholic thing it is!"—"Oh ho!" quoth the Squire of the Wood, "have I caught you at your son of a whore! Did not I tell you that it was a way of commending a thing?"—"I knock under," quoth Sancho, "and own it is no dishonour to call one a son of a whore, when we mean to praise him. But now by the age of what you love best, prithee tell me, is not this your right Ciudad Real¹ wine?"—"Thou hast a rare palate," answered the Squire of the Wood; "it is the very same, and of a good age too."—"I thought so," said Sancho; "but is it not strange now, that turn me but loose among a parcel of wines, I shall find the difference? Is it not strange, sir, that I have this natural instinct, I no sooner clap my nose to a taste of wine, but I can tell the place, the grape, the flavour, the age, the strength, and all the qualities of it: and all this is natural to me, sir, for I had two relations by the father's side that were the nicest tasters that were known for a long time in La Mancha; of which two I will relate you a story that makes good what I said. It fell out that some wine was drawn fresh out of a hogshead, and given to these same friends of mine to taste: and they were asked their opinions of the condition, the quality, the goodness, the badness of the wine, and all that. The one tried it with the tip of his tongue, the other only smelled it; the first said the wine tasted of iron; the second said, it rather had a twang of goat's leather. The vintner swore his vessel was clean, and the wine neat, and so pure that it could have no taste of any such thing. Well, time ran on, the wine was sold, and when the vessel came to be emptied, what do you think, sir, was found in the cask?

¹ This wine is frequently mentioned by Cervantes in his plays and novels. He sometimes distinguishes it by the flattering title of "El Catolico."

A little key, with a bit of leathern thong tied to it. Now judge you by this, whether he that comes of such a generation, has not reason to understand wine?"—"More reason than to understand adventures," answered the other. "Therefore, since we have loaves, let us not trouble ourselves to look after cakes, but e'en jog home to our little cots, where heaven will find us, if it be its will."—"I intend," said Sancho, "to wait on my master till we come to Saragossa, but then I will turn over a new leaf."

To conclude: The two friendly squires having talked and drunk so long, it was high time that sleep should lay their tongues, and assuage their thirst, for to quench it was impossible. Accordingly, with their mouths half full, they fell fast asleep, both keeping their hold on their almost empty bottle. Where we shall leave them to their rest, and see what passed between the Knight of the Wood and him of the Doleful Countenance.

CHAPTER XIV.

Wherein is continued the Adventure of the Knight of the Wood.

MANY were the discourses that passed between Don Quixote and the Knight of the Wood: amongst the rest, "You must know, Sir Knight," said the latter, "that by the appointment of fate, or rather by my own choice, I became enamoured of the peerless Casildea de Vandalia. I call her peerless, because she is singular in the greatness of her stature, as well as in that of her state and beauty. But this lady has been pleased to take no other notice of my honourable passion, than employing me in many perilous adventures, like Hercules' step-mother: still promising me, after I had put an happy end to one, that the performance of the next should put me in possession of my desires. But after a succession of numberless labours, I do not know which of her commands will be the last, and will crown my lawful wishes. Once, by her particular injunction, I challenged that famous giantess

La Giralda ¹ of Seville, who is strong and undaunted, as one that is made of brass, and who, without changing place, is the most changeable and inconstant woman in the world; I came, I saw, and overcame: I made her stand still, and fixed her in a constant point, for in the space of more than a whole week no wind blew but from the north. Another time she enjoined me to remove the ancient stones of the sturdy bulls of Guisando; ² a task more suitable to the arms of porters than those of knights. Then she commanded me to descend and dive into the cavern or den of Cabra (a terrible and unheard-of attempt), and to bring her an account of all the wonders in that dismal profundity. I stopped the motion of La Giralda, I weighed the bulls of Guisando, and plunged into and brought to light the darkest secrets of Cabra's black abyss. But still, my hopes are dead as the dead, and her mandates and disdains still live as the living. For, lastly, she has ordered me to traverse the remotest provinces of Spain, and exact a confession from all the knights-errant that roam about the land, that her beauty alone excels that of all other women, and that I am the most valiant and most enamoured knight in the world. I have already journeyed over the greatest part of Spain on this expedition, and overcome many knights who had the temerity to contradict my assertion. But the perfection of my glory, is my victory over the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, whom I conquered in single combat, and compelled to submit his Dulcinea's to my Casildea's beauty. And now I reckon the wandering knights of the whole universe all vanquished by my prowess: for this same Don Quixote has conquered them all, and I having conquered him, his glory, fame and honour are transferred to and vested in my person; and the greater the renown of the vanquished, the greater the honour to the victor; thus all Don Quixote's laurels are transferred to my account."

Don Quixote was amazed to hear the knight, and had the

¹ This statue, which represents Victory, or, as some say, Faith, stands on the top of an old Moorish tower in Seville. There is an engraving of it in Dillon's Travels.

² The Bulls of Guisando are five great statues of extreme antiquity, said to mark the scene of one of Julius Cæsar's victories over the younger Pompey.

lie ready at his tongue's end to give him a thousand times; but designing to make him own his falsity with his own mouth, he strove to contain his choler; and arguing the matter very calmly, "Sir Knight," said he, "that your victories have extended over all the knights in Spain, and perhaps over the whole world, I will not dispute; but that you have vanquished Don Quixote de la Mancha, you must give me leave to doubt: it might be somebody like him; though he is a person whom but very few can resemble."—"What do ye mean?" answered the Knight of the Wood: "by yon canopy of the skies, I fought Don Quixote hand to hand, vanquished him, and made him submit; he is a tall wither-faced, leathern-jaw fellow, scragged, grizzle-haired, hawk-nosed, and wears long, black, lank mustachios: he is distinguished in the field by the title of the Knight of the Doleful Countenance: he has for his squire one Sancho Panza, a labouring man; he bestrides and manages that far-famed courser Rozinante; and has for the mistress of his affection, one Dulcinea del Toboso, sometime called Aldonza Lorenzo; as mine, whose name was Casilda, and who is of Andalusia, is now distinguished by the denomination of Casildea de Vandalia; and if all these convincing marks be not sufficient to prove this truth, I wear a sword that shall force even incredulity to credit it."—"Not so fast, good Sir Knight," said Don Quixote; "pray attend to what I shall say. You must know that this same Don Quixote is the greatest friend I have in the world; insomuch that I may say I love him as well as I do myself. Now the tokens that you have described him by, are so agreeable to his person and circumstances, that one would think he should be the person subdued. On the other hand, I am convinced by the more powerful argument of undeniable sense, that it cannot be he. But thus far I will allow you, as there are many enchanters that are his enemies, especially one whose malice hourly persecutes him, perhaps one of them has assumed his likeness, thus, by a counterfeit conquest, to defraud him of the glory contracted by his signal chivalry over all the earth. In confirmation of which I can further tell you, it is but two days ago ¹ that these envious magicians

¹ [Cervantes here forgets that it was only the day before.]

transformed the figure and person of the beautiful Dulcinea del Toboso into the base and sordid likeness of a rustic wench. And if this will not convince you of your error, behold Don Quixote himself in person, that here stands ready to maintain his words with his arms, either afoot or on horseback, or in what other manner you may think convenient."

As he said this, up he started, and laid his hand on his sword, awaiting the resolution of the Knight of the Wood. But with a great deal of calmness, "Sir," said he, "a good pay-master grudges no surety; he that could once vanquish Don Quixote when transformed, needs not fear him in his proper shape. But since darkness is not proper for the achievements of knights, but rather for robbers and ruffians, let us await the morning light, that the sun may be witness of our valour. The conditions of our combat shall be, That the conquered shall be wholly at the mercy of the conqueror, who shall dispose of him at discretion; provided always he command nothing unworthy the honour of knighthood."—"Content," said Don Quixote, "I like these terms very well."—With that they both went to look out their squires, whom they found snoring very soundly in just the same posture as when they first fell asleep. They roused them up, and ordered them to get their steeds ready; for the first rays of the rising sun must behold them engage in a bloody and arduous single combat.

This news astounded Sancho, and put him to his wits' end for his master's danger; having heard the Knight of the Wood's courage from his squire. However, without the least reply, he went with his companion to seek their beasts, who by this time had smelled out one another, and were got lovingly both together.—"Well, friend," said the squire to Sancho, as they went, "I find our masters are to fight; so you and I are like to have a brush too: for it is the way among us Andalusians, not to let the seconds stand idly by, with arms across, while their friends are at it."—"This," said Sancho, "may be a custom in your country; but none but ruffians and bloody-minded fellows would stand up for it. But there

is no such practice among squires-errant, else my master would have minded me of it ere this; for he has all the laws of knight-errantry by heart. But suppose there be such a law, I will not obey it; I will rather pay the penalty that is laid on such peaceable squires: I do not think the fine can be above two pounds of wax,¹ and that will cost me less than the lint would to make tents for my skull, which I reckon to be already cleft down to my chin. Besides, how would you have me fight? I have ne'er a sword, nor ever were any."

"No matter," quoth the Squire of the Wood, "I have a sure for that. I have got here a couple of linen-bags, both of a size; you shall take one, and I the other, and so we will let drive at one another with these weapons, and fight at bag-blows."—"Ay, ay, with all my heart," quoth Sancho; "this will dust our jackets, and won't hurt our skins."—"Not so neither," replied the Squire of the Wood; "for we will put half a dozen of smooth stones into each bag, that the wind may not blow them to and fro, and they may play the better, and so we may sack one another, and yet do ourselves no great hurt."—"Body of my father!" quoth Sancho, "what soft sable, what dainty carded cotton and lambswool he crams into the bags, to hinder our making pap of our brains and touchwood of our bones! But I say again and again, I am not in a humour to fight, though they were only full of silk balls. Let our masters fight, and hear on't in another world; but let us drink and live while we may, for why should we strive to end our lives before their time and season; that will drop of themselves when they are ripe?"—"Well," said the Squire of the Wood, "for all that, we must fight half an hour or so."—"Not a minute," replied Sancho; "I hav'n't the heart to quarrel with a gentleman with whom I have been eating and drinking. I an't angry with you in the least, and were I to be hanged for it, I could never fight in cold blood."—"Nay, if that be all," said the Squire of the Wood, "I have a good remedy; for before we go to it, d'ye see, I'll walk up very handsomely to you, and lend your worship three or four sound slaps o' the chaps,

¹ [Venial offences are sometimes punished by a fine of a small quantity of wax for the use of some church.]

and knock you down; which will be sure to waken your choler, though it slept as sound as a dormouse.”—“Nay then,” quoth Sancho, “I have a trick for your trick, if that be all, and you shall have as good as you bring; for I will take me a cudgel, and before you can awaken my choler, I will lay yours asleep so fast, that it shall never wake more, unless in the other world, where it is well known, I am one who will let no man’s fist dust my nose. Every man for himself. Many come for wool, that go home shorn. No man knows what another can do: so, friend, let every man’s choler sleep with him: blessed are the peace-makers, and cursed are the peace-breakers. A baited cat may turn as fierce as a lion. Who knows then what I, that am a man, may turn to, if I am provoked? Take it, therefore, for a warning from me, squire, that all the mischief you may be hatching in this manner shall lie at your door.”—“Well,” said the other, “God will send day, and we shall strive.”

And now a thousand sorts of pretty birds began to warble in the trees, and with their various cheerful notes seemed to salute the fresh Aurora, who then displayed her rising beauties through the gates and arches of the east, and gently shook from her locks a shower of liquid pearls, sprinkling and enriching the verdant meads with that reviving treasure, which seemed to spring and drop from the bending leaves. The willows distilled their delicious manna, the rivulets murmured, the fountains smiled, the woods were cheered, the fields enriched, at her approach. But no sooner did the dawning light recall distinctness, than the first thing that presented itself to Sancho’s view, was the Squire of the Wood’s nose, which was so big, that it overshadowed almost his whole body. In short, it is said to have been of a monstrous size, crooked in the middle, studded with warts and carbuncles, red as a tomato, and hanging down some two fingers below his mouth. The unreasonable bulk, dismal hue, protuberancy, and crookedness of that nose so disfigured the squire, that Sancho was seized with a trembling at the sight, like a child in convulsions, and resolved now to take two hundred cuffs, before his choler should awaken to encounter such a hobgoblin. As for Don Quixote, he fixed his eyes upon

his antagonist; but as his helmet was on, and he had pulled down the beaver, his face could not be seen; however, he observed him to be strong-limbed, though not very tall. Over his armour he wore a coat that looked like cloth of gold, overspread with a number of small half-moons of mirrors, which made a very glittering show: a large plume of yellow, green, and white feathers waved about his helmet; and his lance, which he had set up against a tree, was very thick and long, with a steel head a span in length. Don Quixote surveyed every particular, and from his observations, judged him to be a man of great strength. But so far from fearing him like Sancho, with a gallant deportment, "Sir Knight of the Mirrors," said he, "if your eager desire of combat has not made you deaf to the entreaties of civility, be pleased to lift up your beaver awhile, that I may see whether the gracefulness of your face equals that of your body."—"Whether you be vanquished or victorious in this enterprise," answered the Knight of the Mirrors, "you shall have leisure enough to see my face: I cannot at present satisfy your curiosity; for every moment of delay from combat is, in my thoughts, a wrong done to the beautiful Casildea de Vandalia."—"However," replied Don Quixote, "while we get a-horseback, you may tell me whether I be the same Don Quixote whom you pretend to have overcome?"—"To this I answer you," said the Knight of the Mirrors, "you are as like the knight I vanquished as one egg is like another. But considering what you tell me, that you are persecuted by enchanters, I dare not affirm that you are the same."—"It is enough for me," said Don Quixote, "that you believe you may be in an error; but that I may entirely rid your doubts, let us to horse; for if Providence, my mistress, and my arm assist me, I will see your face in less time than it would have cost you to have lifted up your beaver, and make you know that I am not the Don Quixote whom you think."

This said, without any more words they mounted. Don Quixote wheeled about with Rozinante, to take ground for the career; the Knight of the Mirrors did the like. But before Don Quixote had rid twenty paces, he heard him call to him. So they meeting each other half way, "Re-

member. Sir Knight," cried he of the Mirrors, "the conditions on which we fight; the vanquished, as I told you before, shall be at the discretion of the conqueror."—"I grant it," answered Don Quixote, "provided the victor imposes nothing on him that transgresses the laws of chivalry."—"I mean no otherwise," replied the Knight of the Mirrors.—At the same time Don Quixote happened to cast his eye on the squire's strange nose, and wondered no less at the sight of it than Sancho, taking him to be rather a monster than a man. Sancho, seeing his master set out to take so much distance as was fit to return on his enemy, would not trust himself alone with Squire Nose, fearing the greater should be too much for the less, and either it or fear should strike him to the ground. This made him run after his master, till he had taken hold of Rozinante's stirrup-leathers; and when he thought him ready to turn back to take his career, "Good your worship," cried he, "before you run upon your enemy, help me to get up into yon cork-tree, where I may better, and much more to my liking, see your brave battle with the knight."—"I rather believe," said Don Quixote, "thou wantest to be perched up yonder as on a scaffold, to see the bull-baiting without danger."—"To tell you the truth," quoth Sancho, "that fellow's unconscionable nose has so frightened me, that I dare not stay within his reach."—"It is indeed such a sight," said Don Quixote, "as might affect with fear any other but myself; and therefore come, I will help thee up."—Now while Sancho was climbing up the tree, with his master's assistance, the Knight of the Mirrors took as much ground as he thought proper for his career; and imagining Don Quixote had done the same, he faced about, without expecting the trumpet's sound, or any other signal for a charge, and with his horse's full speed, which was no more than a middling trot (for he was neither more promising, nor a better performer than Rozinante), he went to encounter his enemy. But seeing him busy in helping up his squire, he held in his steed, and stopped in the middle of the career, for which the horse was mightily obliged to him, being already scarce able to stir a foot farther.

Don Quixote, who thought his enemy was flying upon

him, set spurs to Rozinante's hinder flank vigorously, and so wakened his mettle, that the story says, this was the only time he was known to gallop a little, for at all others, downright trotting was his best. With this unusual fury, he soon got to the place where his opponent was striking his spurs into his horse's sides up to the very rowels, without being able to make him stir an inch from the spot where he had come to a standstill in his charge. At this fortunate time, whilst he was puzzled with his horse, and at the same time encumbered with his lance, either not knowing how to set it in the rest, or wanting time to do it, Don Quixote, who took no notice of his disorder, encountered him without danger so furiously, that the Knight of the Mirrors was hurried, in spite of himself, over his horse's crupper, and was so hurt with falling to the ground, that he lay without motion, or any sign of life. Sancho no sooner saw him fallen, but down he comes sliding from the tree, and runs to his master; who, having dismounted, was got upon the Knight of the Mirrors, and was unlacing his helmet, to see if he were dead or alive, and give him air. But who can relate what he saw, when he saw the face of the Knight of the Mirrors, without raising wonder, amazement, or astonishment in those that shall hear it? He saw, says the history, in that face, the very visage, the very aspect, the very physiognomy, the very make, the very features, the very effigy, of the bachelor Samson Carrasco! "Come, Sancho," cried he, as he saw it, "come hither, look, and admire what thou mayest see, yet not believe. Haste, my friend, and mark what sorcerers and enchanters can do!" Sancho drew near, and seeing the bachelor Samson Carrasco's face, began to cross himself a thousand times, and bless himself as many more.

The defeated knight all this while gave no sign of life: "Sir," quoth Sancho to his master, "if you will be ruled by me: right or wrong, e'en thrust your sword down this fellow's throat that is so like the bachelor Samson Carrasco; and so mayhap in him you may chance to murder one of those enchanters that haunt you so."—"That thought is not amiss," said Don Quixote, "we shall have the fewer enemies;" and with that, drawing his sword, he was going to put Sancho's advice in execution, when the

knight's squire came running without the nose that so disguised him before; and calling to Don Quixote, "Hold, noble Don Quixote!" cried he. "Take heed! Beware! 'Tis your friend Samson Carrasco that now lies at your worship's mercy, and I am his squire."—"And where is your nose?" quoth Sancho, seeing him now without disguise.—"Here in my pocket," answered the squire; and so saying, he pulled out the nose of a varnished paste-board vizard, such as it has been described. Sancho having stared him in the face with great earnestness, "Blessed Virgin, defend me!" quoth he; "who is this? Thomas Cecial, my friend and neighbour!"—"The same, friend Sancho," quoth the squire. "I will tell you anon by what tricks and wheedles he was inveigled to come hither. Meanwhile desire your master not to misuse, nor slay, nor meddle in the least with the Knight of the Mirrors, that now lies at his mercy; for there is nothing more sure than it is our daring and ill-advised countryman Samson Carrasco, the bachelor."

By this time the Knight of the Mirrors began to come to himself; which, when Don Quixote observed, setting the point of his sword over his face, "Thou diest, knight," cried he, "if thou refuse to confess that the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso excels thy Casildea de Vandalia in beauty. Besides this, thou shalt promise (if thou escape with life from this combat) to go to the city of Toboso; where, as from me, thou shalt present thyself before her, and resign thy person to her disposal: if she leaves thee to thy own, then thou shalt come back to me (for the track of my exploits will be thy guide), and thou shalt give me an account of the transaction between her and thee. These conditions are conformable to our agreement before the combat, and do not transgress the rules of knight-errantry."—"I do confess," said the discomfited knight, "that the lady Dulcinea del Toboso's ripped and dirty shoe is preferable to the clean, though ill-combed locks of Casildea; and I promise to go to her, and come from her presence to yours, and bring you a full and true relation of all you have enjoined me."—"You shall also confess and believe," added Don Quixote, "that the knight you vanquished neither was nor could be Don Quixote de la

Mancha, but somebody else in his likeness ; as I, on the other side, do confess and believe, that though you seem to be the bachelor Samson Carrasco, you are not he, but some other, whom my enemies have transformed into his resemblance, to assuage the violence of my wrath, and make me entertain with moderation the glory of my victory.”—“ All this I confess, believe, and feel, as you judge, believe, and feel,” said the crippled knight ; “ and now I beseech you let me rise, if the hurt I have received by my fall will give me leave, for I find myself very much bruised.” Don Quixote helped him to rise, by the aid of his squire Thomas Cecial, on whom Sancho fixed his eyes all the while, asking him a thousand questions ; the answers to which convinced him, that he was the real Thomas Cecial, as he said, though what was told him by his master, that the magicians had transformed the Knight of the Mirrors into Samson Carrasco, had made such an impression on his fancy, that he could not believe the testimony of his own eyes. In short the master and the man persisted in their error. The Knight of the Mirrors and his squire, much out of humour, and much out of order, left Don Quixote and Sancho to go to some town where he might get some ointments and plasters for his ribs. Don Quixote and Sancho continued their progress for Saragossa ; where the history leaves them, to relate who the knight of the Mirrors and his squire were.

CHAPTER XV.

Giving an account who the Knight of the Mirrors and his Squire were.

DON QUIXOTE went on extremely pleased, priding himself and glorying in the victory he had got over so valiant a knight as the Knight of the Mirrors, and relying on his parole of honour, which he could not violate, without forfeiting his title to chivalry, that he would return to give him an account of his reception, by which means he expected to hear whether his mistress continued under the bonds of enchantment. But Don Quixote dreamed of one

thing, and the Knight of the Mirrors thought of another. His only care for the present was how to get his bruises plastered.

Here the history relates, that when the bachelor Carrasco advised Don Quixote to proceed in his former profession of knight-errantry, it was the result of a conference which he had with the curate and the barber, about the best means to prevail with Don Quixote to stay quietly at home, and desist from rambling after his unlucky adventures. For Carrasco thought, and so did the rest, that it was in vain to pretend to hinder him from going abroad again, and therefore the best way would be to let him go, and that he should meet him by the way, equipped like a knight-errant, and should take an opportunity to fight, and overcome him, which he might easily do; first making an agreement with him, that the vanquished should submit to the victor's discretion: so that after the bachelor had vanquished him, he should command him to return to his house and village, and not offer to depart thence in two years, without permission; which it was not doubted but Don Quixote would religiously observe, for fear of infringing the laws of chivalry; and in this time they hoped he might be weaned of his vain imaginations, or they might find some means to cure him of his madness. Carrasco undertook this task, and Thomas Cecial, a brisk, pleasant fellow, Sancho's neighbour and gossip, proffered to be his squire. Samson equipped himself, as you have heard, and Thomas Cecial fitted a pasteboard nose to his own, as recited, that his gossip Sancho might not know him when they met. Then they followed Don Quixote so close, that they had like to have overtaken him in the midst of his adventure with the Chariot of Death; and at last, they found him in the wood where happened all that the wise reader has read: and had not Don Quixote been so obstinate, in not believing him to be the bachelor, it might have proved more fatal to him, and had spoiled him for ever from taking another degree, since he did not even find a nest where he looked for birds.

And now Thomas Cecial, seeing the ill-success of their journey, said to the bachelor, "By my troth, Master Carrasco, we have been served well enough. It is easy to

begin a business, but a hard matter to go through. Don Quixote is mad, and we are sane; yet he is gone away sound, and laughing; and your worship is left here well banged, and in the dumps: now pray who is the greatest madman, he that is so because he cannot help it, or he that is so for his pleasure?"—"The difference is," answered the bachelor, "that he that cannot help being mad, will always be so; but he that only plays the fool for his fancy, may give over when he pleases."—"Well then," quoth Cecial, "I, who was pleased to play the fool in going a squire-erranting with your worship, for the selfsame reason will give it over now, and even make the best of my way home again."—"Do as you will," replied Carrasco, "but it is a folly to think I ever will go home, till I have swingeingly paid off Don Quixote. It is not that he may recover his wits neither: no, it is pure revenge now, for the pain in my bones won't give me leave to have any manner of charity for him."

Thus they went on discoursing, till at last they got to a town, where, by good fortune, they met with a bone-setter, who gave the bruised bachelor some ease. Thomas Cecial left him, and went home, while the other staid to meditate revenge. In due time the history will speak of him again, but must not now forget to entertain you with Don Quixote's joy.

CHAPTER XVI.

What happened to Don Quixote with a sober Gentleman of La Mancha.

DON QUIXOTE pursued his journey, full, as we said before, of joy, satisfaction and pride; his late victory made him esteem himself the most valiant knight-errant of the age. He counted all his future adventures as already finished and happily achieved. He defied all enchantments and enchanters. No longer did he remember the innumerable blows he had received in the course of his errantry, nor the shower of stones that had dashed out half of his teeth

nor the ingratitude of the galley-slaves, nor the insolence of the Yanguesian carriers, that had so abominably battered him with their pack-staves. In short, he concluded with himself, that if he could but by any manner of means dissolve the enchantment of his adored Dulcinea, he should have no need to envy the greatest felicity that ever was, or could be attained by the most fortunate knight of past ages.

While he was wholly employed in these imaginations, "Sir," quoth Sancho to him, "is it not a pleasant thing that I cannot put out of my mind that huge nose, and ungainly disguise of Thomas Cecial my gossip?"—"How, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "dost thou still believe, that the Knight of the Mirrors was the bachelor Carrasco, and that Thomas Cecial was his squire?"—"I do not know what to say to it," quoth Sancho, "but this I am sure of, that nobody but he could give me those tokens of my house, and of my wife and children, as he did. Besides, when his nose was off, he had Tom Cecial's face as I have seen it a hundred times, for we are but next-door neighbours; and his speech was all one."—"Come on," returned Don Quixote; "let us reason upon this business. How could it hap, that the bachelor Samson Carrasco should come armed at all points like a knight-errant, on purpose to fight with me? have I ever been his enemy, or given him any occasion to be mine? am I his rival? or has he taken up the profession of arms in envy of the glory which I have purchased by my sword?"—"Ay, but then," replied Sancho, "what shall we say to the resemblance between this same knight, whoever he be, and the bachelor Carrasco, and the likeness between his squire and Thomas Cecial my gossip? If it is an enchantment, as your worship says, were there no other people in the world but they two, to make them like?"—"All, all," cried Don Quixote, "is the artifice and delusion of those malevolent magicians that persecute me, who, foreseeing that I should get the victory, disguised the vanquished knight under the resemblance of my friend the bachelor; that at the sight, my friendship might interpose between the edge of my sword and the force of my arm and moderate my just resentment, and so rescue him from death,

who basely had attempted my life. But thou, Sancho, by experience, which could not deceive, knowest how easy a matter it is for magicians to transmute the face of any one into another resemblance, fair into foul, and foul again into fair; since, not two days ago, with thy own eyes thou beheldest the peerless Dulcinea in her natural state of beauty and proportion; when I, the object of their envy, saw her in the homely disguise of a blear-eyed, fetid, ugly country-wench. Why then shouldst thou wonder so much at the frightful transformation of the bachelor and thy neighbour Cecial? but, however, this is a comfort to me, that I got the better of my enemy, whatsoever shape he assumed.”—“Well,” quoth Sancho, “Heaven knows the truth of all things.”—This was all the answer he thought fit to make; for as he knew that the transformation of Dulcinea was only a trick of his own, he was willing to waive the discourse, though he was the less satisfied in his master’s chimeras; but feared to drop some word that might have betrayed his roguery.

While they were in this conversation, they were overtaken by a gentleman, mounted on a very fine flea-bitten mare. He had on a riding-coat of fine green cloth, faced with tawny-coloured velvet, and a hunter’s cap of the same. The furniture of his mare was country-like, and after the jennet fashion, and also twany and green. By his side hung a Moorish scimitar, in a large belt of green and gold. His buskins were of the same work with his belt: his spurs were not gilt, but burnished so well with a green varnish, that they looked better, to suit with the rest of his equipage, than if they had been of pure gold. As he came up with them, he very civilly saluted them, and, clapping spurs to his mare, began to leave them behind him. Thereupon Don Quixote called to him: “Sir,” cried he, “if you are not in too much haste, we should be glad of the favour of your company, so far as you travel this road.”—“Indeed,” answered the gentlemen, “I had not thus rid by you, but that I am afraid your horse may prove unruly with my mare.”—“If that be all, sir,” quoth Sancho, “you may held in your mare; for our horse here is the honestest and soberest horse in the world; he is not in the least given to do any naughty thing on such occasions.

Once upon a time, indeed, he happened to forget himself, and go astray ; but then he, and I, and my master, rue for it, with a vengeance. I tell you again, sir, you may safely stay if you please, for if your mare were to be served up to him in a dish, I will lay my life he would not so much as touch her." Upon this, the traveller stopped his mare, and did not a little gaze at the figure and countenance of our knight, who rode without his helmet, which, like a wallet, hung at the saddle-bow of Sancho's ass. If the gentleman in green gazed on Don Quixote, Don Quixote looked no less on him, judging him to be some man of consequence. His age seemed about fifty ; he had some grey hairs, an aquiline nose, and an aspect between grave and gay. In short, his mien and appearance spoke him a man of quality. When he looked on Don Quixote, he thought he had never beheld before such a strange appearance of a man. He could not but wonder at the lankness of his horse; the greatness of his stature; his wan, meagre face, his air, his gravity, his arms and equipage ; such a figure as perhaps had not been seen in that country time out of mind.

Don Quixote observed how intent the travelling gentleman had been in surveying him, and reading his desire in his surprise, as he was the very pink of courtesy, and fond of pleasing every one, without staying till he should question him, he thought fit to prevent him.—“Sir,” said he, “that you are surprised at this figure of mine, which appears so new and exotic, I do not wonder in the least ; but your admiration will cease when I have informed you that I am one of those knights of whom people tell, who go in quest of adventures. I have left my country, mortgaged my estate, quitted my pleasures, and thrown myself into the arms of fortune. My design was to give a new life to knight-errantry, that so long has been lost to the world ; and thus, after infinite toils and hardships ; sometimes stumbling, sometimes falling ; casting myself headlong in one place, and rising again in another, I have compassed a great part of my desire, relieving widows, protecting damsels, assisting married women, orphans, and wards, the proper and natural office of knights-errant ; and so by many valorous and Christian-

like achievements, I have merited the honour of the press in almost all the nations of the world. Thirty thousand volumes of my history have been printed already, and thirty thousand millions more are like to be printed, if Heaven prevent not. In short, to sum up all in one word, know, I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called the Knight of the Doleful Countenance; I own it lessens the value of praise, to be the publisher of its own self: yet it is what I am sometimes forced to, when there is none present to do me justice. And now, good sir, no longer let this steed, this lance, this shield, this armour, nor this squire, nor the paleness of my looks, nor my exhausted body, move your admiration, since you know who I am, and the profession I follow."

Having said this, Don Quixote was silent, and the gentleman in green, by his delaying to answer him, seemed as if he did not intend to make any return. But at last, after some pause; "Sir Knight," said he, "you were sensible of my curiosity by my looks, and were pleased to say my wonder would cease when you had informed me who you were: but I must confess, I remain no less surprised and amazed than ever. For is it possible there should be at this time any knights-errant in the world, or that there should be a true history of a living knight-errant in print? I cannot persuade myself there is anybody now upon earth that relieves widows, protects damsels, or assists married women and orphans; and I should still have been of the same mind, had not I seen it with my eyes. Now, Heaven be praised, for this history of your true and noble feats of arms, which you say is in print, will blot out the memory of all those idle romances of pretended knights-errant that have so filled the world, to the detriment of good education, and the prejudice and dishonour of true history."—"There is a great deal to be said," answered Don Quixote, "for the truth of histories of knight-errantry, as well as against it."—"How!" returned the gentleman in green, "is there any who doubts but that they are false?"—"Yes, sir, myself for one," said Don Quixote; "but let that pass: if we continue together on the road, I hope to convince you that you have been to blame in suffering yourself to be carried away

with the stream of mankind, that generally disbelieves them."

The traveller, at this discourse, began to have a suspicion that Don Quixote was distracted, and expected the next words would confirm him in that opinion: but before they entered into any further conversation, Don Quixote begged him to acquaint him who he was, since he had given him some account of his own life and condition.

"Sir Knight of the Doleful Countenance," answered he of the green coat, "I am a gentleman, born at a village, where, God willing, we shall dine by-and-by. My name is Don Diego de Miranda. I have a reasonable competency; I pass my time with my wife, my children, and my friends; my usual diversions are hunting and fishing; yet I keep neither hawks nor hounds, but some tame partridges, or some adventurous ferrets. I have about three or four-score books, some Spanish, some Latin, some of history, others of divinity. But for books of knight-errantry, none ever came within my doors. I am more inclinable to read those that are profane than those of devotion, if they be such as yield an innocent amusement, and are agreeable for their style, and surprising for their invention, though we have but few of them in our language. Sometimes I eat with my neighbours and friends, and often I invite them to do the like with me. My entertainments are clean and handsome, and by no means stinted. I am not given to murmur and backbite, nor do I love to hear others do it. I am no curious inquirer into the lives and actions of other people. Every day I hear mass, and give to the poor, without making a show of it, or presuming on my good deeds, lest I should give way to hypocrisy, and vain glory; enemies that too easily possess themselves of the best-guarded hearts. I endeavour to reconcile those that are at variance. I pay my devotions to the blessed Virgin, and ever trust in Heaven's infinite mercy."

Sancho listened with great attention to this relation of the gentleman's way of living; and believing that a person who had led so good and pious a life was able to work miracles, he jumped in haste from Dapple, and catching hold of his right stirrup, with devotion in his heart, and

almost with tears, fell a-kissing his foot.—“What is the matter, friend?” cried the gentleman, seeing his proceeding; “what is the meaning of this kissing?”—“Oh! good sir,” quoth Sancho, “let me kiss you, I beseech you; for you are certainly the first saint on horseback I ever saw in my born days.”—“Alas!” replied the gentleman, “I am no saint, but a great sinner: you, indeed, friend, I believe are a good soul, as appears by your simplicity.”—With that Sancho returned to his pack-saddle, having by this action provoked the profound gravity of his master to smile, and caused new wonder in Don Diego. And now Don Quixote inquired of him, how many children he had, telling him that among the things in which the ancient philosophers, who had not the true knowledge of God, made happiness consist, was the advantages of nature and fortune, to have many friends and a numerous and virtuous offspring.—“I have a son, Sir Knight,” answered the gentleman: “and perhaps if I had him not, I should not think myself the more unhappy; not that he is so bad; but because he is not so good as I would have him. He is eighteen years of age; the last six he has spent at Salamanca to perfect himself in his Latin and Greek. But, when I would have him to proceed to the study of other sciences, I found him so engaged in that of poetry, if it may be called a science, that it is impossible to make him look either to the study of the law, which I intended him for, or of divinity, the noblest part of all learning. I was in hopes he might have become an honour to his family, living in an age in which good and virtuous literature is highly favoured and rewarded by princes: for learning without virtue, is like a pearl upon a dunghill. He now spends whole days in examining whether Homer, in such a verse of his *Iliad*, says well or no? Whether such an epigram in Martial is disgraceful, or not? and whether such and such verses in Virgil are to be taken in such a sense, or otherwise? In short, his whole converse is with these poets, and with Horace, Persius, Juvenal, and Tibullus. But as for modern romancers, he has but an indifferent opinion of them. And yet for all this disgust of Spanish poetry, he is now breaking his brain upon a gloss on four verses that were sent him from Salamanca and which I think are designed for a prize.”

“Sir,” replied Don Quixote, “children are the flesh and blood of their parents, and, whether good or bad, are to be cherished as those who give us life. It is the duty of a father to train them up from their tenderest years in the paths of virtue, in good discipline and Christian principles, that when they advance in years they may become the staff and support of their parents’ age, and the glory of their posterity. But as for forcing them to this or that study, it is a thing I do not so well approve. Persuasion is all that is proper in such a case; especially when they are so fortunate as to be above studying *pame luscando*, as having parents that can provide for their future subsistence, they ought, in my opinion, to be indulged in the pursuit of that science to which they are seen to be most inclined. For though the art of poetry is not so profitable as delightful, yet it is none of those that disgrace their professors. Poetry, sir, in my judgment, is like a tender virgin in her bloom, beautiful and charming: all the other sciences are so many virgins, whose care it is to enrich, polish, and adorn her; as she is to make use of them all, so are they all to have from her a grateful acknowledgment. But this virgin must not be roughly handled, nor dragged along the streets, nor exposed at every market-place and corner of great men’s houses. She is made of an alchemy of such virtue that he who knows how can turn her into the purest gold and an inestimable treasure. But he must keep his muse within the rules of decency, and not let her prostitute her excellency in lewd satires, nor in licentious sonnets. She must not be mercenary, though she need not give away the profits she may claim from heroic poems, deep tragedies, and pleasant and artful comedies. She is not to be attempted by buffoons, nor by the ignorant vulgar, whose capacity can never reach to a due sense of the treasures that are locked up in her. And know, sir, that when I mention the vulgar, I do not mean only the common rabble; for whoever is ignorant, be he lord or prince, is to be enlisted in the number of the vulgar. But whoever shall apply himself to poetry with those qualifications, which, as I said, are essential, his name shall be famous, and valued in all the polished nations of the world. And as to what you say, sir, that your son does not much esteem the poetry of romance; in my opinion,

he is somewhat to blame; and my reason is this: Homer never wrote in Latin, because he was a Greek; nor did Virgil write in Greek, because Latin was his language. In short, all your ancient poets wrote in their mother-tongue, and did not seek other languages to express their lofty thoughts. And thus it would be well that that custom should extend to every nation; there being no reason that a German poet should be despised, because he writes in his own tongue; or a Castilian, or even a Biscayner,¹ because they write in theirs. But I suppose your son does not mislike modern poetry, but such modern poets as have no tincture of any other language or science, that may adorn, awaken, and assist their natural impulse. Though even in this too there may be error. For it is truly believed that a poet is born, and is naturally a poet from his mother's womb, and that, with the talent which Heaven has infused into him, without the help of study or art, he may produce those compositions which verify that saying, *Est Deus in nobis, &c.* Not but that a natural poet, that improves himself by art, shall be much more accomplished, and have the advantage of him that has no title to poetry but by his knowledge in the art; because art cannot go beyond nature, but only adds to its perfection. From which it appears, that the most perfect poet is he whom nature and art combine to qualify. Let then your son proceed and follow the guidance of his star, for being so good a student as he must be, and already got up the first step of the sciences, the knowledge of the learned tongues, he will easily ascend to the pinnacle of learning, which is no less an honour and an ornament to a gentleman than a mitre is to a bishop, or the long robe is to a civilian. Should your son write satires to lessen the reputation of any person, you would do well to take him to task, and tear his defamatory rhymes; but if he studies to write such sermons in verse, to reprehend vice in general, as Horace so elegantly did, then encourage him; for a poet's pen is allowed to inveigh against envy and envious men, and so against other vices, provided it aim not at particular persons. But there are poets so abandoned to the itch of scurrility, that rather than

¹ [See note, vol. i. p. 84.]

lose a villainous jest, they will venture being banished to the islands of Pontius.¹ If a poet is modest in his manners, he will be so in his verses. The pen is the tongue of the mind; as are the thoughts that are formed in the one, such are those that are traced by the other. And when kings and princes see the wonderful art of poetry shine in prudent, virtuous, and solid subjects, they honour, esteem, and enrich them, and even crown them with leaves of that tree, which is never offended by the thunderbolt, as a token that nothing shall offend those whose brows are honoured and adorned with such crowns."

The gentleman in green, hearing Don Quixote express himself in this manner, was struck with so much admiration, that he began to lose the bad opinion he had conceived of his understanding. As for Sancho, who did not much relish this discourse, he took an opportunity in the middle of it to go out of his way to get a little milk of some shepherds that were hard by milking their sheep. Now when the gentleman was going to renew his discourse, mightily pleased with these judicious observations, Don Quixote lifting up his eyes, perceived a wagon on the road, set round with little flags, of the king's colours; and believing it to be some new adventure, he called out to Sancho to bring him his helmet. Sancho, hearing him call aloud, left the shepherds, and, clapping his heels vigorously to Dapple's sides, came trotting up to his master, to whom there happened a most terrifying and extravagant adventure.

CHAPTER XVII.

In which is set forth the highest and utmost proof that Don Quixote ever gave, or could give, of his incredible Courage; with the successful issue of the Adventure of the Lions.

THE history relates, that Sancho was chaffering with the shepherds for some curds, when Don Quixote called to him to bring his helmet; and finding that his master was in haste, he did not know what to do with them, nor what to bring them in; yet loth to lose his purchase (for he had

¹ [As Ovid was.]

already paid for them), he bethought himself at last of clapping them into the helmet, where having them safe, he went to know his master's pleasure. As soon as he came up to him, "Give me that helmet, friend," said the knight, "for if I understand anything of adventures, I descry one yonder that obliges me to arm."

The gentleman in green, hearing this, looked about to see what was the matter, but could perceive nothing but a wagon, which made towards them; and by the little flags about it, he judged it to be one of his majesty's treasure-vans, and so he told Don Quixote. But his head was too much possessed with notions of adventures to give any credit to what the gentleman said; "Sir," answered he, "fore-warned, fore-armed; a man loses nothing by standing on his guard. I know by experience, that I have enemies visible and invisible, and I cannot tell when nor where, nor in what shape they may attack me. At the same time he snatched the helmet out of Sancho's hands, before he could discharge it of the curds, and clapped it on his head, without examining the contents. The curds being thus squeezed, the whey began to run all about his face and beard; which so frightened him, that, calling to Sancho, "What's this," cried he, "Sancho? What's the matter with me? Sure my skull is growing soft, or my brains are melting, or else I sweat from head to foot! But if I do, I am sure it is not for fear. This certainly must be a dreadful adventure that is approaching. Give me something to wipe me, if thou canst, for I am almost blinded with the torrent of sweat."

Sancho did not say a word, but giving him a cloth, thanked Heaven that his master had not found him out. Don Quixote dried himself, and taking off the helmet to see what it should be that felt so cold on his head, perceiving some white morsels, and putting it to his nose, soon found what it was. "Now, by the life of my lady Dulcinea del Toboso," cried he, "thou hast put curds in my helmet, vile traitor, and unmannerly squire!"—"Nay," replied Sancho cunningly, and keeping his countenance, "if they be curds, good your worship, give them me hither, and I will eat them. But hold, now I think on it, the devil eat them for me; for he himself must have put them

there. What! I dare offer to defile your helmet! you must know who dared to do it! As sure as I am alive, sir, I have got my enchanters too, that owe me a grudge, and plague me as a limb of your worship; and I warrant have put that nasty stuff there on purpose to set you against me, and make you fall foul on my bones. But I hope they have missed their aim this time, i'troth! My master is a wise man, and must needs know that I had neither curds nor milk, nor anything of that kind; and if I had met with curds, I should sooner have put them in my belly than in the helmet."—"Well," said Don Quixote, "there may be something in that."

The gentleman had observed these passages, and stood amazed, but especially when Don Quixote having put on the helmet again, fixed himself well in the stirrups, tried whether his sword were loose enough in his scabbard, and rested his lance. "Now," cried he, "come what will come; here am I, who dare encounter the devil himself in person." By this time the wagon with the flags was come up with them, attended only by the carter, mounted on one of the mules, and another man that sat on the forepart. Don Quixote making up to them, "Whither go ye, friends?" said he. "What wagon is this? What do you convey in it? And what is the meaning of these flags?"—"The wagon is mine," answered the wagoner: "I have there fast two brave lions, which the general of Oran is sending to his majesty, and these colours of our lord the king are to let the people understand that what goes here belongs to him."—"And are the lions large?" inquired Don Quixote.—"Very large," answered the man at the door of the wagon; "there never came bigger from Afric into Spain. I am their keeper," added he, "and have had charge of several others, but I never saw the like of these before. In the foremost cage is a he-lion, and in the other behind, a lioness. By this time they are hungry, for they have not eaten to-day; therefore, pray, good sir, ride out of the way, for we must make haste to get to the place where we intend to feed them."—"What!" said Don Quixote, with a smile, "lion whelps against me! Against me those puny beasts! And at this time of day? Well, I will make those gentlemen, that sent their lions this way, know whether I

am a man to be scared with lions. Get off, honest fellow ; and since you are the keeper, open their cages, and let them both out ; for, maugre and in despite of those enchanters that have sent them to try me, I will make the creatures know, in the midst of this very field, who Don Quixote de la Mancha is.”—“ So,” thought the gentleman to himself, “ now has our poor knight discovered who he is ; the curds, I find, have softened his skull, and mellowed his brains.”

On this, Sancho came up to him. “ O, good dear sir ! ” cried he, “ for pity’s-sake, hinder my master from falling upon those lions by all means, or we shall all be torn a-pieces.”—“ Why,” said the gentleman, “ is your master so arrant a madman then, that you should fear he would set upon such furious beasts ? ”—“ Ah, sir ! ” said Sancho, “ he is not mad, but venturesome.”—“ Well,” replied the gentleman, “ I will take care of that ; ” and with that advancing up to Don Quixote, who was urging the lion-keeper to open the cage, “ Sir,” said he, “ knights-errant ought to engage in adventures from which there may be some hopes of coming off with safety, but not in such as are altogether desperate ; for that courage which borders on temerity, is more like madness than fortitude. Besides, these lions come not against you, nor dream of it, but are sent as a present to the king, and therefore, it is well not to detain them, or stop the wagon.”—“ Pray, sweet sir,” replied Don Quixote, “ go and amuse yourself with your tame partridge and your bold ferret, and leave every one to his own business. This is mine, and I know best whether these lion-gentry are sent against me or no.” Then turning about to the keeper, “ Sirrah ! you rascal you,” said he, “ either open your cages on the spot, or I vow to God, I will pin thee to the wagon with this lance.”—“ Good sir,” cried the wagoner, seeing this strange apparition in armour so resolute, “ for mercy’s sake, do but let me take out our mules first, and get out of harm’s way with them as fast as I can, before the lions get out ; for if they should kill them, I should be undone for ever : for that cart and they are all I have in the world to get a living with.”—“ Thou man of little faith,” said Don Quixote, “ take them out quickly then, and go with them where thou wilt ;

though thou shalt presently see that thy precaution was needless, and thou mightest have spared thy pains."

The wagoner on this made haste to take out his mules, while the keeper cried out loud, "Bear witness, all ye that are here present, that it is against my will I am forced to open the cages and let loose the lions; and that I protest to this gentleman here, that he shall be answerable for all the mischief and damage they may do; together with the loss of my salary and fees. And now, sirs, shift for yourselves, for, as for myself, I know the lions will do me no harm." Once more the gentleman tried to dissuade Don Quixote from doing so mad a thing; telling him, that he tempted Heaven in exposing himself to so great a danger. To this Don Quixote made no other answer, but that he knew what he had to do. "Consider, however, what you do," replied the gentleman, "for it is most certain that you are very much mistaken."—"Well, sir," said Don Quixote, "if you care not to be spectator of an action, which you think is like to be tragical, e'en put spurs to your mare, and provide for your safety." Sancho, hearing this, came up to his master, with tears in his eyes, and begged him not to go about this undertaking, to which the adventure of the windmills, and the fulling-mills, and all the brunts he had ever borne in his life, were but cakes and gingerbread. "Good your worship," cried he, "here is no enchantment in the case, nor anything like it. I peeped even now through the grates of the cage, and I am sure I saw the claw of a true lion, and such a claw as makes me think the lion that owns it must be bigger than a mountain."—"At any rate," said Don Quixote, "thy fear will make him bigger than half the world. Retire, Sancho, and leave me, and if I chance to fall here thou knowest our old agreement; repair to Dulcinea—I say no more." To this he added some expressions, which cut off all hopes of his giving over his mad design.

The gentleman in green would have opposed him; but, considering the other much better armed, and that it was not prudence to encounter a madman, as Don Quixote seemed to be, he even took the opportunity, while he was hastening the keeper and repeating his threats, to march off with his mare, as Sancho did with Dapple, and the carter with his mules, everyone making the best of

their way to get as far as they could from the wagon before the lions were let loose. Sancho at the same time made lamentations for his master's death; for he gave him up for lost, not questioning but the lions had already got him into their clutches. He cursed his ill fortune, and the hour he came again to his service; but for all his wailing and lamenting, he punched on poor Dapple, to get as far as he could from the lions. The keeper, perceiving the persons who fled to be at a good distance, fell to arguing and entreating Don Quixote as he had done before. But he told him again, that all his reasons and entreaties were but in vain, and bid him say no more, but immediately despatch.

Now while the keeper took time to open the foremost cage, Don Quixote stood debating with himself, whether he had best make his attack on foot or on horseback; and upon mature deliberation, he resolved to do it on foot, lest Rozinante, at sight of the lions, should be put into disorder. Accordingly he quitted his horse, threw aside his lance, grasped his shield, and drew his sword; then advancing step by step, with wondrous courage and an undaunted heart, he posted himself just before the door of the cage, commending himself to Heaven, and afterwards to his lady Dulcinea.

At this point it must be known, the author of this faithful history makes the following exclamation. "O thou most brave and unutterably bold Don Quixote de la Mancha! Thou mirror and grand exemplar of valour! Thou second and new Don Emanuel de Leon,¹ the late glory

¹ I have already had occasion to notice the adventure of Don Manuel Ponce de Leon with the Lion and the Glove. It is, however, to be held in remembrance, that the hint of Don Quixote's behaviour in this chapter was more probably taken from a passage in the history of his great exemplar, Amadis de Gaul. Perion, father of that hero, going a-hunting one day, was, we are informed, so fortunate as to meet "a lion in his path." His horse reared and snorted in such a manner, that Perion found it necessary to engage the king of the woods on foot. "Placing his shield on his arm, and grasping his spear, at the lion he went, and the lion, in like manner, at him, so soon as he was aware of him. They joined; and the lion overthrew Perion, and was on the point of slaying him, when the king, not losing his great courage, smote him in the belly with the point of his sword, so making him to fall dead above his body!"—*Amad. C. 1.*

and honour of all Spanish cavaliers! What words shall I use to express this astonishing deed of thine! What language shall I employ to convince posterity of its truth! What praises can be coined, and eulogies invented, that will not be outvied by thy superior merit, though hyperboles were piled on hyperboles! Thou alone, on foot, intrepid and magnanimous, with nothing but a sword, and that none of the sharpest,¹ with thy single shield, and that none of the brightest, stood'st ready to receive and encounter the two fiercest lions that ever roared within the Libyan deserts. Then let thine own deeds speak thy praise, brave champion of la Mancha: while I am obliged to leave off, for want of words to maintain the flight." Here ended the author's exclamation, and the history goes on.

The keeper observing the posture Don Quixote had put himself in, and that it was not possible for him to prevent letting out the lions, without incurring the resentment of the desperate knight, set the door of the foremost cage wide open; where, as I have said, was the male lion, who appeared of a monstrous bigness, and of a hideous frightful aspect. The first thing he did was to turn himself round in his cage, stretch out one of his paws, and rouse himself. After that he gaped and yawned for a good while, and then thrust out almost two spans of tongue, and with it licked the dust out of his eyes and face. Having done this, he thrust his head out of the cage, and stared about with his eyes that looked like two live coals; a sight and

¹ The original has it *con sola una espada y no de las de Perrillo*: This *Perrillo*, or *little dog*, was the mark by which Julian del Rey, a famous armourer of Toledo, (and also of Saragossa,) was accustomed to authenticate the swords of his manufacture. One Palomares published, at Toledo, in 1762, a book containing the list of all the celebrated Toledo sword-makers, with engravings of their devices. From this work Dillon, Bowles, and Pellicer have copied freely. Bowles says, in his Introduction to Natural History, that the *Perrillo* swords of Toledo and Saragossa were all made of the steel produced from the mines of Mondragon, and adds, that the famous swords which Catherine of Arragon gave to Henry VIII. on his wedding day were all "de las de Perrillo." The old Toledo blades had always some inscription: the most common may be translated, *Draw me not without reason—sheathe me not without honour.*

motion enough to have struck terror into temerity itself. But Don Quixote only regarded it with attention, wishing he would leap out of the wagon, and come within his reach, that he might cut the monster piecemeal. To this height had his incredible folly transported him; but the generous lion, more gentle than arrogant, taking no notice of his vapouring and bravados, after he had looked about him a while, turned his tail, and having showed Don Quixote his hinder parts, very contentedly lay down again in his apartment.

Don Quixote, seeing this, commanded the keeper to rouse him with blows, and force him out. "Not I, indeed, sir," answered the keeper; "I dare not do it for my life; for if I provoke him, I am sure to be the first he will tear to pieces. Let me advise you, sir, to be satisfied with your day's work. 'Tis as much as the bravest can pretend to do. Then pray go no further, I beseech you: the door stands open, the lion is at his choice, whether he will come out or no, and since he did not come out at the first, I dare engage he will not stir out this day. You have shown enough the greatness of your courage. No brave combatant is obliged to do more than challenge his enemy, and wait for him in the field. If he comes not, that is his fault, and the scandal is his, and the crown of victory is the challengers."

"'Tis true," replied Don Quixote. "Come, shut the door, honest friend, and give me a certificate under thy hand, in the amplest form thou canst, of what thou hast seen me perform; how thou didst open the cage for the lion; how I expected his coming, and he did not come out; how I staid his own time, and instead of meeting me, he turned tail and lay down. I am obliged to do no more. So, enchantments avaunt! and Heaven prosper truth, justice, and true knight-errantry! Shut the door, as I bid thee, while I make signs to those that ran away from us, and get them to come back, that they may have an account of this exploit from my own mouth." The keeper obeyed, and Don Quixote clapping on the point of his lance the handkerchief with which he had wiped off the deluge of curds from his face, began to call to the fugitives, who fled nevertheless, looking behind them all

the way, and trooped on in a body with the gentleman at the head of them.

At last, Sancho observed the signal of the white flag, and calling out to the rest, "Hold," cried he, "my master calls to us; I will be hanged if he has not got the better of the lions." At this they all faced about, and perceived Don Quixote flourishing his ensign; whereupon recovering a little from their fright, they little by little came back, till they could plainly distinguish Don Quixote's voice; and then they came up to the wagon. As soon as they were got near it, "Come on, friend," said he to the carter; "put to thy mules again, and pursue thy journey; and Sancho, do you give him two gold crowns for the lion-keeper and himself, to make them amends for the time I have detained them."—"Ay, that I will with all my heart," quoth Sancho; "but what is become of the lions? Are they dead or alive?" Then the keeper very formally related the whole action, not failing to exaggerate, to the best of his skill, Don Quixote's courage; how at his sight alone the lion was so terrified, that he neither would nor durst quit his stronghold, though for that end his cage-door was kept open for a considerable time; and how upon his remonstrating to the knight, who would have had the lion forced out, that it was presuming too much upon Heaven, he had permitted, though with great reluctancy, that the lion should be shut up again. "Well, Sancho," said Don Quixote to his squire, "what dost thou think of this? Can enchantment prevail over true fortitude? No, these magicians may perhaps rob me of success, but of fortitude and courage it would be impossible."

Sancho gave the wagoner and the keeper the two pieces. The first harnessed his mules, and the last thanked Don Quixote for his bounty, and promised to acquaint the king himself with his heroic action when he came to court. "Well," said Don Quixote, "if his majesty should chance to inquire who did this thing, tell him it was the Knight of the Lions;¹ a name I intend henceforth to take up, in

¹ Don Quixote had indeed abundant authorities for this change of style: for example, Amadis, his great prototype, was at different periods known as *The Lovely Obscure*, *the Knight of the Lions*, *the Knight of the Burning Sword*, *the Knight of the Dwarf*, &c.

lieu of that which I hitherto assumed, of the Knight of the Doleful Countenance; in which proceeding I do but conform to the ancient custom of knights-errant, who changed their names as often as they pleased, or as it suited with their advantage."

The wagon made the best of its way, as Don Quixote, Sancho, and the gentleman in green did of theirs. Don Diego de Miranda for a great while was so taken up with making his observations on Don Quixote's actions and words that he had not time to speak a syllable; not knowing what opinion to have of a person, who seemed to him to be a wise man mad or a madman with a fund of wisdom. He was a stranger to the first part of his history; for, had he read it, he could not have wondered either at his words or actions: but not knowing the nature of his madness, he took him to be wise and distracted by fits; since in his discourse he still expressed himself justly and handsomely enough; but in his actions all was wild, extravagant, and unaccountable. "For," said the gentleman to himself, "can there be anything more foolish, than for this man to put on his helmet full of curds, and then believe that enchanters had softened his head; or anything more extravagant than forcibly to endeavour to fight with lions?"

In the midst of this soliloquy, Don Quixote interrupted him. "Without doubt, Don Diego de Miranda," said he, "you take me for a madman and a fool, and indeed my actions may seem to speak me no less. But for all that, give me leave to tell you, I am not so mad, nor is my understanding so defective, as I suppose you may fancy. What a noble figure does the gallant knight make, who in the midst of some spacious place transfixes a furious bull with his lance in the view of his prince! What a noble figure makes the knight, who before the ladies, at a harmless tournament, comes prancing through the lists¹ inclosed in shining steel; or those court champions, who in exercises of martial kind, or that at least are such in

¹ The original has it *pasar la Tela*. The ancient *Tela* of Madrid was an open space of ground beyond the gate of Segovia. It still bears its old name; but, even before the days of jousting were over, the *Prado* had usurped its rights as a place of fashionable resort.

appearance, entertain, enliven, and honour the courts of princes! But a much nobler figure is the knight-errant, who, fired with the thirst of a glorious fame, wanders through deserts, through solitary wildernesses, through woods, through cross-ways, over mountains, in quest of perilous adventures, resolved to bring them to a happy conclusion. Yes, I say, a nobler figure is a knight-errant succouring a widow in some depopulated place, than the court-knight making his addresses to the city damsel. Every knight has his particular employment. Let the courtier wait on the ladies; let him with splendid equipage adorn his prince's court, and with a magnificent table support poor gentlemen. Let him originate jousts and tournaments, and show his grandeur, and liberality, and munificence, and especially his piety; in all these things he fulfils the duties of his station. But as for the knight-errant, let him search into all the corners of the world, enter into the most intricate labyrinths, and every hour be ready to attempt impossibility itself: let him in desolate wilds defy the scorching heat of the sun's rays in midsummer, and the inclemency of winds and snow in the winter. Let lions never fright him, dragons daunt him, nor evil spirits deter him. To go in quest of these, to meet these, and to overcome them all, is his principal and proper office. Since, then, my stars have decreed me to be one of those adventurous knights, I think myself obliged to attempt everything that seems to come within the domain of my profession. This, sir, engaged me to encounter those lions just now, though I was sensible of the extreme rashness of the undertaking. For well I know, that valour is a virtue situate between the two vicious extremes of cowardice and temerity. But certainly it is not so ill for a valiant man to rise to a degree of rashness, as it is to fall short, and reach the point of cowardice. For as it is easier for a prodigal to become liberal than a miser; so it is easier for the hardy and rash person to be reduced to true bravery, than for the coward ever to rise to that virtue: and therefore, in thus attempting adventures, believe me, Signor Don Diego, it is better to overdo, rather than underdo the thing, because it sounds better in people's ears to hear it said,

‘that such a knight is rash and hardy, than such a knight is dastardly and timorous.’”

“I declare, Signor Don Quixote,” answered Don Diego, “all you have said and done is agreeable to the exactest rules of reason; and I believe, if the laws and ordinances of knight-errantry were lost, they might be all recovered from your breast as the safe repository and archive where they are lodged. But it grows late; let us make a little more haste to get to our village, and to my habitation, where you may rest yourself after the fatigues, which doubtless you have sustained, if not in body, at least in mind, whose pains often afflict the body too.”—“Signor Don Diego,” answered Don Quixote, “I esteem your offer as a singular favour;” and so, pricking on a little faster than they had done before, about two in the afternoon they reached the village, and the house of Don Diego, whom now Don Quixote called the Knight of the Green Coat.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Of what befell Don Quixote at the Castle or House of the Knight of the Green Coat, with other extravagant Passages.

DON QUIXOTE found that Don Diego de Miranda’s house was spacious, after the country manner; the arms of the family were over the gate in rough stone, the buttery in the fore-yard, the cellar under the porch, and all around several great jars of that sort commonly made at Toboso; the sight of which bringing to his remembrance his enchanted and transformed Dulcinea, he heaved a deep sigh, and neither minding what he said, nor who was by, broke out into the following exclamation:

“O! pledges, once my comfort and relief,
Though pleasing still, discovered now with grief.”¹

“O ye Tobosian urns, that awaken in my mind the thoughts of the sweet pledge of my most bitter sorrows!”

¹ [“O dulces prendas por mi mal halladas,
Dulces y alegres quando Dios queria!”]

the commencement of a sonnet by Garcilaso de la Vega.

Don Diego's son, the poetical student, heard these words as he came with his mother to welcome him home; and, as well as she, was not a little surprised to see the strange figure of Don Quixote, who alighted from Rozinante, and very courteously desired to kiss her ladyship's hands. "Madam," said Don Diego, "this gentleman is the noble Don Quixote de la Mancha, the wisest, and most valiant knight-errant in the world; pray let him find a welcome with your usual civility." Thereupon Donna Christina (for that was the lady's name) received him with great marks of love and respect; to which Don Quixote made a proper and handsome return; and then almost the same compliments passed between him and the young gentleman, who judged Don Quixote by his words to be a man of wit and sense.

Here the author inserts a description of every particular in Don Diego's house, giving us an inventory of all the goods and chattels peculiar to the house of a rich country gentleman: but the translator presumed that it would be better to omit these and such like insignificant matters, being foreign to the main subject of this history, which depends more on truth, than cold and insipid digressions.

Don Quixote was brought into a room, where Sancho took off his armour, and he appeared in a pair of close breeches, and a doublet of shamoy-leather, all besmeared with the rust of his armour. He wore a plain band, unstarched, about his neck, after the manner of a student; sad-coloured spatter-dashes, and wax-leather shoes. He hung his trusty sword by his side in a shoulder-belt of sea-wolf's skin; which makes many of opinion he had been long troubled with a pain in the kidneys. Over all he put on a long cloak of good grey cloth: but first of all he washed his head and face in five kettlefuls of water, if not in six: for as to the number there is some dispute. And yet the water still retained a tincture of whey, thanks to Sancho's gluttony, and the purchase of those dismal curds, that so contaminated his master's face.¹

¹ It may be worth while to compare this with the corresponding passage in Shelton, which I think much more faithful to the original. —"So, that now he had nothing on but his breeches, and a chamois doublet all smudged with the filth of his armour: about his neck wore

In this dress the knight, with a graceful and sprightly air, walked into another room, where Don Lorenzo, the student, waited his coming, to keep him company till the cloth was laid; for Donna Christina on the arrival of so noble a guest wished to show him that she understood how to make those welcome that came to her house. But before the knight was ready, Don Lorenzo (for so was Don Diego's son called) had leisure to discourse to his father about him.—“Pray, sir,” said he, “who is this gentleman you have brought with you? Considering his name, his aspect, and the title of knight-errant, which you give him, neither my mother nor I can tell what to think of him.”—“Truly, son,” answered Don Diego, “I do not know what to say to you; all that I can say is, that I have seen him play the maddest pranks in the world, and yet say a thousand sensible things that contradict his actions. But discourse with him yourself, and feel the pulse of his understanding; make use of your sense to judge of his discretion or folly; though, to tell you the truth, I believe his folly exceeds his discretion.”

Don Lorenzo then went to entertain Don Quixote, and after some discourse had passed between them, Don Quixote said to Don Lorenzo, “Don Diego de Miranda, your father, has given me to understand you are a person of excellent parts, and especially a great poet.”—“I may perhaps pretend to poetry,” answered Don Lorenzo, “but never to be a great poet: it is true, I am somewhat given to rhyming, and love to read good authors; but I am very far from deserving to be thought one of their number, as my father says.”—“I do not mislike your modesty,” replied Don Quixote; “for every poet is arrogant and thinks himself the greatest in the world.”—“There is no rule without an exception,” said

he a little scholastical band, (a lo Estudiantil,) unstarched and without lace; his buskins were date-coloured, and his shoes close on each side.” Motteux has, “On his feet a pair of wax-leather shoes;” but I imagine Shelton judged right in preferring the reading of *encerradas* to that of *enceradas*. In the sequel of the description, he preserves a true and picturesque circumstance, which Motteux loses, in “those dismal black curds that made his face so *white*.” The belt of wolves' skin has its name of *Tahali* from the Moors. It hangs over the shoulder, and was adopted by those who had the infirmity alluded to in the text, as being more easy than the belt round the waist, then in common use.

Don Lorenzo ; “and there may be one who does not think that he is one.”—“That is very unlikely,” replied Don Quixote. “But pray, sir, tell me what verses are those that you have in hand, and that your father says you are so puzzled about? If it should be some gloss, I understand something of the turn of glosses, and should be glad to see it. If it be for a literary contest, I would advise you only to put in for the second ; for the first always goes by favour, or by the great quality of the author ; but the next goes by pure merit : so that the third becomes the second, and the first by this reckoning will be the third, according to the methods used in our universities of giving degrees. And yet, after all, it is no small matter to be called the first.”

Hitherto, thought Don Lorenzo to himself, I cannot think thee mad ; let us go on.—“Sir,” said he, “you seem to me to have frequented the schools ; pray what science has been your study?”—“That of knight-errantry,” answered Don Quixote, “which is as good as that of poetry, and somewhat better too.”—“I do not know what sort of a science that is,” said Don Lorenzo, “nor indeed did I ever hear of it before.”—“It is a science,” answered Don Quixote, “that includes in itself all or nearly all the other sciences in the world : whoever professes it, ought to be learned in the laws, and understand distributive and commutative justice, in order to right all mankind. He ought to be a divine, to give a reason for his Christian faith when required. He ought to be skilled in physic, especially in the botanic part of it, that he may know the nature of simples, and have recourse to those herbs that can cure wounds ; for a knight-errant must not require some one to cure them, at every step, in the woods and deserts. He must be an astronomer, to find out by the stars the hour of the night, and the longitude and latitude of the climate in which he finds himself : and he ought to be well instructed in all the other parts of the mathematics, that science being of constant use to him ; and leaving aside that all the divine and moral virtues must centre in his mind—to descend to less material qualifications ; he must be able to swim like a fish,¹ know

¹ The proposition of Don Quixote is still more extravagant than this ; for the original says *como dicen que nadaba el peze Nicolas ó Nico-*

how to shoe a horse, mend a saddle or bridle: and returning to higher matters, he ought to be inviolably devoted to heaven and his mistress, chaste in his thoughts, modest in words, and liberal in works; valiant in deeds; patient in afflictions, charitable to the poor; and finally, a maintainer of truth, though it cost him his life to defend it. These are the endowments to constitute a good knight-errant; and now, sir, Don Lorenzo, be you a judge, whether it is a worthless science that the knight learns who professes it, and whether it may not stand in competition with the most celebrated and best of those that are taught in colleges?"—"If it be so," answered Don Lorenzo, "I say it deserves the pre-eminence over all others."—"What do you mean, sir, by that, If it be so?" cried Don Quixote.—"I mean, sir," cried Don Lorenzo, "that I doubt whether there are now, or ever were, any knights-errant, with so many rare accomplishments."—"This makes good what I have often said," answered Don Quixote; "most people will not be persuaded there ever were any knights-errant in the world. Now, sir, because I verily believe, that unless Heaven will work some miracle to convince them that there have been, and still are knights-errant, whatever pains I take must be in vain, as experience has shown me; I will not now lose time in endeavouring to let you see how much you and they are mistaken; all I design to do, is only to beseech Heaven to convince you of your being in an error, that you may see how useful knights-errant were in former ages, and the advantages that would result in ours from the assistance of men of that profession. But now effeminacy,

lao. This is the person usually known by the name of Pescecola, whose exploits in swimming are celebrated in every biographical dictionary, although even Don Quixote seems to hesitate about vouching for their authenticity. The story is that the man was a native of Sicily (in the fifteenth century), and had the power of living as well in the sea as on shore; that he would make nothing of swimming from Messina to Naples, &c. &c., and was at last drowned in the pool of Charybdis, into which he was tempted to dive twice in the same day by the king. The first descent was more than sufficient to satisfy the curiosity of Nicholas concerning the horrors and wonders of the classical whirlpool; but he could not withstand the chance of fishing up a golden cup tossed in by King Frederick—plunged after the glittering bait, and never rose again.

sloth, luxury and pleasures triumph, for the punishment of our sins.”—Now, said Lorenzo to himself, our gentleman has already betrayed his blind side ; but yet he is a brave madman, and I were a fool should I think otherwise.

Here they were called to dinner, which ended the discourse. Don Diego asked his son what he thought of the stranger. “I think, sir,” said Don Lorenzo, “that it is not in the power of all the physicians and scribes in the world to cure his distemper. He is a diversified madman with many lucid intervals.” In short, they dined, and their entertainment proved such as Don Diego had told the knight he used to give his guests, neat, plentiful, and savoury. But that which Don Quixote most admired was the extraordinary silence he observed through the whole house, as if it had been a monastery of Carthusians.

The cloth being removed, grace said, and hands washed, Don Quixote earnestly desired Don Lorenzo to repeat the verses he had written for the literary prize.—“Well, sir,” answered he, “because I will not be like those poets that are unwilling to show their verses when intreated to do it, but will spout them out when nobody desires it, I will give you my gloss, which I did not write with a design to get a prize, but only to exercise my muse.”—“I remember,” said Don Quixote, “a friend of mine, a man of sense, once told me, he would not advise any one to break his brains over glossing verses ; and he gave me this reason for it, That the gloss could never come up to the theme ; so far from it, that often, or most commonly it left it altogether. Besides he said, that the rules of the gloss are too strict, and allowed no interrogations, no such interjections as *said he*, or *shall I say* ; no changing of nouns into verbs : nor any altering of the sense : besides several other confinements that cramp up those who gloss, as you yourself, sir, without doubt must know.”—“Really, Signor Don Quixote,” said Don Lorenzo, “I would fain catch you in one false Latin quantity, but cannot because you slip from me like an eel.”—“I do not know, sir,” replied Don Quixote, “what you mean by your slipping.”—“I will explain,” answered Don Lorenzo, “in the meanwhile be pleased to hear the Theme and the gloss, which run thus :

“‘ Could I recall departed joy,
 Though barr’d the hopes of greater gain,
 Or now the future hours employ,
 That must succeed my present pain ! ’ ”

THE GLOSS.

“‘ All fortune’s blessings disappear,
 She’s fickle as the wind ;
 And now I find her as severe
 As once I thought her kind.
 How soon the fleeting pleasure’s past !
 How long the lingering sorrows last !
 Unconstant goddess, through thy hate,
 Do not thy prostrate slave destroy,
 I’d ne’er complain, but bless my fate,
Could I recall departed joy.

“‘ Of all thy gifts I beg but this,
 Glut all mankind with more ;
 Transport them with redoubled bliss,
 And only mine restore.
 With thought of pleasure once possess’d,
 I’m now as curst as I was bless’d.
 Oh would the charming hour return,
 How pleased I’d live, how free from pain !
 I ne’er would pine, I ne’er would mourn,
Though barr’d the hopes of greater gain.

“‘ But oh ! the blessing I implore,
 Not fate itself can give !
 Since time elapsed exists no more,
 No power can bid it live.
 Our days soon vanish into nought,
 And have no being but in thought.
 Whate’er began must end at last ;
 In vain we twice would youth enjoy ;
 In vain would we recall the past,
Or now the future hours employ.

“‘ Deceived by hope, and rack’d by fear,
 No longer life can please ;
 I’ll then no more its torments bear,
 Since death so soon can ease.
 This hour I’ll die — But let me pause —
 A rising doubt my courage awes.
 Assist, ye powers, that rule my fate,
 Alarm my thoughts, my rage restrain,
 Convince my soul there’s yet a state
That must succeed my present pain.’ ”

As soon as Don Lorenzo had read over his paraphrase, Don Quixote rose from his seat, and taking him by the hand, "By the highest mansions in the skies," cried the knight aloud, "noble youth, you are the best poet in the world, and deserve to be crowned with laurel, not by Cyprus or Gaeta, as a certain poet said, whom Heaven forgive, but by the University of Athens, were it still in being, and by those now existing in Paris, Bologna, and Salamanca. May those judges, that deny you the honour of the first prize, be shot with arrows by Apollo, and may the shadows of the Muses never cross their threshold! Pray, sir, if I may beg that favour, let me hear you read one of your higher kind of verses, for I desire to have a full taste of your admirable genius." Is it not good, as they say, that Don Lorenzo should be pleased to hear himself praised by Don Quixote, whom he believed to be mad? Oh power of adulation, how far and how wide dost thou extend the limits of thy pleasant domain! Don Lorenzo verified this truth, by his ready compliance with Don Quixote's request, and recited to him the following sonnet, on the story of Pyramus and Thisbe.

SONNET.

"See how, to bless the loving boy,
The nymph, for whom he burns with equal fires,
Pierces the wall that parts them from their joy,
While hovering love prompts, gazes, and admires.
The trembling maid in whispers and in sighs
Dares hardly breathe the passion she betrays:
But silence speaks, and love through ravish'd eyes,
Their thoughts, their flames, their very souls conveys.
Wild with desires, they sally out at last,
But quickly find their ruin in their haste:
And rashly lose all pleasure in despair.
O strange mischance! But do not fortune blame:
Love join'd them first, then death, the grave, and fame;
What loving wretch a nobler fate would share!"

"Now Heaven be praised," said Don Quixote, when Don Lorenzo had made an end, "that among the infinite number of consumed poets, I have at last found a connummate poet like you, dear sir, as the art of this sonnet tells me."

Don Quixote stayed four days at Don Diego's house, and met with a generous entertainment. However, he then desired his leave to go, and returned him thanks for his kind reception; letting him know, that the duty of his profession did not admit of his spending so many hours in idleness and pleasure: and therefore he designed to go in quest of adventures, which he knew were plentifully to be found in that country; and that he would employ his time in that till the day of the tournaments at Saragossa, to which place it was now his chief intent to go. He would first go to Montesinos' cave, about which so many wonderful stories were told in those parts; and there he would explore and discover the source and original springs of the seven lakes, commonly called the lakes of Ruydera.¹ Don Diego and his son commended his noble resolution, and desired him to command whatever their house and estate afforded, assuring him he was sincerely welcome to do it; his honourable profession, and his particular merit, obliging them to do him all manner of service.

In short, the day of his departure came, a day of joy and gladness to Don Quixote, but of grief and sadness to Sancho Panza, who liked the good cheer and plenty of Don Diego's house, and was loth to return to his short hungry commons in forests and deserts, or the sorry pittance of his ill-stored wallets, which he however crammed and stuffed with what he thought most necessary. And now Don Quixote taking his leave of Don Lorenzo, "Sir," said he, "I don't know whether I have already said it to you, but if I have, give me leave to repeat it once more, that if you wish to save distance and trouble in reaching the inaccessible summit of the temple of Fame, your surest way is to leave on one hand the narrow path of poetry and follow the narrower track of knight-errantry, which in a trice may raise you to an imperial throne." With these words, Don Quixote seemed to have settled the question of his madness, more especially when he said in addition, "Heaven knows how willingly I would take Don Lorenzo with me, to instruct him in those virtues that are annexed to the employment I profess, to spare

¹ See note in chapter xxii. below.

the humble, and crush and trample on the proud. But since his tender years do not qualify him, nor his laudable exercises allow, I must rest contented with letting you know, that one way to acquire fame in poetry, is, to be governed by other men's judgment more than your own: for it is natural to fathers and mothers not to think their own children ugly; and this error is still more common in the offspring of the mind."

Father and son were again surprised to hear this medley of good sense and extravagance, and to find the poor gentleman so strongly bent on the quest of these unlucky adventures, the only aim and object of his desires.

After repeated compliments, and offers of service, Don Quixote having taken leave of the lady of the Castle, he on Rozinante, and Sancho on Dapple, went on their way.

CHAPTER XIX.

In which is told the Adventure of the Amorous Shepherd, and other truly comical Passages.

DON QUIXOTE had not travelled far, from Don Diego's village, when he came upon two men that looked like students or ecclesiastics, with two farmers, all mounted on asses. One of the scholars had behind him what seemed to be a little white grain, and two pair of grogram stockings, trussed up in a cover of green buckram like a portmanteau; the other had no other luggage but a couple of new foils and their buttons. And the husbandmen had a parcel of other things, which showed, that having made their market at some adjacent town, they were now returning home with their ware. They all wondered (as indeed all others did that ever beheld him) what kind of a fellow Don Quixote was, seeing him make a figure so different from anything they had ever seen. Don Quixote saluted them, and perceiving their road lay the same way, offered them his company, entreating them, however, to move at an easier pace, because their asses went faster than his horse; and to engage them

the more, he gave them a hint of his circumstances and profession ; that he was a knight-errant travelling round the world in quest of adventures ; that his proper name was Don Quixote de la Mancha, but his titular denomination, the Knight of the Lions.

All this was Greek, or pedlar's French,¹ to the countrymen ; but the students presently found out his blind side. However, with a respectful distance, "Sir Knight," said one of them, "if you are not fixed to any set road, as persons of your function seldom are, let us beg the honour of your company ; and you shall be entertained with one of the finest and most sumptuous weddings that ever was seen, either in La Mancha, or many leagues round it."—"The nuptials of some young prince, I presume?" said Don Quixote.—"No, sir," answered the other, "but of a farmer, and a farmer's daughter ; he the richest in all this country, and she the handsomest ever seen. The entertainment at the wedding will be new and extraordinary ; it is to be kept in a meadow near the village where the bride lives. They call her Quiteria the Handsome, by reason of her beauty ; and the bridegroom Camacho the Rich, on account of his wealth. As she draws toward eighteen, and he is about two-and-twenty, they are well matched, though some nice folks, that have all the pedigrees in the world in their heads, will tell ye, that the bride comes of a better family than he ; but that is not minded nowadays, for money, you know, will mend many cracks. And, indeed, this same Camacho is free-handed, and has taken a fancy to get the meadow shaded with boughs, that are to cover it like an arbour, so that the sun will have much ado to peep through, and visit the green grass underneath. There are also provided for the diversion of the company, several sorts of antics and morrice dancers, some with swords, and some with bells ;² for there are some in his village who can manage them

¹ *Griego o Gerigonza*.—The second of these words is said by Pellicer to be of oriental derivation, and used to denote the jargon of the gipsies in Spain. Bowles, on the other hand, seems to think *Griego* and *Gerigonza* are but different words for the same thing.

² The *danza de espada* is described at length in Guzman d'Alfarache, and seems to have come near to the old military dance of Greece—still retained among the Ionian islanders.

cleverly. I say nothing of those that clap with the soles of their shoes when they dance,¹ leaving that to the judgment of their guests. But nothing that I have told or might tell you of this wedding, is like to make it so remarkable as the things which I imagine the rejected Basil will do. This Basil is a young fellow that lives next door to Quiteria's father. Hence love took occasion to give birth to an amour, like that of old, between Pyramus and Thisbe; for Basil's love for Quiteria grew up with him from a child, and she encouraged his passion with a thousand virtuous favours; insomuch, that the mutual affection of the two little ones was the common talk of the village. But Quiteria coming to years of maturity, her father began to deny Basil the usual access to his house, and to cut off his further pretence, declared his resolution of marrying her to the rich Camacho, since it seemed unfitting to marry her to Basil, who had fewer gifts of fortune than of nature; for to speak the truth, he is the cleverest fellow we have; he will pitch ye a bar, wrestle, or play at tennis with the best in the country; he runs like a stag, leaps like a buck, plays at nine-pins as if by magic; sings like a lark; touches a guitar so rarely, he even makes it speak; and to complete his perfections, he handles a sword like a fencer.

"For that very single qualification," said Don Quixote, "he deserves not only Quiteria the Handsome, but Queen Guinever herself, were she now living, in spite of Sir

"You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalar x gone?
Of two such lessons why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?"

Don Juan.

The whole of the description of this rustic wedding is highly interesting as illustrative of Spanish manners. It is possible that the reader may not be displeased by seeing a translation of part of one of the ancient ballads, describing a much more ancient Spanish wedding—that of no less a person than the Cid himself. It might be curious to compare both with the description of the *infure* of one of the Lords Somerville in the Memoir of that noble family, published at Edinburgh six or seven years since. See Additional Note II.

¹ [*Zapatadores*. The Zapateado is a popular dance in which the soles of the shoes are made to sound on the floor.]

Lancelot and all that would oppose it.”—“ Well,” quoth Sancho, who had been silent, and listening all the while, “ my wife used to tell me, she would have every one marry with their match. Every sheep to its mate, as the saying is: as for my part, all that I would have is, that honest Basil e’en marry her! for methinks I have a liking to him; and so everlasting life and good rest (he meant the opposite) be theirs that will spoil a good match between those that love one another!”—“ Nay,” said Don Quixote, “ if marriage should be always the consequence of mutual love, what would become of the prerogative of parents, and their authority over their children? If young girls might always choose their own husbands, we should have one choosing her father’s groom, and another the first one she saw in the street who seemed to have a promising outside and assurance, though he were a good-for-nothing scoundrel. For the understanding, which alone should distinguish and choose in these cases as in all others, is apt to be blinded or biassed by love and affection; and matrimony is so nice and critical a point, that it requires not only our own cautious management, but the special favour of Heaven to choose right. Whoever undertakes a long journey, if he be wise, makes it his business to find out an agreeable companion. How cautious then should he be, who is to take a journey for life, whose fellow-traveller must not part with him but at the grave; his companion at bed and board, and everywhere; as the wife must be to the husband! She is no such sort of ware, that a man can be rid of when he pleases; no exchange, no sale, no alienation can be made; she is an inseparable accident to man, which shall last as long as life: marriage is a noose, which, fastened about the neck, becomes a Gordian knot which nothing but the scythe of death can cut. I could dwell longer on this subject, but that I long to know from this learned doctor, whether he can tell us anything more of Basil.”

“ All I can tell you,” said the student, bachelor, or doctor as Don Quixote called him, “ is, that he is in the case of all desperate lovers; since the moment he heard of this intended marriage, he has never been seen to smile or talk rationally; he is in a deep melancholy, he talks to him-

self, and gives sure and distinct signs of being out of his senses; he hardly eats or sleeps, his only sustenance a little fruit, and his only bed the hard ground; sometimes he lifts up his eyes to heaven, then fixes them on the ground, and in either posture stands like a living statue. In short, he gives such proofs of his passion that we who are his acquaintance verily believe, that when the beautiful Quiteria says yes to-morrow it will be the sentence of his death."

"Heaven forbid!" cried Sancho. "God that gives the wound may give the remedy. This is one day, but to-morrow is another, and a house may fall down in a minute. After a storm comes a calm. Many a man that went to bed well, has found himself dead in the morning. Who can put a spoke in fortune's wheel? nobody here, I am sure. Between a woman's yea and nay, I would not engage to put a pin's-point. If Quiteria love Basil, I will give him a bagful of good-fortune; for this same love, they say, looks through spectacles, that makes copper like gold, poverty like riches, and eyesores like pearls."—"Whither, in the name of ill-luck, art thou running now, Sancho?" said Don Quixote. "When thou fallest to threading thy proverbs and old wives' sayings, no one but Judas himself (who I wish had thee) can stop thee. What dost thou know, poor animal, of spokes, or wheels, or anything else?"—"Why truly, sir," quoth Sancho, "if you do not understand me, no wonder if my sentences be thought nonsense. But let that pass, I understand myself; and I am sure I have not talked so much like a ninny. But you, forsooth, are so sharp a cricket."—"A critic, blockhead," said Don Quixote, "thou confounded corrupter of human speech!"—"By yea and by nay," quoth Sancho, "be not so sharp with me, sir. I was never brought up at court or university to know when I add or take away a letter. Some are born in one town, some in another; one at Sayago, another at Toledo;¹ and even there all are not so nicely spoken."

¹ The original is, "No hay para que obligar al Sayagües, á que hable como el Toledano." Pellicer says, that Sayago is the name of a certain small district in the territory of Zamora, the inhabitants of which are singularly rough both in apparel and in dialect. He adds, that ballads, &c., have been composed in the Sayaguese dialect by one Don Pedro Ortiz Sahagun.

"You are in the right, friend," said the student: "those natives of that city, who live among the tanners, or about the market of Zocodover, and are confined to mean conversation, cannot speak so well as those that spend almost the whole day in the precincts of the cathedral, and yet they are all of Toledo. But propriety, purity, and elegance of style may be found among men of breeding and judgment, let them be born where they will; for judgment is the grammar of good language, though practice and example will go a great way. As for my part, I have had the happiness of good education; it has been my fortune to study the canon law at Salamanca, and I have made a point all along of expressing myself properly, neither like a rustic nor a pedant."—"Ay, ay, sir," said the other student, "your parts might have qualified you for a master of arts degree, had you not misemployed them in minding so much those practising foils you carry about with you, and that make you lag behind your juniors."—"Look you, good Sir Bachelor," said the other, "your opinion of the foils is most erroneous if you hold them as vanities."—"It is no opinion," said Corchuelo, "but fixed truth: I will fight you, sir, at your weapons. I have an arm, I have strength, and I have courage. Give me one of your foils, and in spite of all your distances, circles, angles, and art, I will show you there is nothing in it, and will hope to make you see stars at noonday. That man breathes not vital air, that I will turn my back on, and that can stand his ground against me."—"As for turning my back," said the artist, "I won't be obliged to it. But have a care, sir, how you press upon a man of skill, for ten to one, at the very first advance, your grave will open on the spot."—"I will try that presently," said Corchuelo; and springing briskly from his ass, snatched one of the foils which the Doctor carried. "Hold, hold, sir," said Don Quixote, "I will stand judge of the field, and see fair play on both sides;" and interposing with his lance, he alighted, and gave the Doctor time to put himself in his posture, and take his distance. The other two rustics, without alighting from their colts, served as spectators of the mortal tragedy.

Then Corchuelo flew at him like a fury, helter skelter, cut and thrust, backstroke and forestroke, single and

double, and laid on like any lion. But the student stopped him in the middle of his career with a dab in the teeth, and made him kiss the button of his foil, as if it had been a relic, though not altogether with so much devotion. In short, he told all the buttons of his short cassock with pure clean thrusts, and made the skirts of it hang about him in rags like fish-tails. Twice he struck off his hat, and, in fine, so mauled and tired him, that through perfect vexation Corchuelo took the foil by the hilt, and hurled it from him with such violence, that one of the countrymen that were by, happening to be a notary-public, has it upon record to this day, that the threw it almost three quarters of a league; which testimony has served, and yet serves to let posterity know that strength is overcome by art.

Corchuelo, puffing and blowing, sat down to rest himself, and Sancho, coming up to him, "Mr Bachelor," quoth he, "henceforward take a fool's advice, and never challenge a man to fence, but to wrestle or pitch the bar; you seem cut out for those sports: but I have heard say some of your masters of the science can pierce the eye of a needle with the point of a sword." Corchuelo acknowledged himself convinced of an error by experience, and embracing the Doctor, they became the better friends for this tilting. So, without staying for the notary that went for the foil, and could not be back in a great while, they put on to Quiteria's village, where they all lived.

By the rest of the way, the Doctor held forth upon the excellency of the noble science of defence, with so many plain and convincing reasons, drawn from expressive figures and mathematical demonstrations, that all were satisfied of the excellency of the art, and Corchuelo was reclaimed from his incredulity. It was now dark; but before they got to the village, there appeared in front of it an entire blazing constellation: their ears were entertained with the pleasing but confused sounds of several sorts of music, drums, fiddles, pipes, tabors and bells; and as they approached nearer still, they found a large harbour at the entrance of the village stuck full of lights, which burnt undisturbed by the slight breath of wind. The musicians, who are the life and soul of diversion at a wedding, went up and down in bands about the pleasant spot. Some

danced, some sang, some played, and mirth and jollity revelled through all the meadow. Others were employed in raising scaffolds for the better view of the shows and entertainments prepared to solemnise the rich Camacho's wedding, and Basil's funeral. All the persuasions and endeavours of the students and countrymen could not move Don Quixote to enter the village: urging for his reason the custom of knights-errant, who chose to lodge in fields and forests under the canopy of heaven, rather than under gilded roofs; and therefore he left them, and went a little out of the road, full sore against Sancho's will, who had not yet forgotten the good lodging and entertainment he had had at Don Diego's castle or house.

CHAPTER XX.

Wherein is an Account of the Wedding of Camacho the Rich, and what befell Basil the poor.

SCARCE had the fair Aurora given place to the refulgent Phoebus, and given him time, with the heat of his prevailing rays, to dry the liquid pearls on his golden locks, when Don Quixote, shaking off sluggish sleep from his drowsy limbs, arose and called his squire: but finding him still snoring, "O thou most happy mortal upon earth," said he, "how sweet is thy repose! envied by none, and envying no man, thou sleepest with soul composed and calm! no power of magic persecutes thee, nor art thou affrighted by enchantments. Sleep on, sleep on, a hundred times, sleep on. Those jealous cares that break a lover's heart, do not extend to thee; neither the dread of craving creditors, nor the care of finding bread for thyself and thy helpless family, keep thee waking. Ambition does not make thee uneasy, the pomp and vanity of this world do not perplex thy mind; for all thy care's extent reaches but to thy ass. Thy person and thy welfare thou hast committed to my charge, a burthen and counterpoise imposed on masters by nature and custom. The servant sleeps soundly; while the anxious master has not leisure to close his eyes, but must think to make provision for the subsistence of his servant;

not only in time of abundance, but even when the heavens deny those kindly showers that must supply this want."

To all this fine expostulation Sancho answered not a word; but slept on, and was not to be waked by his master's calling, till he made him come to himself with the butt-end of his lance. At length, after he had gaped and yawned and turned his eyes about, he said, "I am much mistaken if from this arbour there comes not a pure steam of a good broiled rasher, that comforts my nostrils more than all the herbs and rushes hereabouts. And by my holy dame, a wedding that begins so savourily must be a generous and dainty one."—"Away, cormorant," said Don Quixote; "rouse and let us go see it, and learn how it fares with the disdained Basil."—"Fare!" quoth Sancho, "why, if he be poor, he must e'en be so still, and not think to marry Quiteria. It is a pretty fancy, i'faith! for a fellow who has not a cross, to want to marry up in the sky. Methinks the poor should be content, and not look for mushrooms in the sea. I will lay my arm that Camacho could cover this same Basil from head to foot with reals, and if that be so, do you think that Madam Quiteria will quit her fine rich gowns and petticoats, her necklaces of pearl, her jewels, her finery and bravery, and all that Camacho has given her, and may afford to give her, to marry a fellow with whom she must knit or spin for her living? What signifies his bar-pitching and foil-play? Will that pay for a pint of wine at a tavern? If all those rare parts won't go to market, and make the pot boil,¹ the deuce take them for me: though where they

¹ Sancho, in the original, adds, "though they were equal to those of Count Dirlos." The old ballad of this Paladin's adventures may be found in Mr. Rodd's Collection. It is extremely flat and tedious, otherwise I should have attempted to translate it. The story is, that the Count of Yrlos is sent by Charlemagne into the East; where he conquers the territory of a great Moorish prince Aliarde. On his return he finds his wife betrothed to Celinos, another of the peers of Charlemagne, and his castle already in this young gentleman's possession. His lady, who had supposed him dead, is, on the whole, happy to see him; but he has a little more difficulty in recovering his lands and castles. At last, however, every obstacle is removed: and the ballad concludes with a grand banquet given by Charlemagne. Throughout, Dirlos, of course, figures as the very *beau-ideal* of valour, generosity, &c., whence Sancho's allusion to him.

light on a man that has wherewithal, may I never stir if they do not set him off rarely. With good materials on a good foundation, a man may build a good house, and money is the best foundation in the world.”—“For Heaven’s sake, dear Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “bring thy harangue to a conclusion. For my part, I believe, wert thou let alone when thy clack is once set a-going, thou wouldest scarce allow thyself time to eat or sleep, but wouldest prate on to the end of the chapter.”—“Troth, master,” replied Sancho, “your memory must be very short, not to remember the articles of our agreement before I came this last journey with you. I was to speak what I would, provided I said nothing against my neighbour, or your worship’s authority; and I don’t see that I have broken my indentures yet.”—“I remember no such article,” said Don Quixote, “and though it were so, it is my pleasure that you now be silent and attend me: for the instruments we heard last night begin to cheer the valleys, and doubtless the marriage will be solemnised this morning, ere the heat of the day.”

Thereupon Sancho said no more, but saddled Rozinante, and clapped his pack-saddle on Dapple’s back; then both mounting, away they rode fair and softly into the harbour. The first thing that met Sancho’s sight there was a whole steer spitted on an entire elm, before a mighty fire made of a pile of wood that seemed a small mountain. Round this bonfire were placed six capacious pots, cast in no common mould, or rather six ample coppers, every one containing a whole shamble of meat, and entire sheep were sunk and lost in them, and soaked as if they were pigeons. The branches of the trees round were all garnished with an infinite number of skinned hares and plucked fowls of several sorts: and then for drink, Sancho told above three-score skins of wine, each of which contained above two arrobas,¹ and, as it afterwards proved, sprightly liquor. A goodly pile of white loaves made a large rampart on the one side, and a stately wall of cheeses set up like bricks made a comely bulwark on the other. Two pans of oil, each bigger than a dyer’s vat, served to fry their pancakes,

¹ [In Spain they reckon the quantity of wine by the weight, an arroba being twenty-eight pounds, two of which make seven gallons.]

which they lifted out with two strong peels when they were fried enough, and then they dopped them into as large a kettle of honey prepared for that purpose. To dress all this provision there were above fifty cooks, men and women, all cleanly, diligent and cheerful. In the ample belly of the steer they had stowed twelve tender little sucking-pigs to give it the more savoury taste. Spices of all sorts, that appeared to be bought by wholesale, were visible in a great chest. In short, the whole provision was indeed country-like, but plentiful enough to feast an army.

Sancho Panza beheld all this with wonder and delight. The first temptation that captivated his senses was the goodly pots; his bowels yearned, and his mouth watered at the dainty contents; by-and-by he falls desperately in love with the skins of wine; and lastly, his affections were fixed on the frying-pans, if such honourable kettles may accept of the name. So, being able to hold out no longer, he accosted one of the busy cooks with all the smooth and hungry reasons he was master of; he begged his leave to sop a portion of bread in one of the pans. "Friend," quoth the cook, "no hunger must be felt near us to-day, thanks to the rich Camacho. 'Light, 'light, man, and if thou canst find ever a ladle there, skim out a pullet or two, and much good may it do you."—"I see no ladle, sir," quoth Sancho.—"Sinner o' me!" cried the cook, "what a silly helpless fellow thou art!" With that he took a kettle, and sousing into one of the pots, he fished out three hens and a couple of geese at one heave. "Here, friend," said he to Sancho, "take this, and make shift to stay your stomach with that scum till dinner be ready."—"But where shall I put it?" cried Sancho.—"Here," answered the cook, "take ladle and all, and thank Camacho's wealth and bounty for it all."

While Sancho was thus employed, Don Quixote saw twelve young farmers' sons, all dressed very gay, enter one part of the bower upon stately mares, as richly and gaudily equipped as the country could afford, with little bells fastened to their furniture. These in a close body made several careers up and down the meadow, merrily shouting and crying out, "Long live Camacho and Quiteria!

be as rich as she is fair, and she the fairest in the world!" Don Quixote, hearing them, said to himself, "It is plain that you have never seen my Dulcinea del Toboso or you would not be so lavish of your praises of Quiteria."—In a little while, at several other parts of the spacious harbour, entered a great number of dancers, and amongst the rest twenty four young active country-lads in their fine holland shirts, with handkerchiefs wrought with several colours of fine silk, about their heads, each of them with sword in hand. They danced a military dance, and one of those on the mares asked their leader, a lissom youth, if any were hurt. "No, thank Heaven; we are all sound so far;" and presently they skirmished with one another, mixing and intermixing with wonderful sleight and activity, so that Don Quixote, though he was no stranger to such sort of dances, thought it the best he had ever seen. There was another he also liked very well, performed all by most beautiful young maids, between fourteen and eighteen years of age, clad in green, with their hair partly filleted up with ribbons and partly hanging loose about their shoulders, as bright and lovely as the sun's golden beams. Above all, they wore garlands of roses, jasmine, amaranth, and honeysuckles. They were led by a reverend old man and a matronly woman, both much more light and active than their years seemed to promise. They danced to the music of Zamora bagpipes; and such was the modesty of their looks, and the agility of their feet, that they appeared the prettiest dancers in the world.

After these, came in an artificial dance or masque consisting of eight nymphs, cast into two divisions, of which Love led one, and Wealth the other; one with his wings, his bow, his arrows, and his quiver; the other arrayed in several gaudy colours of gold and silk. The nymphs of Love's party had their names inscribed in large characters behind their backs. The first was Poesy, Prudence was the next, the third Nobility, and Valour was the fourth. Those that attended Wealth were Liberality, Reward, Treasure, and Peaceable Possession. Before them came a pageant representing a castle, drawn by four savages clad in green, covered over with ivy, so to the life that they had

almost frightened Sancho. On the frontispiece, and on every quarter of the towers, was inscribed, "The Castle of Good Discretion." Four expert musicians played to them on pipe and tabor. Cupid began the dance, and, after two movements, he cast up his eyes, and bent his bow against a virgin that stood upon the battlements of the castle, addressing himself in this manner :

"My name is Love, supreme my sway,
The greatest good and greatest pain.
Air, earth, and seas my power obey,
And gods themselves must drag my chain.

"In every heart my throne I keep,
Fear ne'er could daunt my daring soul :
I fire the bosom of the deep,
And the profoundest hell control."

Having spoken these verses, Cupid shot an arrow over the castle, and retired to his station. Then Wealth advanced, and performed two movements; after which the tabors stopped, and he expressed himself thus :

"Love's my incentive and my end,
But I'm a greater power than Love ;
Though earthly born, I earth transcend,
For Wealth's a blessing from above.

"Bright maid, with me receive and bless
The surest pledge of all success ;
Desired by all, used right by few,
But best bestow'd, when graced by you."

Wealth withdrew, and Poesy came forward, and after she had performed her movements like the rest, fixing her eyes upon the lady of the castle, repeated these lines :

"Sweet Poesy in moving lays
Love into hearts, sense into souls conveys ;
With sacred rage can tune to bliss or woe,
Sways all the man, and gives him heaven below.

"Bright nymph, with every grace adorn'd,
Shall noble verse by thee be scorn'd ?
'Tis wit can best thy beauty prize ;
Then raise the muse, and thou by her shalt rise."

Poesy retired, and Liberality advanced from Wealth's side, and after the dance spoke thus :

“Behold that noble golden mean
Betwixt the sparing and profuse !
Good sense and merit must be seen
Where Liberality's in use.

“But I for thee will lavish seem ;
For thee profuseness I'll approve :
For, where the merit is extreme,
Who'd not be prodigal of love ?”

In this manner all the persons of each party advanced and spoke their verses, of which some were pretty and some foolish enough. Among the rest, Don Quixote, though he had a good memory, remembered only these here set down. Then the two divisions joined into a very pretty country dance ; and still as Cupid passed by the castle, he shot a flight of arrows, and Wealth broke against it his gilded money-boxes. At last, after more dancing, Wealth drew out a great purse of Roman cat-skin, that seemed full of money, and threw it against the castle, the boards of which were presently disjointed, and fell down, leaving the virgin discovered without any defence. Thereupon Wealth immediately entered with his party, and throwing a golden chain about her neck, made a show of leading her prisoner : but then Love with his attendants came to her rescue ; both parties engaging, tripping and dancing to the sound of tabors. They were parted by the savages, who, joining the boards together, inclosed the virgin as before ; and so the show ended, to the great content of the spectators.

When all was over, Don Quixote asked one of the nymphs, who it was that composed the entertainment. She answered, that it was a certain clergyman who lived in the village, that had a rare talent that way. “I dare lay a wager,” said Don Quixote, “he was more a friend to Camacho than to Basil, and knows better what belongs to a satire than a prayer-book. He has expressed Basil's parts and Camacho's estate very naturally in the design of your dance.”—“God bless the king and Camacho, say

I,"¹ quoth Sancho, who heard this.—“Well, Sancho,” says Don Quixote, “it seems thou art like the rabble, which always cry, Long live the conquerer.”—“I know not what I am like,” replied Sancho: “but this I know, that I shall never ladle such dainty scum out of Basil’s pots as out of Camacho’s,” showing his master the meat, and falling on lustily; “therefore a fig for his abilities, say I. You are worth what you have, and have what you are worth. My old grannam was wont to say, there were but two families in the world—Have and Have-not; she had ever a great kindness for the first. At this time of day people rather feel the pulse of Have than Know: and an ass covered with gold looks better than a horse with a pack-saddle: so once more I say, Camacho for me, whose pots have a liberal scum of geese, pullets, hares and rabbits, while Basil’s, if at hand, and not underfoot, would be slops.”

“Hast thou not done yet?” said Don Quixote.—“I must have done,” answered Sancho, “because I find you begin to be in a passion, else I had work cut out for three days.”—“Well!” said Don Quixote, “may I see thee silent before I die.”—“At the rate we go,” replied Sancho, “I shall be chewing clay, before you die, and then maybe I shall be so silent that I shall not speak a word till the end of the world or the day of judgment.”—“If it should be so, Sancho,” replied Don Quixote, “thy silence will never equal what thou hast spoken, speakest, and wilt speak: and the more that it is only natural that my dying day will come before thine; and so I shall never see you silent, not even drinking or sleeping, which is all I can hope for.”—“Faith and troth, now master,” quoth Sancho, “don’t trust Madam Rawbones—I mean Death—she likes both young lamb and old mutton; and, I have heard our parson say, values a prince’s castle no more than a clown’s hut; all is fish that comes to her net; she throws at all, and sweeps the stakes; she is no mower that takes a nap at noonday, but drives on, fair weather or foul, and cuts down the green grass as well as the dry: she is neither squeamish nor queasy-stomached, for she swallows without chewing, and crams down all things

¹ “*El rey es mi Gallo, á Camacho mi tengo.*” Shelton’s “The king is my cock, to Camacho I hold me,” is quite literal; but Motteux was probably no cock-fighter.

like a dog ; and though you can see no belly she has, she has a dropsy, and thirsts after men's lives, to drink as you drink a cup of cold water."

"Hold, hold," cried the knight, "go no further, for thou art come to a very handsome period ; thou hast said as much of death in thy home-spun fashion as a good preacher could have done. Thou hast got the knack of preaching, man ! If thou hadst as much discretion as natural parts, thou mightest get thee a pulpit."—"He preaches well that lives well," quoth Sancho ; "that is all the divinity I understand."—"Thou hast divinity enough," said Don Quixote ; "only I wonder at one thing. It is said the beginning of wisdom proceeds from the fear of Heaven ; how happens it then, that thou, who fearest a lizard more than Omnipotence, shouldst be so wise ?"—"Pray, sir," replied Sancho, "judge you of your knight errantry, and don't meddle with other men's fears, for I am as pretty a fearer of Heaven as any of my neighbours ; and so let me dispatch this scum : consider, sir, we must give an account for our idle words, another day." With that he attacked the kettle anew, with so courageous an appetite, that he sharpened his master's, who would certainly have kept him company, had he not been prevented by that which necessity obliges me to relate this instant.

CHAPTER XXI.

In which proceeds Camacho's Wedding, with other delightful Accidents.

WHILE Don Quixote and Sancho were discoursing, as the former chapter has told you, they were interrupted by a great noise of joy and acclamations raised by the horsemen, who, shouting and galloping, went to meet the young couple. These, surrounded by a thousand instruments and devices, were coming to the harbour, accompanied by the curate, their relations, and all the better sort of the neighbourhood, set out in their holiday clothes. "Hey-day !" quoth Sancho, as soon as he saw the bride, "this is

no country lass, but a fine court lady, all in her silks and satins. By the mass! see if, instead of medals, she have not on fillets of rich coral; and instead of green serge of Cuenca, a thirty-piled velvet. And her lacing, that is of white linen to; I swear it's of satin! Bless us! see the jet rings she has on her fingers; pure beaten gold, as I am a sinner, and set with pearls too! if every pearl be not as white as a syllabub, and each worth an eye! How she is bedizened, and glistens from top to toe! And now yonder again, what fine long locks the young slut has got! if they be not false, I never saw longer in my born days. Ah, jade! what a fine stately person she is! What a many trinkets and glaring gewgaws are dangling in her hair and about her neck! she puts me in mind of a laden date-tree. In my conscience! she is a mettled wench, and may pass the Flemish Sands."¹

Don Quixote could not help smiling to hear Sancho set forth the bride after his rustic way, and at the same time thought her the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, except his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso. However, the fair Quiteria appeared somewhat pale, probably with the ill-rest which brides commonly have the night before their marriage, in order to dress themselves to advantage. There was a theatre erected on one side of the meadow, and adorned with carpets and boughs, for the marriage ceremony, and the more convenient prospect of the shows and entertainments.

The procession was just arrived at this place, when they heard a piercing outcry, and a voice calling out, "Stay, rash and hasty people, stay!" upon which all turning about, they saw a person coming after them in a black coat, powdered with crimson flames of fire. On his head he wore a garland of mournful cypress, and a large truncheon in his hand. As soon as he drew near, they knew him to be the gallant Basil, and the whole assembly began to fear some mischief would ensue, seeing him come thus unlooked for, and with such an outcry and behaviour. He came up tired and panting before the bride and bride-

¹ [The sand-banks off the Netherlands, which had probably often enough been fatal to Spanish vessels, are frequently referred to to express any matter of great difficulty.]

groom ; then thrusting his staff, which had a steel point, into the ground, he fixed his eyes on Quiteria, turning pale at the same time, and with a trembling, fearful voice, "Too well you know," cried he, "unkind Quiteria, that, by the ties of truth, and the law of that Heaven which we all revere, while I have life you cannot be married to another. You may remember, too, that all the while I stayed, hoping that time and industry might better my fortune, I never offered to transcend the bounds of honourable love. But you, forgetting all the ties between us, are going now to break them, and give what is mine to another, whose large possessions give him not only good fortune, but the greatest happiness. And that he may have it in full (not that I think him deserving of it, but the fates have ordained it), I will further their design, by removing this unhappy obstacle out of your way. Live, rich Camacho, live happy with the ungrateful Quiteria many years, and let the poor Basil die, whose poverty has clipped the wings of his felicity, and laid him in the grave !"

Saying these last words, he drew out of his supposed truncheon a short sword that was concealed in it, and setting the hilt of it to the ground, he fell upon the point in such a manner that it came out all bloody at his back, the poor wretch weltering on the ground in blood. His friends, confounded by this sad accident, ran to help him, and Don Quixote, forsaking Rozinante, made haste to his assistance, and taking him up in his arms, found there was still life in him. They would fain have drawn the sword out of his body, but the curate urged it was not convenient till he had made confession ; for death would immediately attend the pulling of the sword out of his body.

Basil seemed to come a little to himself, and said with a doleful, faint voice, "Oh ! cruel Quiteria, now, now, in this last and enforced agony of death, would you but vouchsafe to give me your hand as my wife, I should think myself pardoned this desperate deed that made me yours." The curate, hearing this, very earnestly recommended to him the care of his soul's health, rather than any gratification of his outward man ; that he ought to be very earnest with Heaven, in imploring forgiveness for all his sins, and for

this desperate action. To which Basil answered that he could in no way confess till Quiteria yielded to be his ; but if she would to do it, that satisfaction would calm his spirits, and dispose him to confess himself.

Don Quixote, hearing this, cried out aloud, that Basil's demand was just and reasonable, and Signor Camacho might as honourably receive her as the worthy Basil's widow, as if he had received her at her father's hands. "Say but the word, madam ; you will not be otherwise bound by it, since the nuptial bed of this bridegroom must be the grave." Camacho stood all this while confounded, but the importunities of Basil's friends were so urgent (that his soul should not be lost by this desperate departure from life) that they forced him to consent that Quiteria should give him her hand, knowing her own happiness would thereby be deferred but a few minutes longer. Then they all bent their entreaties to Quiteria, some with tears in their eyes, others with all forcible arguments, to give her hand. She stood a long time inexorable, and did not return any answer, till at last the curate came to her, and bid her resolve what she would do, for Basil was just ready to give up the ghost. But then the beautiful Quiteria, trembling and dismayed, without speaking a word, came to poor Basil, who lay gasping for breath, with his eyes fixed, giving token that he would die like a Gentile and not like a Christian ; she kneeled down by him, and with signs beckoned to him for his hand. Then Basil opening his eyes, and fixing them earnestly on hers, "Oh, Quiteria," said he, "your heart at last relents when your pity must serve as a sword to end my life, since I lack strength to endure the glory thou bestowest in choosing me as thine, or to stay the pain that closes these eyes in the gloom of death. All I desire of thee, O my fatal star, is this, let not that fair hand deceive me anew, but confess that, without constraint, thou givest it to me as thy true and lawful husband : thou wilt not sure dissemble with one in death, and deal falsely with one that has been true to thee?"

In the midst of all this discourse he fainted away, and all the by-standers thought him gone. Quiteria, with a blushing modesty, taking him by the right hand, "No force," said she, "could ever work upon my will to this degree ;

therefore of my own free will I give thee the hand of a true wife : and I expect yours as freely in return, if your pains and this sudden accident do not oppose.”—“I give it you,” said Basil, with all the presence of mind imaginable, “and here I own myself thy husband.”—“And I thy wife,” said she, “whether thy life be long, or whether from my arms they bear thee this instant to the grave.”—“This young man,” quoth Sancho, “talks too much for a man in his condition ; pray advise him to leave off his wooing, and mind his soul’s health, which methinks is more in his tongue than between his teeth.” Now when Basil and Quiteria thus stood with their hands joined together, the tender-hearted curate, with tears in his eyes, poured on them both the nuptial blessing, beseeching Heaven, at the same time, to have mercy on the new-married man’s soul.

He, as soon as the benediction was pronounced, started briskly from the ground, and with an unexpected activity drew the sword out of his body, which had served as its sheath. All the spectators stood amazed, and some of the simpler sort began to cry out, “A miracle, a miracle!”—“No, no,” cried Basil, “no miracle, no miracle, but a stratagem, a stratagem.” The curate, unheeding and astonished, came with both hands to feel the wound, and discovered that the sword had nowhere passed through Basil’s body, but only through a tin pipe full of blood artfully fitted to his body, and, as it was afterwards known, so prepared that the blood could not congeal. In short, the curate, Camacho, and the company found they had all been egregiously imposed upon. As for the bride, she was so far from being displeased, that hearing it urged that the marriage could not stand good in law, because it was fraudulent, she publicly declared that she again confirmed it to be just, from which all inferred that it was done by the consent of both parties.

Camacho and his friends, enraged at this horrid disappointment, took vengeance in their hands, and, drawing their swords, set furiously on Basil, in whose defence almost as many were immediately unsheathed. Don Quixote, mounting, with his lance couched, and covered with his shield, led the van and charged clear through all. Sancho, who never liked any dangerous work, retired to the cauldrons

whence he had got the precious skimmings, this place appearing to be sacred and therefore to be respected.

Don Quixote said in a loud voice, "Hold, gentlemen, it is not just thus to redress the injuries of love. Love and war are the same thing, and stratagems and policy are as allowable in the one as in the other. Quiteria was designed for Basil, and he for her, by the just and favourable decrees of Heaven. Camacho's riches may purchase to more content elsewhere. Basil has but this one lamb, and the lamb of his bosom. Let none, therefore, offer to take his single delight from him, though presuming on his power, and those whom Heaven has joined let no man put asunder, for he who first attempts it must pass this lance." At which he shook his lance in the air with so much vigour and dexterity, that he cast a sudden terror into those that did not know him.

In short, the good curate's diligent mediation, together with Quiteria's inconstancy, brought Camacho to a truce; and he then discreetly considered that since Quiteria loved Basil before marriage it was probable she would love him afterwards, and that therefore he had more reason to thank Heaven for so good a riddance than if he had had her given. This thought, improved by some other considerations, brought both parties to a fair accommodation; and Camacho, to show he did not resent the jest, invited the whole company to stay, and take share of what he had provided. But Basil, whose virtues, in spite of his poverty, had secured him many friends, drew away part of the company to attend him and his bride to his own town; and among the rest Don Quixote, whom they all honoured as a person of worth and bravery. Only Sancho had a heavy heart; he could not be reconciled to the thoughts of turning his back so soon upon the good cheer and jollity at Camacho's feast, that lasted till night; and had a strange hankering after those dear flesh-pots of Egypt, which though he left behind in reality, he yet carried along with him in mind. The scum which was nigh finished represented the glory and abundance that he had lost. Thus afflicted, though without hunger, he sullenly paced on after Rozinante, without alighting from Dapple,

CHAPTER XXII.

Giving an Account of the great Adventure of Montesinos' Cave, situated in the heart of La Mancha, which the Valorous Don Quixote successfully achieved.

THE newly-married couple entertained Don Quixote very nobly, in acknowledgment of his readiness to defend their cause; they esteemed his wisdom equal to his valour, and thought him a Cid in arms and a Cicero in eloquence. Honest Sancho, too, recruited himself for three days at the cost of the newly-married pair, from whom they learned that the fair Quiteria knew nothing of his stratagem: but that it was a device of Basil's, who had made some of his nearest friends acquainted with it, that they should stand by him if occasion were, and favour his deceit.—“It deserves a handsomer name,” said Don Quixote, “since conducive to so good and honourable an end as the marriage of a loving couple. And you must know, that the greatest obstacle to love is want and a narrow fortune; for the continual bands and cements of mutual affection are mirth, satisfaction, and jollity. And the more when the lover is in possession of the loved one, but against these need and poverty are open enemies.

These words were chiefly directed by Don Quixote to Basil to advise him to give over the sports and exercises, which indeed might gain him praise, but not money, and to bethink himself of gaining a substance by lawful and industrious means. “The honourable poor man,” said he (if the poor can deserve that epithet), “when he has a beautiful wife, is blessed with a jewel. He that deprives him of her, robs him of his honour, and may be said to deprive him of his life. The woman that is beautiful, and keeps her honesty when her husband is poor, deserves to be crowned with laurel and palms of victory. Beauty is a tempting bait, that attracts the desires of all beholders, and the princely eagles, and the most high-flown birds, stoop to a savoury lure. But when such beauty

is coupled with necessity, then kites and crows and other ravenous birds will all be grappling with it. She that can withstand these dangerous attacks well deserves to be called the crown of her husband. However, sir, take this as the opinion of a wise man, whose name I know not, that there is one good woman in the world, and his advice was, that every man should think his own was she, and so live contented. I am not married, nor have I as yet any thoughts that way; and yet I would venture to advise any one who asked me of the way in which to search out a wife. First I would counsel him to look more to report than fortune, for the good woman acquires good report not only by being good but by seeming to be so; since a private sin is not so prejudicial in this world as a public indecency. If you bring a woman honest to your bosom, it is easy to keep her so, and even improve her. If you take an unchaste partner to your bed, it is hard mending her; for the extremities of vice and virtue are so far asunder that it is very improbable, I won't say impossible, they should be reconciled."

Sancho, who had listened so far, said to himself, "This master of mine, when I am talking some good things, full of pith and marrow, was wont to tell me that I should take a pulpit, and stroll with it about the world preaching my rarities; but I might as well tell him that when once he begins to tack his sentences together, a single pulpit is too little for him; he had need have two for every finger, and go about the market and cry what he likes. The devil take him for a knight-errant! I think he is one of the seven wise masters.¹ I thought he knew but his knight-errantry, but now I see nothing can escape him; he has a finger in every pie." As he muttered this some-

¹ This phrase is an interpolation, which to the schoolboys of the last age could have required no comment. The famous history of the Seven Wise Masters is now, however, driven from the nursery, where it used formerly to lie by the side of the Pilgrim's Progress, ere it had entered into the imagination of missionaries and single ladies to employ their energies in the manufacture of children's books. I hope some modern Copland may ere long favour us with a reprint of this once popular work; and in the meantime, I transcribe in the appendix a paragraph from Mr. Dunlop's account of it. See Additional Notes, III.

what loud, his master overhead him. "What is that thou art grumbling about, Sancho?" said he.—"Nothing, sir, nothing," quoth Sancho. "I was only wishing I had heard your worship preach this doctrine before I married, then mayhap I might have said, a sound man needs no physician."¹—"What, is Teresa so bad then?" asked Don Quixote.—"Not so very bad neither," answered Sancho; "nor yet so good as I would have her."—"Fie, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "thou dost not do well to speak ill of thy wife, who is the mother of thy children."—"There is no love lost, sir," quoth Sancho, "for she speaks as ill of me when the fit takes her, especially when she is in one of her jealous moods, for then Satan himself cannot bear her."

They tarried three days with the young couple, and were entertained like princes. Don Quixote entreated the student, who fenced so well, to help him to a guide that might conduct him to Montesinos' cave, for he had a great desire to go down into it, and prove by his own eyesight the wonders that were reported of it round the country. The student recommended a cousin-german of his for his conductor who, he said, was a pretty scholar, and a great admirer of books of knight-errantry, and could show him the famous lake of Ruydera too: adding, that he would be very good company, as being a youth that wrote books for printing, and dedicated them to great men. Accordingly, the learned cousin came, mounted on an ass with foal; his pack-saddle covered with a check rug, or packing-cloth. Thereupon Sancho having got ready Rozinante and Dapple, and provisioned his wallets, which accompanied the student's knapsack, also well provided, they all took their leave, steering the nearest course to Montesinos' cave.

On the road, Don Quixote asked the cousin, to what course of study he applied himself? To which he answered that his profession was literature, his employment was study to write books for the press, all of great profit, and of no less entertainment for the commonwealth: that one of his books was called, *The Book of Liveries*, "in which are shown seven hundred and three liveries with their colours, mottoes, and cyphers; whence

¹ [*El buey suelto bien se lame.* The loose ox licks himself well.]

any courtier may furnish himself with what may suit his fancy at times of festival or rejoicing, without racking his own invention to find what is agreeable to his inclination. I furnish the jealous, the forsaken, the disdained, the absent, with what accords with them rather well than ill. Another piece I now have, which I design to call ‘Metamorphoses, or The Spanish Ovid;’ an invention very new and extraordinary. It is Ovid burlesqued; wherein I discover who the Giralda of Seville was; who the angel of Magdalen; I tell ye what was the Conduit of Vecinguerra of Cordova, what the Bulls of Guisando, the Sierra Morena, the fountains of Laganitos and Lavipies at Madrid,¹ not forgetting that of Piojo, nor those of the Golden Fount, and the Abbey; and I embellish the fables with allegories, metaphors, and translations that delight, astonish and instruct. Another work, which I soon design for the press, I call ‘A Supplement to Polydore Virgil,’² concerning the invention of things; a piece, I will assure you, sir, that shows great pains and learning, for important things which Polydore omitted to say, I verify and explain in handsome style. For example, he has forgotten to tell us who was the first that was troubled with a catarrh in the world; and who was the first that was fluxed for the French disease. Now, sir, I immediately resolve it, and confirm my assertion by the testimony of at least five-and-twenty authentic writers; by which quotations alone, you may guess, sir, at what pains I have been, and whether such a book will be of service to the whole world.”

Sancho having hearkened with great attention, “Pray, sir,” quoth he to him, “so heaven guide your hand in all you

¹ We have already, Chapter XIV., noticed the Giralda of Seville, and the Bulls of Guisando. The other proper names in this sentence are those of various fountains, chiefly in the city of Madrid.

² Polydore Virgil was born at Urbino, and came into England in the suite of Cardinal Cornete, the Pope's legate. Henry VIII. gave him the archdeaconry of Wells; but he was obliged to quit England, in consequence of some difference with Cardinal Wolsey. He died in Italy in 1555. Besides his History of England, he wrote a Treatise of Prodigies, which was very celebrated in its time, and the book alluded to in the text, *De Juventoribus Rerum*; for further information, I refer the reader to Bayle.

write, let me ask you who was the first man that scratched his head? sure you, that know all things, can tell me that? For my part, I think it must have been our father Adam.” “So it would be,” answered the cousin, “for without doubt Adam had a head, and had hair, and was the first man; and this being so, he would sometimes scratch himself.” “I believe so, sir?” quoth Sancho. “But now tell me, who was the first tumbler in the world.”—“Truly, friend,” answered the student, “that is a point I cannot resolve you without consulting my books; but as soon as ever I get home, I will study to find it out.”—“Take no trouble about it, for I have just hit on the answer. The first tumbler in the world was Lucifer, when he was cast out of heaven and tumbled into hell.”—“You are right, friend,” said the scholar.—“Where did you get that, Sancho?” said Don Quixote; “for I dare swear it is none of your own.”—“Mum! sir,” quoth Sancho. “In faith, if I give me to questions and answers I shall not make an end between now and to-morrow; in asking of foolish question, and answering at random, I do not want the help of my neighbours.”—“Truly,” said Don Quixote, “thou hast said more than thou art aware of: for there are some men who busy their heads in making discoveries, which are not worth a farthing to mind or memory.”

With these, and such diverting discourses, they passed the day. They stayed the night before in an inconsiderable village, whence the cousin told Don Quixote that it was no more than two leagues to the cave of Montesinos, and that if he was still determined to enter it, he must procure ropes to tie himself with and let himself down, he being resolved to go to the very bottom, were it as deep as hell. They bought a hundred fathom of cordage, and the next day, about two in the afternoon, they came to the cave. The mouth of it was inaccessible, being quite stopped up with weeds, bushes, brambles, and wild fig-trees, though the entrance was wide and spacious. All having alighted, the squire and his guide girt him fast with a rope. While this was doing, “Good sweet sir,” quoth Sancho, “consider what you do. Do not bury yourself alive, nor hang yourself like a bottle that is let down into a well to cool;

it is none of your business to pry into this, which looks worse than a dungeon.”—“Peace,” said the knight, “and bind me fast; for surely for me such an enterprise as this is reserved.”—“Pray, sir,” said the guide, “when you are in, be very vigilant to let nothing escape your eyes; perhaps you may discover there some things worthy to be inserted in my *Metamorphoses*.”—“Let him alone for that,”¹ quoth Sancho.”

Don Quixote being bound, not over his armour, but his doublet, “We did ill,” said he, “not to provide ourselves with a little bell, that I should have had near me, to ring whilst I descended and inform you of my being alive. But since there is no remedy, heaven prosper me.” Then kneeling down, he in a low voice recommended himself to the Divine Providence for assistance and success in an adventure so strange, and to all appearance so dangerous. Then raising his voice, “O thou, mistress of my life and motions,” cried he, “most illustrious and peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, if the prayers of an adventurous absent lover may reach the ears of the far distant object of his wishes, by thy unspeakable beauty, I conjure thee to grant me thy favour and protection, when I am so much in need of them. I am now going to engulf and cast myself into this dismal profundity, that the world may know that if thou favourest me, nothing can be impossible for me to achieve.”

Saying this, and approaching the entrance of the cave, he found it stopped up with brake and bushes, so that he was obliged to make his way by force. Whereupon, drawing his sword, he began to cut and slash the brambles that stopped up the mouth of the cave, when presently an infinite number of overgrown crows and daws came rushing and fluttering out of the cave so thick, and with such an impetuosity, as overwhelmed Don Quixote to the ground; and if he had been as much an augur as he was a Catholic Christian he would have taken it as an ill omen and excused himself. But he rose again, and as he spied no more bats nor owls, nor other ill-boding birds of night, he committed himself to the black and dreadful

¹ [In the original, *El manos está el pandero que le sabrán bien tañer*. The timbrel is in hands that will know how to play it.]

abyss. But Sancho first gave him his benediction, and making a thousand crosses over him, "Heaven be thy guide," quoth he, "and our Lady of the Rock of France,¹ with the Trinity of Gaeta, thou flower and cream, and froth of knights-errant! Go thy ways, thou hackster of the world, heart of steel, and arms of brass! and mayest thou come back sound, wind and limb, out of this dreadful hole which thou art running into, once more to see the warm sun, which thou art now leaving."

The scholar too prayed to the same effect for the knight's happy return. Don Quixote then called for more rope, which they gave him by degrees, till his voice was drowned in the winding of the cave, and the hundred fathoms of cordage was run out. That done, they began to consider whether they should hoist him up again immediately or no; however, they resolved to stay half an hour, and then they began to draw up the rope, but found no weight upon it; which made them conclude that Don Quixote remained within. Sancho, bursting out in tears, made a heavy lamentation, and fell a-hauling up the rope as fast as he could, to be thoroughly satisfied. But after they had drawn up about fourscore fathoms, they felt a weight again, which made them take heart; and at length they plainly saw Don Quixote.—"Welcome," cried Sancho to him, "welcome, dear master. We were afraid you had remained there for good." But Don Quixote answered not a word, and when they had pulled him quite up, they found that his eyes were closed as if he had been fast asleep. They laid him on the ground, and unbound him, yet he made no sign of waking. But after much turning and shaking, at last he began to stretch his limbs, as if he had waked out of the most profound sleep, and staring wildly about him, "Heaven forgive you, friends!" cried he, "for you have raised me from one of the sweetest lives that ever mortal led, and most delightful sights that ever eyes beheld. Now I perceive how all the joys of this life are but a dream; they fade

¹ This was a miraculous image of the Virgin, which was found by the way-side between Salamanca and Ciudad Rodrigo, so lately as the year 1409. A convent of Dominicans was erected on the favoured spot of the discovery. See *Mariana*, l. xix. c. 19.

like a flower, and vanish like a shadow. Oh, ill-fated Montesinos! Oh, Durandarte, unfortunately wounded! Oh, unhappy Belerma! Oh, pitiful Guadiana! and you the distressed daughters of Ruydera,¹ whose waters show what streams once trickled from your lovely eyes!" These expressions, uttered as if torn with infinite pain from his entrails, surprised the cousin and Sancho, and they desired to know his meaning, and what he had seen in that hell. "Call it not hell," answered Don Quixote, "for it deserves a better name, as I shall soon

¹ This adventure of the cave of Montesinos is justly esteemed one of the most exquisite of all the inventions of Cervantes. The English reader, nevertheless, would probably feel but little interest in the great mass of documents collected by the Spanish commentators for the purpose of illustrating it. It may be quite sufficient to observe, that the singular appearances of nature in the region where the river Guadiana takes its rise, had, even so early as the time of the Roman conquests, been connected in the imagination of the inhabitants with many wild and wonderful superstitions. The dreams of which Pliny takes notice, had, in the course of the middle ages, been gradually supplanted by those of which Cervantes so happily avails himself.

The apocryphal story of Montesinos is narrated at great length in Turpin, and in one of the most tedious of all the Spanish ballads. This knight having received some cause of offence at the French court, is said to have retired into Spain, where, from his fondness for wild and mountainous scenery, he acquired, it seems, the name by which he afterwards became so celebrated. His name is still borne by a very deep cave, situated close to the Castle of Rochafreda, which he is supposed to have inhabited. In the recesses of this cave there is a great deal of water, whence the notion of its being the origin of the river Guadiana, and of that river having been called after an esquire of Montesinos. The *seven lakes of Ruydera* compose, in reality, part of a chain of small lakes, in number eleven, the outlet of which is the river Guadiana. The flatness of the country, where that river flows, yet feeble and narrow—the sandy character of the soil—and the luxuriant growth of rushes and other plants, had altogether been sufficient to establish a popular belief, that the Guadiana (as Pliny expresses it, *sæpe nasci gaudens*) becomes here and there a subterraneous stream. The manner in which Cervantes has contrived to mould and blend to his own purpose all these marvels of nature and superstition, can never be regarded with too great admiration.

A few verses of the ballad of Montesinos and Belerma have, through the following translation of Mr. Lewis, become sufficiently familiar to the English reader. I believe he found these verses printed by themselves in a collection in Mr. Heber's possession. The whole ballad is translated by Rodd (vol. ii.), but in a style very inferior. See Additional Note, IV.

let you know. But first give me something to eat, for I am prodigiously hungry." They then spread the cousin's coarse saddle-cloth for a carpet; and examining their cupboard, the knapsacks, they all three sat down in good love and companionship, and ate dinner and supper together. When they had done, "Sit still, my sons," said Don Quixote de la Mancha, "and hear me with attention."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Of the wonderful things which the unparalleled Don Quixote declared he had seen in the deep Cave of Montesinos, the greatness and impossibility of which makes this Adventure pass for apocryphal.

It was now past four in the afternoon, and the sun was opportunely hid behind the clouds, which, interposing between his rays, invited Don Quixote, without heat or trouble, to relate to his illustrious auditors the wonders he had seen in Montesinos' cave, and he began as follows:—

"About twelve or fourteen men's depth," said he, "in the profundity of this cavern, on the right hand, there is a concavity wide enough to contain a large waggon, mules and all. This place is not wholly dark, for through some chinks and narrow holes, that reach to the distant surface of the earth, there comes a glimmering light. I discovered this recess, being already weary of hanging by the rope, discouraged by the profound darkness of the region below me, not knowing whither I went: resolving therefore to rest myself there a while, I called to you to give me no more rope, but it seems you did not hear me. I therefore entered, and coiling up the cord, sat upon it very melancholy, and thinking how I should most conveniently get down to the bottom, having nobody to guide or support me. While thus I sat pensive, and lost in thought, insensibly, without any previous drowsiness, I found myself surprised by sleep; and not knowing how, nor which way I wakened, I unexpectedly found myself in the finest, the sweetest, and most delightful meadow,

that ever nature could create, or the most inventive human fancy imagine. I rubbed and cleared my eyes, and convinced myself that I was really awake ; withal I tried my head and breast, to be sure if it was I myself who was there, and not some vain and counterfeit phantasm, but touch, feeling, and my consistent arguments certified to me that I was the same as I am at this moment.

“Presently I discovered a royal and sumptuous palace, of which the walls and battlements seemed all of clear and transparent crystal. At the same time, the spacious gates opening, there came out towards me a venerable old man, clad in a sad-coloured robe, that swept the ground ; on his breast and shoulders he had a green satin tippet after the manner of those worn in colleges. On his head he wore a black Milan cap, and his hoary beard reached to his girdle. He had no kind of weapon, but in his hand, a rosary of beads about the bigness of walnuts, and his credo beads appeared as large as ordinary ostrich-eggs. The awful and grave aspect, the pace, the port and goodly presence of this old man, each of them apart, and much more all together, struck me with veneration and astonishment. He came up to me, and, without any previous ceremony, embracing me close, ‘It is a long time,’ said he, ‘most renowned knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, that we have dwelt in this enchanted solitude ; we have hoped to see you here, that you may inform the upper world of the surprising prodigies concealed from human knowledge in this subterranean hollow, called the cave of Montesinos, that thou hast entered ; an enterprise reserved alone for your insuperable heart and stupendous resolution. Go with me then, thou most illustrious knight, and behold the wonders inclosed within the transparent castle, of which I am the perpetual governor and chief warden, being the same individual Montesinos, from whom this cavern took its name.’

“No sooner had he told me that he was Montesinos, but I entreated him to tell me whether it was true or no, that, at his friend Durandarte’s dying request, he had taken out his heart with a small dagger, the very moment he expired, and carried it to his mistress

Belerma, as the story was current in the world?—"It is literally true," answered he, "except that single circumstance of the dagger; for I used neither a small nor a large dagger on this occasion, but a well-polished poniard,¹ sharper than an awl."

"It must have been," quoth Sancho, "one of your Seville poniards of Raymond de Hoze's making."—"That cannot be," said Don Quixote, "for that cutler lived but the other day, and the battle of Roncesvalles, where this accident happened, was fought many ages ago: but this is of no importance to the story."—"You are in the right, Sir Don Quixote," said the student, "and pray go on, for I hearken with the greatest satisfaction imaginable."

"No less," said Don Quixote, "is my pleasure in telling it. But to proceed. The venerable Montesinos, having conducted me into the palace of crystal, led me into a spacious ground-room, exceeding cool and all of alabaster. In it stood a stately marble tomb, that seemed a masterpiece of art; upon which lay a knight extended all at length, not of stone, or brass, or jasper, as on other monuments, but pure flesh and bones. He covered the region of his heart with his right hand, which seemed to me somewhat hairy, and very full of sinews, a sign of the great strength of the body to which it belonged. Montesinos, observing that I viewed this tomb with surprise, 'Behold,' said he, 'the flower and mirror of all the amorous and valiant knights of his age, my friend Durandarte, who, together with me and many others of both sexes, are kept here enchanted by Merlin, that Frankish magician, who, they say, was the son of the devil,'² though I cannot believe it; only his knowledge was so great, that he might be said to know more than the devil. Here, I say, we are enchanted, but how and for what cause no man can tell, though time, I hope, will shortly reveal it. But the most wonderful part of

¹ [*no fué daga, ni pequeña, sino un puñal budo.*]

² I extract in the appendix a few paragraphs from the beginning of Mr. Ellis's account of the ancient English translation of the romance of Merlin; referring the reader to his work and Mr. Dunlop's for all manner of information concerning the history of this *Enchanter*. See Additional Note, V.

my fortune is this; I am as certain, as that the sun now shines, that Durandarte died in my arms, and that with these hands I took out his heart, by the same token that it weighed above two pounds, a sure mark of his courage; for, by the rules of natural philosophy, the most valiant men have the biggest hearts. Nevertheless, though this knight really died, how comes it that he still complains and sighs sometimes as if he were alive?’

“Scarce were these words said, but the miserable Durandarte cried out aloud;—

“‘Oh, my cousin Montesinos!
With my latest breath I pray,
When I shall no more be living
And my soul is torn away,
Take my heart unto Belerma,
Wheresoever she may rest,
Be thy weapon dirk or dagger,
Cut it for me from my breast.’

“The venerable Montesinos, hearing this, fell on his knees before the lamented knight, and with tears in his eyes, ‘Long, long ago,’ said he, ‘Durandarte, thou dearest of my kinsmen, have I performed what you enjoined me on that bitter fatal day when you expired. I took out your heart with all care, not leaving the least particle of it in your breast: I gently wiped it with a laced handkerchief, and posted away with it to France, as soon as I had committed you to the bosom of the earth, having shed tears enough to wash my hands clear of the blood they had gathered by plunging in your entrails. To confirm this truth yet further, at the first place where I stopped from Roncesvalles, I laid a little salt upon your heart, to preserve it from putrefaction, and keep it, if not fresh, at least free from any ill odour, till I presented it into the hands of Belerma, who, with you and me, and Guadiana your squire, as also Ruydera (the lady’s woman), with her seven daughters, her two nieces, and many others of your friends and acquaintance, is here confined by the enchantments of the sage Merlin; and though it be now above five hundred years, we are still alive; only Ruydera, her daughters and nieces are absent, who, by the favour of Merlin, that pitied their tears, were turned into so many

lakes, still extant in the world of the living, and in the province of La Mancha, called the lakes of Ruydera; seven of them belonged to the kings of Spain, and the two nieces to the Knights of the most Holy Order of St. John. Your squire Guadiana, lamenting your hard fate, was in like manner metamorphosed into a river that bears his name; yet still so sensible of your disaster, that when he first arose out of the ground, to flow along its surface, and saw the sun in a strange hemisphere, he plunged again into the bowels of the earth; but the natural current forcing a passage up again, he reappears again and again, where the sun and mortals may see him. Those lakes and many others mixing their waters in his bosom, he swells, and glides along in pompous state to Portugal; but often expressing his deep melancholy, he makes no boast of breeding fair and savoury fish, but coarse and tasteless, very different from those of the golden Tagus. All this I have often told you, my cousin; and since you return me no answer, I must conclude you believe me not, or that you do not hear me, for which (witness it, heaven) I am extremely grieved. But now I have other news to tell ye, which, though perhaps it may not assuage your sorrows, yet will no way increase them. Open your eyes, and behold in your presence that mighty knight, of whom Merlin the sage has foretold so many wonders; that Don Quixote de la Mancha, who has anew restored to the world the forgotten function of knight-errantry, to greater advantage than in former ages; by whose power we may expect to see the fatal charm dissolved, for great performances are reserved for great personages.—‘And should it not be so?’ answered the grieving Durandarte, with a faint and languishing voice,—‘Should it not be so, I say? Oh, cousin! patience, and shuffle the cards.’¹ Then turning on one side, without speaking a word more, he lapsed into his usual silence.

“After this, I heard piteous howling and crying, mixed with lamentable sighs and groans. I turned about, and through the crystal wall I saw a procession of most beautiful damsels, all in mourning, marching in two ranks,

¹ [A quasi-proverbial expression explained by Pellicer, as the usual exhortation of old card-players to novices when they have lost.]

with white turbans on their heads after the Turkish fashion; and last of all came a majestic lady, dressed also in mourning, with a long white veil, that reached from her head down to the ground. Her turban was twice as big as the biggest of the rest: her eyebrows were joined, her nose was flattish, her mouth wide, but her lips red; her teeth, which she sometimes discovered, seemed to be thin and ill-placed, but indeed as white as blanchéd almonds. She held a fine handkerchief, and within it I could perceive a heart of flesh, so dry and withered, that it looked like mummy. Montesinos informed me that the procession consisted of Durandarte's and Belerma's servants, who were enchanted there with their master and mistress: but that the last, who carried in her hand the heart wrapped in linen, was Belerma herself, who with her attendants used four days in the week constantly thus to sing, or rather howl their dirges over the wounded body and the heart of his cousin; and that though Belerma appeared a little haggard, and less beautiful than reported, it was occasioned by the bad nights and worse days she spent in that enchantment; yet, had I seen her before her misfortunes had sunk her eyes and tarnished her complexion, rather than the common ailments of her sex, from which she was now free, I must have owned that even the celebrated Dulcinea del Toboso, so famous in La Mancha, and over the whole universe, could scarce have vied with her in gracefulness and beauty.

“‘Hold there, good Signor Don Montesinos,’ said I. ‘You know that comparisons are odious, therefore no more comparing, I beseech you; but go on with your story. The peerless Dulcinea del Toboso is what she is, and the Lady Belerma is what she is, and has been: so no more upon that subject.—’ ‘I beg your pardon,’ answered Montesinos; ‘I confess, Signor Don Quixote, that I was wrong and spoke not well; I might have guessed indeed that you were the Lady Dulcinea’s Knight, and therefore I should have bit my tongue off, sooner than to have compared her to any thing lower than heaven itself.’ At this satisfaction from the great Montesinos my heart was recovered of the great shock it had sustained on hearing my mistress compared to Belerma.”—“Nay,

marry," quoth Sancho, "I wonder you did not fall on the old doater and maul all his bones! how could you leave one hair on his chin?"—"No, no, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "there is always a respect due to our superiors, though they be no knights; but most when they are such, and under the oppression of enchantment. However, I am satisfied that in what discourse passed between us I took care that nothing due was neglected."—"But, sir," asked the cousin, "how could you see and hear so many strange things in so little time? I cannot conceive how you could do it."—"How long," said Don Quixote, "do you reckon that I have been in the cave?"—"A little above an hour," answered Sancho.—"That is impossible," said Don Quixote, "for I saw evening and morning, and evening and morning, three times, so that I could not be absent less than three days from this upper world."—"Ay, ay," quoth Sancho, "my master is in the right; for these enchantments, that have a share in all his concerns, may make that seem three days and three nights to him, which is but an hour to other people."—"It must be so," said Don Quixote.—"I hope, sir," said the cousin, "you have eaten something in all that time."—"Not one morsel," replied Don Quixote, "neither have had desire to eat, or so much as thought of it."—"Do not they that are enchanted eat?" asked the cousin.—"They never do," answered Don Quixote, "nor do they excrete; though it is thought that their nails, their beards and hair still grow."—"Do they sleep, may be?" said Sancho.—"Never," said Don Quixote; "at least they never closed their eyes while I was among them, neither did I."—"This makes good the saying," quoth Sancho, "'Tell me thy company, and I will tell thee what thou art.' No wonder if you neither ate nor slept, since you were in the land of those that always watch and fast. But, sir my master, pray do not take it in ill part if I say heaven take me—not to say the devil—if I believe one word of all you have said."—"What do you mean, friend?" said the cousin. "Do you think the noble Don Quixote would tell a lie? and if he had a mind, could he, think you, have had leisure to frame such a number of stories?"—"I do not think that my master would lie," said

Sancho.—“What do ye think then, sir?” said Don Quixote.—“Why truly, sir,” quoth Sancho, “I do believe that this same Merlin, or those that bewitched, or enchanted, as you call it, all that rabble of people you talk of, may have crammed and enchanted in some way or other, all that you have told us, and have yet to tell us, into your fancy.”—“It is not impossible but all this might happen,” said Don Quixote, “though it was otherwise with me; for I am positive that I saw with these eyes and felt with these hands all I have mentioned. But what will you think when I tell you, among many wonderful things that Montesinos showed me, I saw three country wenches leaping and skipping about those pleasant fields like so many wild-goats; and at first sight knew one of them to be the peerless Dulcinea, and the other two the very same we spoke to not far from Toboso. I asked Montesinos if he knew them? He answered no; but imagined them some enchanted ladies, who were newly come, and that the appearance of strange faces was no rarity among them, for many of the past ages and the present were enchanted there, under several and strange disguises; and that, among the rest, he knew Queen Guinever and her woman Quintañona, pouring out wine for Lancelot, as he came from Britain.”

Sancho Panza, hearing his master talk at this rate, had like to have forgot himself, and die of laughing; for he well knew that Dulcinea's enchantment was a lie, and that he himself was the magician, and raiser of the story; and thence, concluding his master stark mad, “In an ill hour,” quoth he, “dear master of mine, and in a woful day, went your worship down to the other world; and in an evil hour met you with Signor Montesinos, that has thus sent you back to us. You went hence in your right senses; had your wise sayings and wholesome counselevery foot, but now you talk the greatest nonsense that could be imagined.”—“I know thee, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “and therefore I regard not thy words.”—“Nor I yours,” replied Sancho: “nay, you may cripple, or kill me, if you please, either for those I have said or mean to say, if you do not correct and amend your own. But while we are at peace, pray, sir, tell me how did you know it was your

mistress? Did you speak to her? What did she say to you? and what did you say to her?"—"I knew her again," said Don Quixote, "by the same clothes she wore when thou shew'dst her to me. I spoke to her; but she made no answer, but suddenly turned away, and fled from me so quickly that an arrow could not catch her. I intended to have followed her, had not Montesinos told me it would be to no purpose; besides, it was high time to return to the upper air; and, changing the discourse, he told me that I should hereafter be made acquainted with the means of disenchanting them all. But what troubled me most of all I saw and noted was that while Montesinos and I were thus talking together who should come to me but one of the unfortunate Dulcinea's companions, and, before I was aware, with tearful eyes and a faint and doleful voice, 'Sir,' said she, 'my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso gives her service to you, and desires to know how you do; and, being in great need, she desires you of all love and kindness, to lend her six reals upon this new fustian petticoat, or more or less, as you can spare it, sir, and she will take care to return them in a very little time.'

"This message surprised me strangely; and therefore, turning to Montesinos, 'Is it possible, sir,' said I, 'that persons of quality, when enchanted are in want?'—"Believe me, Sir Don Quixote de la Mancha,' said he; 'poverty prevails everywhere, and spares not the enchanted; and therefore, since the Lady Dulcinea desires you to lend her these six reals, and the pawn is a good pawn, let her have the money; for sure it is very low with her at this time. 'I scorn to take pawns,' said I; 'but my misfortune is, that I cannot answer the full request; for I have but four reals about me; and that was the money thou gavest me the other day, Sancho, to distribute among the poor. And I said, 'Tell thy mistress, my friend, that my soul is heavy for her wants; and that if I had all the treasures which Cræsus possessed,¹ they should

¹ The original is *quisiera ser FUCAR para remediarlos*. The wealth of that great family of German merchants, the *Fuggers*, was proverbial in almost every country of Europe. In Guzman D'Alfarache, we find a story which begins with these words: "I am neither an Indian merchant, not yet a Fugger, but a poor boy like yourself." And in the

be at her service ; and withal, that I cannot have health for want of her reviving company ; and make it my humble and earnest request, that she will vouchsafe to see and converse with her captive servant, and weather-beaten knight. Tell her, that when she least expects it, she will come to hear how I made an oath and vow as the Marquess of Mantua did, when he found his nephew Baldwin ready to expire on the mountain, never to eat upon a *table-cloth*, and several other particulars, which he swore to observe, till he had revenged his death ; so, in the like solemn manner will I swear, never to desist from traversing the habitable globe, and ranging through all the seven parts of the world, more indefati-

old English dramatists, "rich as a Fugger," occurs perpetually. Like the Medici, this great mercantile family were all along distinguished for their liberality, and the more than princely patronage they extended to the literati and artists of their time. See the long and interesting article *Henri Fugger*, in Bayle's Dictionary.

Charles V., after long experience of the resources and liberality of the Fuggers, in the conduct of his government in Germany, introduced some of the family to Spain, created them nobles in that kingdom, and entrusted to their management almost the whole of the Spanish finances. One of the finest of the old streets in Madrid still bears their name, and contains the relics of their magnificent palace. Among other lucrative offices held by them in Spain was that of *Superintendent of the Mines of Guadalcanal*, *Auditor of the Four Military Orders*, &c. &c.

Don Lewis Zapata tells a curious story of Juan Xeldir, (so the Spanish author spells the name, but in all probability the man was a German and his name *Helder*.) a deputy of the Fuggers, in the management of some of the Spanish mines—which Le Sage has appropriated to his own use, and made familiar to all the world in *Gil Blas*. The man, it seems, had just received and brought home a large sum of money, which he was about to transmit immediately to Madrid. A cunning robber in the neighbourhood disguised himself, and part of his company, in the dress of servants of the Inquisition, entered the house at midnight, told Helder (who, if he were a German might probably enough lie under some suspicion of heterodoxy,) that he was a prisoner of the Holy Office—proceeded to rifle the whole of his house in the most leisurely and deliberate manner, taking an inventory of all they seized—and, finally, locked up the poor deputy in one of his own chambers, where he remained in fear and trembling till long after they, the banditti, had conveyed themselves, and the spoil of the Fuggers, into a place of safety. See Pellicer, who gives the story at length from the MS. of Zapata, preserved in the Royal Library at Madrid.

gably than ever was done by Prince Pedro¹ of Portugal, till I have freed her from her enchantment.’—‘All this and more you owe my mistress,’ said the damsel; and then, having got the four reals, instead of dropping me a curtsy, she cut me a caper in the air two yards high.”

“Now Heaven defend us!” cried Sancho. “Who could ever have believed that these enchanter and enchantments should have so much power as to bewitch my master’s sound understanding to such crazy madness? Alas! sir, for the love of Heaven take care of yourself. Think of what the world will say of you; and do not dote upon those whimsies that have so spoilt and cracked that rare head of yours.”—“Well,” said Don Quixote, “I cannot be angry at what thou sayest, because it proceeds from thy love towards me. Thou thinkest that whatever is beyond the sphere of thy narrow comprehension must be impossible; but, as I have already said, there will come a time when I shall give thee an account of some things I have seen below, that will convince thee of the reality of those I told thee now, the truth of which admits of no dispute.”

CHAPTER XXIV.

Wherein is an account of a thousand trifles as impertinent as necessary to the right understanding of this grand History.

THE translator of this famous history from the original, written by its first author Cid Hamet Benengeli, declares, that, at the beginning of the chapter which treats of the adventure of Montesinos’ cave, he found a marginal annotation, written with Hamet’s own hand, in these very words:

“I cannot be persuaded nor believe, that all the wonderful accidents said to have happened to the valourous Don Quixote in the cave, so punctually befell him as he relates: for the course of his adventures hitherto has

¹ There is an old Portuguese history of this royal traveller, bearing the formidable title of “*Historia do Infante Dom Pedro de Portugal que andou as siete partes do Mondo.*” It was translated into Spanish in 1595.

been very natural, and bore the face of probability: but in this of the cave there appears nothing in support of its truth inasmuch as it is beyond coherence with reason. But, if we consider the honour, worth, and integrity of the noble Don Quixote, we have not the least reason to suspect he would be guilty of a lie; but that he would rather have been transfixt with arrows. On the other hand, he has been so particular in his relation of that adventure, and given so many circumstances, that I dare not declare it absolutely apocryphal; especially when I consider, that he had not time enough to invent such a cluster of fables. I therefore insert it, without offering to determine whether it is true or false; leaving it to the discretion of the judicious reader. Though I must acquaint him by the way, that Don Quixote, upon his death-bed, utterly disowned this adventure, as a perfect fable, which, he said, he had invented as being suitable to such as he had formerly read in romances." And then he proceeds, saying:

The cousin was as much astonished at Sancho's boldness as his master's patience: though he attributed the good-humour and easiness of temper of the latter to his having seen his mistress Dulcinea, even under enchantment: for Sancho's words and arguments deserved a beating, since he seemed to show actual disrespect to his master.

"Noble Don Quixote," said he, "for four principal reasons, I am extremely pleased with having taken this journey with you. First, it has procured me your acquaintance, which I esteem a singular happiness. In the second place, sir, the secrets of Montesinos' cave, and the transformations of Guadiana and Ruyde's lakes, have been revealed to me, which will be of service to me in my Spanish Ovid. The third is to have discovered the antiquity of card-playing,¹ which was in use in the

¹ I refer the reader, who may wish thoroughly to understand this subject, to Mr. Singer's ingenious and interesting History of Cards, published a few years ago. The result of his inquiries seems to be, that cards are originally an Indian diversion; that they were brought by the Moors into Spain—and spread from thence into the other countries of Europe. From the text, it is apparent, that, in the opinion of Cervantes, at least, card-playing was unknown in Europe at the period of the battle of Roncesvalles.

Emperor Charles the Great's time, as may be collected from the words of Durandarte, who, after a long speech of Montesinos', said, as he waked, 'Patience, and shuffle the cards;' which expression and manner of speech he could never have learned in his enchantment, but when he lived in France, which was in the reign of the said Emperor Charles the Great; and this observation is, I think, very opportune for my supplement to Polydore Virgil, who, as I remember, has not touched upon card-playing, which I will insert in my work, as a matter of great importance, having the testimony of so authentic and ancient an author as Sir Durandarte. The fourth part of my good fortune is to know the source of the river Guadiana, which has hitherto been unknown to people."

"There is a great deal of reason in what you say," answered Don Quixote; "but, under favour, sir, pray tell me, should you happen to get a licence to publish your books, which I somewhat doubt, to whom do you think of dedicating them?"—"Oh, sir!" answered the cousin, "there are grandees in Spain, that I might dedicate to."—"Truly, not many," said Don Quixote; "there are, indeed, several, whose merits deserve the praise of a dedication, but few who will allow of it lest they should be obliged to reward the pains and civility of the author. I know one prince,¹ who may make amends for what is wanting in the rest; and that with such advantage, that, should I make bold to come and speak of them perhaps, it would stir up envy in above four generous breasts: but more of this some other time—it is late now, and let us go therefore and seek a lodging for the night."

"Hard by us here, sir," said the cousin, "is a hermitage, the retirement of a devout person, who, they say, was once a soldier, and is looked upon as a good Christian, very discreet and charitable. He has built there a little house at his own expense, large enough for the entertainment of strangers."—"But does he keep hens, trow?" asked Sancho.—"Few hermits are without them,"² said

¹ [An allusion, says Pellicer, to the Count of Lemos, to whom this second part is dedicated.]

² It is not difficult to understand that the persons who professed to lead the lives of holy hermits in Spain, at the beginning of the 17th century, were, for the most part, very indifferent representatives of the

Don Quixote; "for now they are not like those in the deserts of Egypt, who went clad with palm-leaves, and fed on the roots of the earth. Now, because I speak well of these of old, I would not have you think I reflect on the others. I only mean that their penances are not equal to the vigour and straitness of former days; yet this does not hinder but that they all may be good men. I look upon them to be such, at least; and at the worst the hypocrite that puts on the form of holiness, does certainly less harm than the bare-faced sinner."

As they went on in their discourse, they saw a man following them a great pace on foot, and switching up a mule laden with lances and halberts. He presently overtook them, saluted them, and passed by. "Stay, honest fellow," cried Don Quixote, seeing him go so fast, "you seem to make more haste than your mule can bear."—"I cannot stay, sir," said the man; "for these weapons that you see must be used to-morrow morning; so, sir, I am in haste—good-bye—I shall lodge to-night at the inn beyond the hermitage; if you chance to go that way, there you may find me; and I will tell you strange news: so fare ye well." Then, whipping his mule, away he moved forwards, so fast that Don Quixote had not leisure to ask him what were the marvels he purposed telling them.

But being somewhat curious, and having always an itching ear after novelties, he ordered that they should

simple anchorets of the primitive ages of Christianity. But it may perhaps be quite new to the English reader to know, that about that period the Spanish hermits were very much suspected of being, principally, neither more than less than—GYPSIES. The various companies of that strange race, who wandered, pilfered, and robbed among the wilds of Castile and Arragon, seem to have appreciated the advantages of having a secure place, both of deposit for their booty, and of occasional retreat for themselves. The gang of gypsies was, therefore, not unfrequently provided with its Hermit—who, of course, played the same sort of part attributed to Friar Tuck, in the history of Robin Hood. For this fact, Pellicer quotes the *Vida de S. Ginez de la Xara*, p. 75.—Hermitages are still (or, at least, were till very lately) very common appendages of the Spanish monasteries. In particular, the great establishment of Montserrat, near Barcelona, gives (or gave) shelter to about fifty such retirements, scattered over the mountain on which that monastery is built.

hold straight on to the inn, without stopping at the hermitage, where the cousin designed to have stayed all night. Well, they all consented, and made the best of their way to the inn, where they arrived a little before nightfall. The cousin desired Don Quixote to call with him at the hermitage, and drink a glass of wine at the door. Sancho no sooner heard this proposed, but he turned Dapple that way, and rode thither before, and Don Quixote and the cousin did the same; but, as Sancho's ill-luck would have it, the hermit was abroad, and nobody at home but the hermit's companion, who, being asked whether he had any *strong* liquor within, made answer, that his master did not keep it, but as for *small* water they might have it, and welcome. "Were mine a water-thirst," quoth Sancho, "there are wells enough upon the road, where I might have had my fill. Oh! Camacho's wedding! and the good cheer at Don Diego's house; how often shall I fare worse!" They now spurred on towards the inn, and soon overtook on the road a young fellow, trudging on pretty leisurely. He carried his sword over his shoulder, with a bundle of clothes hanging upon it, which, to all outward appearance, consisted of a pair of breeches, a cloak, and a shirt or two. He had on a velvet jerkin, with some slashes of satin; and his shirt was shown, his stockings were of silk, and his shoes square at the toes, after the court fashion. He seemed about eighteen or nineteen years of age, a pleasant-looking lad, and active of limb. To pass the fatigue of his journey he sang by the way; and as they came near him, was just ending the last words of a ballad, which the cousin got by heart, and were these—

"Necessity compels me,
A-fighting I must go;
In faith, if I the guineas had
You would not find me so."

The first to speak to him was Don Quixote; "So, young gentleman," said he, "methinks you go very light. Whither are you bound, I pray you, if one may be so bold?"—"I am going to the wars, sir," answered the youth; "and for my travelling thus, heat and poverty

will excuse it.”—“I admit the heat,” replied Don Quixote, “but why poverty, I beseech you?”—“Sir,” replied the lad, “I carry in this bundle some velvet breeches, that match this jerkin, and if I should wear them out upon the road, I should have nothing to make a handsome figure with in any town, and I have no money to buy new ones. For this reason, and to keep cool, I travel thus till I overtake a regiment of foot, that lies about some twelve leagues off, where I design to enlist myself, and then I shall not want a conveniency to ride with the baggage till we come to Carthagena, where, I hear, they are to embark; for I had rather serve the king and fight for him, than any beggarly courtier.”—“But pray,” said the cousin, “have not you laid up something perchance?”—“Had I served any grandee of Spain, or some great person,” said the young man, “I might have done well enough, as comes of serving good masters; for their foot-boys are presently advanced to captains and lieutenants, or some other good post; but a plague on it, sir, it was always my ill-fortune to serve fortune-hunters and upstarts whose allowances and salaries were so lean and so small, that the better half was scarce enough to pay for the starching of a ruff, and it would be a miracle if a poor page should make a reasonable fortune.”—“But,” said Don Quixote, “how comes it about that in all this time you could not get yourself a livery?”—“I have had two given me,” answered the lad, “but my masters dealt with me as they do with novices in monasteries; if they go off before they profess, the habit is taken from them, and they return them their own clothes. For when they had finished their business at court, and gone back home, they took back the liveries that they had given only for ostentation.”¹

¹ Pellicer, in his note on this passage, quotes from Doctor Suarez de Figueroa, a more solemn rebuke of this custom of the poor Spanish gentry. He then goes on to state, that, in his own time, the fashion had been much extended. Figueroa condemned the custom, as, “never practised by great signiors, but proper only to ruined spendthrifts, impostors,” &c.—“This was so in those days,” says Pellicer, “but things are changed so much, that the taking of liveries from servants is now quite general, especially from those of the back stairs.”

"Notable *spilorcheria*,* as the Italians call it," said Don Quixote. "Well, you need not repine at leaving the court, since you do it with so good a design; for there is nothing in the world more honourable or profitable than to serve God in the first place, and the king in the next, especially in the profession of arms, which, if it does not procure a man so much riches as learning, may at least entitle him to more honour. It is true, that more families have been advanced by letters than by arms, but yet your men of the sword, whatever the reason of it is, have always I know not what advantage above the men of learning; and something of glory and splendour attends them, that makes them surpass all others. But bear in mind what I am going to say to you, for it will be of much profit and lighten your labours; dismiss from thy mind the thoughts of what misfortunes may befall thee; the worst can be but death, and if it be a good honourable death, it is best to die. Julius Cæsar, that valiant Roman emperor, being asked what kind of death was best,¹ 'That which is sudden and unexpected,' said he; and though he answered like a gentile, and without a knowledge of the true God, yet with respect to human infirmities he answered well; for, suppose you should be cut off at the very first engagement by a cannon-ball, or the spring of a mine, what matters it? all is but dying, and there is an end of the business. As Terence says, a soldier makes a better figure dead in the field of battle, than alive and safe in flight. The better he obeys his captains and those who may command him, the more likely he is to rise in fame and preferment; and pray observe, my friend, that it is more honourable for a soldier to smell of gunpowder than of musk; or if old age overtakes you in this noble employment, though all over scars,

* [*Spilorceria*, meanness.]

¹ The passage referred to is the following in Suetonius: "Illud plane inter omnes fere constitit talem Julio Cæsari mortem pæne ex sententiâ contigisse; nam et quondam cum apud Xenophontem legisset Cyrum ultima valetudine mandasse quædam de funere quo, *aspernatus tam lentum mortis genus, subitam sibi celeremque optaverat*, et pridie quam occideretur in sermone nato super cænam apud M. Lepidum, *quisnam esset ritæ finis commodissimus, repentinum inopinatumque prætulera*t."—Suet. l. l. c. 87.

though maimed and lamed, you will still have honour to support you, such as poverty shall not be able to diminish; especially now there is care taken that veterans and disabled soldiers may not want. Neither are they to be used as some men do their negro slaves, who, when they are old, and past service, are turned naked out of doors, under pretence of freedom, to be made greater slaves to hunger¹; from which nothing but death can set them free. But I will say no more to you on this subject at this time. Get up behind me, and I will carry you to the inn, where you shall sup with me, and to-morrow morning make the best of your way, and may heaven prosper your designs as they deserve."

The page excused himself from riding behind, but accepted of his invitation to supper at the inn. On this occasion, Sancho is said to have remarked to himself, "Now blessing on thee, master of mine, is it possible that a man who says so many good things, should relate such ridiculous stories and whimsies as he would have us believe of Montesinos' cave? Well, well, time will show."—By this time it began to grow dark, and they arrived at the inn, where Don Quixote alighting, asked presently for the man with the lances and halberts. The innkeeper answered, that he was rubbing down his mule in the stable. Sancho and the cousin did the same for their beasts, giving Rozinante the best manger and standing in the stable.

CHAPTER XXV.

Wherein is set down the Braying Adventure, and the pleasant one of the Puppet-player, with the memorable divining of the fortune-telling Ape.

DON QUIXOTE was on thorns² to know the strange story that the fellow carrying the arms had engaged to tell

¹ Old Shelton every now and then inserts (in parenthesis) some severe sarcasm against the people, whose favourite book he is translating. His comment on this passage is brief enough, viz. ["*he describeth the right subtle and cruel nature of his own damned countrymen.*"] p. 181, Shelton's translation.

² [Lit. *No se le cocia el pan*, 'his bread was not baked,' i.e. he could not wait.]

him ; so that, going into the stable, he pressed him to relate the whole matter to him that moment. "My story will take up some time," quoth the man, "and is not to be told standing : have a little patience, master of mine, let me make an end of serving my mule, then I will tell you such things as will make you stare."—"Do not let that hinder you," replied Don Quixote, "for I will help you myself." And so saying, he lent him a helping hand, cleansing the manger, and sifting the barley, which humble compliance obliged the fellow to tell his tale the more willingly ; so that, seating himself upon a bench with Don Quixote, and having the cousin, the page, Sancho Panza and the innkeeper about him, for his full auditory, he began in this manner.

"It happened on a time, that, in a village some four leagues and a half from this place, one of the aldermen by the means and roguery of a servant-maid (but this is too long to tell) lost his ass ; and though the alderman used all diligence it could not be found. This same ass had been missing about a fortnight, according to voice and report, when another alderman of the same town, meeting this same losing alderman in the market-place, 'Brother,' quoth he, 'pay me well, and I will tell you news of your ass.'—"Troth !" replied the other, 'that I will ; but then let me know where the poor beast is.'—"Why," answered the other, 'this morning I met him upon the mountains yonder without either pack-saddle or furniture, and so lean that it grieved my heart ; but yet so wild and skittish, that when I would have driven him home before me, he ran away and got into the thickest of the wood. Now, if you please, we will both go together and look for him ; I will but step home first and put up this beast, then I will come back to you, and we will about it out of hand.'—"Truly, brother," said he of the ass, 'I am mightily beholden to you, and will take care to pay you for it in the same coin.' The story happened neither more nor less, but as I tell you, for so all that know it relate it word for word. In short, the two aldermen, hand in hand, a-foot trudged up the hills, and hunted up and down ; but found no ass. Upon which, quoth the alderman that had seen him to the other, 'Hark you to me, brother, I have

a device in my mind to find out this same ass of yours, though he were in the bowels of the earth, not to say of the mountain. You must know I can bray to admiration, and if you can but bray but never so little, the job is done.'—'Never so little!' cried the other; 'by Heaven I will give place to no one, not even to asses themselves.'—'Well, we shall try that,' quoth the other, 'for my contrivance is, that you go on one side of the hill, and I on the other; sometimes you shall bray, and sometimes I; so that, if your ass be but thereabouts, and hear us, he cannot help but answer.'—'I declare, brother,' quoth the owner of the ass: 'this is a rare device, and worthy of your wit.' At the same time they parted according to agreement, and when they were far enough off, they both fell a-braying about the same time so well, that they cheated one another; and meeting, each in hopes to find the ass, 'Is it possible, brother,' said the owner of the ass, 'that it was not my ass that brayed?'—'No, marry, that it was not, it was I,' answered the other alderman.—'Well, brother,' cried the owner, 'then there is no manner of difference between you and an ass, as to matter of braying; I never heard anything so natural in my life.'—'These compliments ought to be yours rather than mine, you can give odds of two brays to one,' quoth the other to 'the best brayer in the world. Your voice is lofty, and of a great compass; you keep excellent time, and hold out a note rarely, and your cadence plentiful and quick. In short, sir, I knock under, and yield you the bays.'—'Well, brother,' answered the owner, 'I shall always have the better opinion of myself since I have a gift of some sort; for though I knew I brayed pretty well, I never thought myself so great a master before.'—'Well,' quoth the other, 'thus you see what rare parts may be lost and wasted on those who know not how to make use of them.'—'Ours would be of no use,' quoth the owner; 'had it not been for this business in hand, and may we speed in it, I pray!' This said, they parted again, and went braying, but they still deceived one another, and met as before.

"At last they agreed to bray twice, one after another, that by that token they might be sure it was not the ass, but they that brayed. And so doubling their brays they

went round the mountain, but no answer from the ass. And indeed, how could the poor creature, when they found him at last in the wood half-eaten by the wolves. On seeing him his master said, 'I wondered that he took no notice. Had he been alive, as sure as he was an ass, he would have brayed again. But as I have heard you bray with such grace, brother, the trouble I have had in seeking him was well bestowed, though I find him dead.'—'It is in a good hand, brother,' quoth the other, 'for if the abbot sings well, the young monk is not much behind him.'

"With this, very down-hearted, and very hoarse, they went home, and told all their friends and neighbours the whole story, word for word; each praising the other's skill in braying. All which was spread about the neighbouring villages; and the devil, who sleeps not, but catches at every foolish thing to set people by the ears, ordained that people of other places when they saw any of our townsfolk, fell a-braying, as if to throw in our teeth the braying of our aldermen. The boys got it, and there was such a brawling, that one would have thought hell broke loose among us. And it has so spread that the people of the braying town are as well known by this, as negroes from white men. And they have carried the jest so far, that many a time the victims have gone out armed and in fighting order, against the mockers, to give them battle, in spite of king or rook, fear or shame; and I believe to-morrow, or next day, the men of our town, to wit, the brayers, will be in the field against those of another town about two leagues off, that plagues us the most. Now, that we should be well provided, I have brought these lances and halberts that ye saw me carry. So this is my story, and if it seem not a strange one to you, I have no other."

Here the honest man ended; when presently enters at the inn-door a fellow, dressed in breeches, stockings and doublet, all of shamoy leather, and in a loud voice: "Landlord," cried he, "have you any lodgings? for here comes the fortune-telling ape, and the puppet-show of Melisendra's deliverance."¹—"Body of me!" cried the inn-

¹ The story of Gayfer de Bourdeaux, which affords the groundwork for this inimitable scene, is to be found at great length both in the

keeper, "why, here's Master Peter! We shall have a merry night!" I had forgot to tell you, that this same Master Peter wore over his left eye and half his cheek a patch of green taffeta, by which it appeared that something ailed that side of his face. "Master Peter," continued the landlord, "you are welcome with all my heart; but where is the ape, and the show, that I cannot see them?"—"They will be here presently," said Peter; "I only came before, to see if you had any lodgings."—"I would turn out the Duke of Alva himself," said the innkeeper rather than Master Peter should want room. Come, come, bring on the monkey and the show, for here are guests in the house to-night that will pay to see the monkey's accomplishments."—"That is a good hearing," said Peter; "I will lower my prices; and if I can but get my charges to-night, I will look for no more; so I will hasten forward the cart." This said, he ran out of the door again.

Don Quixote inquired who this Master Peter was, and what his ape and his show. "Why, sir," answered the innkeeper, "he has strolled about this Mancha of Arragon a great while with a puppet-show, which represents the play of Melisendra and Don Gayferos, one of the best shows that has been acted time out of mind in this part of the kingdom. Then he has an ape of the most rare talent ever seen amongst apes, or imagined by man, for if you ask it a question, it will listen to you; and then, up it leaps on its master's shoulder, and whispers first in his ear what it knows, and then Master Peter tells you. He tells you what is past, much more than what is to come: it is true, he does not always hit the mark about everything; but after all, he is seldom in the wrong, which makes us apt to think the devil is inside him. Two reals is the price for every question he answers, or his master for him, which is all one, you know; and it is

romantic chronicle of Charlemagne, and in the Spanish Cancioneros. On the ballads, Master Peter appears principally to have relied—as in them may be found the *ipsissima verba*, which he attributes to the different personages of his drama. The story is sufficiently intelligible from the text itself.

thought the said Master Peter is well to pass; and, indeed, he is a *galante* man, as they say in Italy, and *bon compañero*, and leads the merriest life in the world; talks for six men, and drinks for a dozen; and all this he gets by his tongue, his ape, and his show."

By this time Master Peter came back with his puppet-show and his ape in a cart. The ape was pretty lusty, without any tail, and his buttocks like felt; yet he was not very ugly either. Don Quixote no sooner saw him, but coming up to him, "Mr. Fortune-teller," said he, "will you be pleased to tell us what fish do we catch, and what will become of us, and here is your fee?" Saying this, he ordered Sancho to deliver Master Peter two reals. "Sir," answered Peter, "this animal gives no account of things to come; he knows something, indeed, of matters past, and a little of the present."—"By Rus!"¹ quoth Sancho, "I would not give a brass jack to know what is past, for who knows that better than myself? I am not so foolish as to pay for what I know already; but since he knows the present, here are my two reals, let goodman ape tell me what my wife Teresa is doing, and what she is about."—"I will have nothing of you beforehand," said Master Peter; so, clapping himself on his left shoulder, up skipped the ape thither at one frisk, and, laying his mouth to his master's ear, and having made a chattering noise with his teeth, for a space of a *credo*, with another skip down he leaped upon the ground. Immediately upon this, Master Peter ran to Don Quixote, and fell on his knees, and, embracing his legs, "Oh glorious restorer of knight-errantry," cried he, "I embrace these legs as I would the pillars of Hercules! Who can sufficiently extol the great Don Quixote de la Mancha, the reviver of drooping hearts, the prop and stay of the falling, the arm of the fallen, and the staff of comfort to all the afflicted!" At these words Don Quixote stood amazed, Sancho quaked, the cousin doubted, the page wondered, the brayer blessed himself, the innkeeper stared, and all were astonished at Master Peter's speech,

¹ [This name is found three times in La Mancha,—for a castle, a stream, and a village. As Pellicer remarks, it is not easy to know which Sancho swore by.]

who continued, "And thou, honest Sancho Panza," said he, "the best squire to the best knight in the world, be of good cheer, for thy good spouse, Teresa, is well, and is at this instant dressing a pound of flax; by the same token, she has standing by her, on her left hand, a large broken-mouthed jug, which holds a pretty scantling of wine, to cheer her at her work."—"That is likely enough," quoth Sancho, "for she is a good simple soul: were it not for jealousy, I would not change her for the giantess Andandona¹ herself, who, as my master says, was as good a woman as ever you could wish for. Well, my Teresa is one of those resolved to provide for herself, though her heirs suffer for it."—"Well," said Don Quixote, "great is the knowledge procured by reading, travel, and experience. What on earth but the testimony of my own eyes could have persuaded me that there are apes in the world with the gift of divination! I am indeed the Don Quixote de la Mancha, mentioned by this ingenious animal, though I must confess he has somewhat enlarged on my praises. But whoever I be, I thank Heaven that charity and compassion bear so great a part in my nature, which is always disposed to do good to all men, and hurt to none."

"Now had I but money," said the page, "I would know of Mr. Ape what luck I should have in my expedition."—"I have told you already," said Master Peter, who was got up from before Don Quixote, "that this ape does not meddle with what is to come; but if he could, it should cost you nothing, for Don Quixote's sake, whom to oblige, I would sacrifice all the interest I have in the world; and, as a mark of it, gentlemen, I freely set up my show, and give all the company in the house some diversion gratis." The innkeeper, hearing this, was overjoyed; and showed him a convenient room to set up his motion, and he immediately went about it.

In the meantime Don Quixote, who was not altogether pleased with the divinings of the ape, for it seemed to him unmeet that an ape should divine either things past or things to come, taking Sancho to a corner of the stable, "Look ye, Sancho," said he, "I have been weighing and considering the wonderful gifts of this ape, and find, in

¹ [*Amadis de Gaul*, c. lxviii:]

short, Master Peter must have made a pact, tacit or expressed, with the devil.”—“If the pack is compressed and is the devil’s,” said Sancho, “without doubt it is a very nasty pack; but what advantage is it to this same Master Peter to have such packs?”—“Thou dost not apprehend me,” said Don Quixote; “I mean, the devil and he must have made an agreement together, that Satan should infuse this knowledge into the ape, by which he might gain his living; and he has certainly engaged his soul to this enemy of mankind; for the ape’s knowledge is exactly of the same proportion with the devil’s, which only extends to the discovery of things past and present, having no insight into futurity but by conjectures; and not always so, true prescience and prediction being the sacred prerogative of God, to whose all-seeing eyes there is no past, or to come, for all is present. From this, I say, it is apparent that this ape speaks with the devil’s style; and this same rogue should be put into the Inquisition, and have the truth pressed out of his bones. For sure the ape can lay no pretence to astrology, nor is his master or he able to cast those figures called judiciary, now so much in use in Spain, that foolish illiterate women, footmen and cobblers, pretend to draw a figure as easily and as readily as they shuffle a pack of cards, disgracing the sublime science by their lies and ignorance. I knew a lady that asked one of these figure-casters, if a little lap-dog she had should have puppies, and how many, and of what co’our? My conjuror, after he had drawn out his scheme, very judiciously pronounced, that the pretty creature should have three puppies, one green, one red, and another mixed colour, provided she would take dog between eleven and twelve at night or noon, either on a Monday or a Saturday; and what happened was that the bitch some days after died of a surfeit, and Master Projector was reputed a special conjuror all the town over, as most of these fellows are.”—“For all that,” said Sancho, “I would have you ask Master Peter’s ape, whether the passages you told us concerning Montesinos’ cave be true or no; for, saving the respect I owe your worship, I take them to be no better than fibs, and idle stories, or dreams at least.”—“It may be so,” answered Don Quixote; “how-

ever, I will do as you would have me, though I confess my conscience somewhat scruples to do such a thing."

While they were thus engaged, Master Peter came and told Don Quixote the show was ready, and desired his worship to come and see it, for it was worthy of him. The knight told him, he had a question to put to his ape first, and desired he would ask him whether certain things that happened to him in Montesinos' cave were dreams or realities, for he doubted they had something of both in them. Master Peter fetched his ape immediately, and, placing him just before Don Quixote and Sancho, "Look you," said he, "Mr. Ape, this worthy knight would have you tell him whether some things which happened to him in Montesinos' cave are true or no?" Then, upon the usual signal, the ape, jumping upon his left shoulder, and chattered his answer into his ear, and Master Peter said at once, "The ape, sir, says, that part of those things are false, and part of them true, which is all he can resolve ye as to this question; and now his virtue has left him, and won't return till Friday next. If you would know any more, you must stay till then, and he will answer as many questions as you please."—"Did not I tell you," quoth Sancho, "that I could not accept all you told us of Montesinos' cave, nor even half?"—"That the event will determine," replied the knight; "time brings everything to light, though buried in the bowels of the earth. No more of this at present: let us now see the puppet-show; I fancy we shall find something new in it."—"Something!" said Master Peter; "sir, you shall see sixty thousand things worth seeing. I tell you, sir, I defy the world to show such another. I say no more: *Operibus credite, et non verbis*. But now let us begin, for it grows late, and we have much to do, say, and show."

Don Quixote and Sancho complied, and went into the room where the show stood, with a good number of small wax-lights round about, that made it shine gloriously. Master Peter got to his station within, being the man that was to move the puppets; and a boy stood before, to serve as interpreter and explain the mystery of the show. He had a white wand in his hand, to point at the several figures as they came in and out. Then all the audience

having taken their places, Don Quixote, Sancho, the cousin, and the page, being preferred to the rest, the interpreter began a story, that shall be heard or seen by those who will read or hear the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Wherein is related the pleasant adventure of the Puppet-play, with other very good Things truly.

THE Tyrians and the Trojans were all silent;¹ that is, the ears of all the spectators hung on the mouth of the interpreter of the show, when, in the first place, they heard a loud flourish of kettle-drums and trumpets within the machine, and then several discharges of artillery; which prelude being soon over, the boy, raising his voice, cried, "We present your worships here with a true history, taken out of the chronicles of France, and the Spanish ballads, sung even by the boys about the streets, and in everybody's mouth; it tells you how Don Gayferos delivered his wife Melisendra, that was a prisoner among the Moors in Spain, in the city of Sansueña, now called Saragossa. Now, gallants, the first figure we present you with is Don Gayferos, playing at draughts, according to the ballad:

"Now Gayferos the live-long day,
Oh arant shame, at draughts does play;
And, as at court most husbands do,
Forgets his lady fair and true."

"And that personage that peeps out there with a crown on his head, and a sceptre in his hand, is the Emperor Charlemagne, the same Melisendra's reputed father, who, vexed at the idleness and negligence of his son-in-law, comes to chide him;² and pray, observe with what passion and earnestness he rates him, as if he had a mind to lend him half-a-dozen sound raps with his sceptre; nay, some

¹ [A translation of Æneid ii. 1. Tyrii Troesque Conticuere omnes, intentique ora tenebant.]

² The "chiding" which Gayferos on this occasion received from his imperial father-in-law, is given in one of the ballads, (the whole of which, however, I do not believe, can be ancient.) See Additional Note, VI.

authors do not stick to tell ye he gave him as many, and well laid on too. And after he had told him how his honour lay a-bleeding, till he had delivered his wife out of durance, 'tis reported that he said,

“‘Sufficient have I told you; look to it.’

Mind how the emperor turns his back upon him, and how he leaves Don Gayferos nettled, and in the dumps. Now see how he starts up, and, in a rage, dings the table one way, and the men another; and, calling for his arms with all haste, begs of his cousin-german Orlando the loan of his sword, Durindana; who however refuses it, but offers to go along with him in this difficult adventure; but the valorous enraged knight will not let him, and says he is able to deliver his wife himself, without his help, though they kept her down in the very centre of the earth. And with that he goes in to put on his armour, in order to begin his journey.

“Now, gentlemen, cast your eyes upon yon tower; you are to suppose it one of the towers of the castle of Saragossa, now called the Aljaferia. That lady, whom you see in the balcony there, in a Moorish habit, is the peerless Melisendra, that casts many a look on the road to France, thinking of Paris and her husband, the only comfort in her imprisonment. But now here is an accident wholly new, the like perhaps never heard of before. Don't you see that Moor, who comes a-tiptoe, creeping and stealing along, with his finger in his mouth, behind Melisendra. See what a kiss he gives her on her sweet lips, and see how she spits, and wipes her mouth with her white smock-sleeve: see how she takes on, and tears her lovely hair for very madness, as if it were to blame this affront. Next, pray, observe that grave Moor that stands in the open gallery; that is Marsilius, the king of Sansueña, who, having been an eye-witness of the sauciness of the Moor, ordered him immediately to be apprehended, though his kinsman and great favourite; and to have two hundred lashes given him; being carried through the city, with criers before to proclaim his crime, and the rods of justice behind. And look how all this is put in execution sooner almost than the fact is committed; for the Moors, ye must

know, don't use any form of indictment, nor proof, nor delays, as we do."

"Child, child," said Don Quixote, "go on directly with your story, and don't keep us here with your excursions and ramblings out of the road. I tell you there must be many proofs and counter-proofs to get at a truth in its purity." "Boy," said the master from within the show, "do as the gentleman bids you. Don't run so much upon flourishes, but follow your plain-song without venturing on counter-points, they are apt to break of fineness."—"I will, sir," quoth the boy, and so proceeding: "Now, sirs, he that you see there a-horseback, wrapt up in the Gascoign-cloak, is Don Gayferos himself, whom his wife, now revenged on the Moor for his impudence, and with a more cheerful and pacific demeanour, seeing from the battlements of the tower, takes him for a stranger, and talks with him as such, according to the ballad,

"Quoth Melisendra, if perchance,
Sir Traveller, you go for France,
For pity's sake, ask when you're there,
For Gayferos, my husband dear."

"I omit the rest, not to tire you with a long story. It is sufficient that he makes himself known to her, as you may guess by the joy she shows; and, accordingly, now see how she lets herself down from the balcony, to come at her loving husband and get behind him on his horse; but unhappily, alas! a piece of lace on her gown is caught upon one of the spikes of the balcony, and there she hangs and hovers in the air miserably, without being able to get down. But see how heaven is merciful, and sends relief in the greatest distress! Now Don Gayferos rides up to her, and not fearing to tear her rich gown, lays hold on her, and at one pull brings her down; and then at one lift sets her astride upon his horse's crupper, bidding her to sit fast, and clasp her arms over his shoulders and cross them on his breast, that she may not fall; for the lady Melisendra was not used to that kind of riding.

"Observe now, gallants, how the horse neighs, and shows how proud he is of the burden of his brave master and fair mistress. Look now, how they turn their backs, and leave the city, and gallop it merrily away towards

Paris.¹ Peace be with you, for a peerless pair of true lovers! may ye get safe and sound into your own country, without any let or ill chance in your journey, and live as long as Nestor, in peace and quietness among your friends and relations.”—“ Plainness, boy!” cried Master Peter, “ none of your flights, I beseech you, for affectation is the devil.”—The boy answered nothing, but going on; “ Now, sirs,” quoth he, “ some of those idle people that pry into everything happened to spy Melisendra as she fell and rose again, and ran presently and gave Marsilius notice of it; whereupon he straight commanded to sound an alarm; and now mind how all the city runs together at the sound of the bells in all the mosques!”—“ There you are out, Master Peter,” said Don Quixote: “ the Moors have no bells, they only use kettledrums, and a kind of dulcimer like our clarions; so that your ringing of bells in Sansueña is a mere absurdity, good Master Peter.”—“ Nay, sir,” said Master Peter giving over ringing, “ if you stand upon these trifles with us, we shall never please you. Don’t be so severe a critic. Are there not a thousand plays that pass with great success and applause, though they have a thousand absurdities, and nonsense in abundance? On, boy, on, let there be as many impertinences as motes in the sun; no matter, so I get the money.”—“ Well said,” answered Don Quixote.—“ And now,” quoth the boy, “ observe what a vast company of glittering horse comes pouring out of the city, in pursuit of the Christian lovers; what a sound of trumpets and clarions, and drums and kettledrums there is in the air. I fear they will overtake them, and then will the poor wretches be brought back at the tails of their horses, which would be a horrible spectacle.”

Don Quixote, seeing such a number of Moors, and hearing such an alarm, thought it high time to assist the flying lovers; and starting up, “ It shall never be said while I live,” cried he aloud, “ that in my presence I suffered such a wrong to be done to so famous a knight and so daring a lover as Don Gayferos. Forbear then your unjust pursuit, ye base-born rascals! Stop, or prepare to meet me in

¹ The release of Melisendra from the tower of San Sueña (or Zaragoza), is described in another of these ballads. See Additional Note, VII.

battle!" Then drawing out his sword to make good his threats, at one spring he gets to the show, and with a violent and unparalleled fury lays at the Moorish puppets, overthrowing some, and beheading others; maiming this, and cleaving that in pieces. Among the rest of his strokes he thundered one down with such a mighty force, that had not Master Peter luckily ducked and squatted down, it had certainly chopped off his head as easily as if it had been sugar-paste. "Hold, hold, Sir Don Quixote," cried Master Peter. "These are no real Moors that you cut and hack, but poor harmless puppets made of pasteboard. Look! sinner that I am, you ruin me, and take away my living!" But Don Quixote, without minding his words, doubled and redoubled his blows so thick that in less than two credos he had cut all the strings and wires, mangled the puppets, and demolished the whole motion. King Marsilius was in a grievous condition. The Emperor Charlemagne's head and crown were cleft in two. The whole audience was in a sad consternation. The ape scampered off to the top of the house. The cousin was frightened, the page scared, and Sancho himself was in a terrible fright; for, as he swore after the hurricane was over, he had never seen his master in such a rage before.

The general rout of the puppets being over, Don Quixote was somewhat pacified, and said he, "I could wish all those incredulous persons who slight the benefit of knight-errantry were here before me: for how miserable had been the condition of poor Don Gayferos and the fair Melisendra by this time, had I not been here. I make no question but those infidels would have apprehended them, and used them barbarously. Well, when all is done, long live knight-errantry, above all things whatsoever in this world!"—"Ay, ay," said Master Peter in a doleful tone, "let it live long for me, so I may die; for why should I live so unhappy, as to say with King Roderigo,¹

"I yesterday was lord of Spain,
But ne'er a tower have I to-day
That I can call mine own."

¹ Master Peter quotes, on this occasion, a verse out of one of the innumerable ballads concerning King Roderick. See Additional Note, VIII.

It is not half an hour, nay scarce a moment, since I had kings and emperors at command. I had horses in abundance, and chests and bags full of fine things; but now you see me a poor sorry undone man, clean broke and cast down, and in short a mere beggar; and, what is worst of all, I have lost my ape too, who I am sure will make my teeth sweat ere I catch him again; and all through the rash fury of this Sir Knight here, who, they say, protects the fatherless, redresses wrongs, and does other charitable deeds, but has failed in all these good offices to miserable me, praised be heaven where they have their most exalted seats. Well may I call him the Knight of the Doleful Countenance, for it is he who was to disfigure mine."

Master Peter's lamentations moving Sancho's pity, "Come," quoth he, "don't cry, Master Peter, thou break'st my heart to hear thee take on so; don't be cast down, man, for my master's a good Christian, and when he comes to know he has done you wrong, he will pay you for every farthing of damage."—"Truly," said Master Peter, "if his worship would but pay me for the fashion of my puppets he has spoiled, I will ask no more, and he will discharge a good conscience; for he that wrongs his neighbour, and does not make restitution, can never be saved."—"I grant it," said Don Quixote, "but I am not sensible how I have in the least injured you, good Master Peter!" "How not?" cried Master Peter. "These poor relics that lie here on the cold ground, was it not the invincible force of that powerful arm of yours that has scattered and dismembered them so? And whose were those bodies, sir, but mine? and by whom was I maintained, but by them?"

"Well," said Don Quixote, "now I am thoroughly convinced of a truth, which I have had reason to believe before, that those cursed magicians that daily persecute me, do nothing but place before my eyes shapes as they are, and then presently after change them as they please. Really and truly, gentlemen, I vow and protest before you all that hear me, that all that was acted here seemed to be really transacted to the letter. Melisendra was Melisendra. Don Gayferos Don Gayferos, Marsilius Marsilius, and Charlemagne Charlemagne. Which being so, I could

not contain my fury, and acted according to the duties of my function, which obliges me to take the injured side. Now, though what I have done proves to be quite contrary to my good design, the fault ought not to be imputed to me, but to my persecuting foes; yet I own myself sorry for the mischance, and will condemn myself to pay the costs. Let Master Peter see what he must have for the figures that are damaged, and I will pay it him now in good and lawful Spanish money.”—“Heaven bless your worship!” cried Master Peter, with a profound cringe, “I could expect no less from the wonderful Christianity of the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, the sure relief and bulwark of all miserable wanderers. Now let my landlord and the great Sancho be mediators and appraisers between your worship and myself, of the value of the destroyed figures!”

They agreed: and presently Master Peter taking up Marsilius, King of Saragossa, that lay by on the ground with his head off: “You see, gentlemen,” said he, “it is impossible to restore this king to his former dignity; and therefore, with submission to your better judgments, I think that for his death, end, and destruction, four reals¹ and a half is little enough.”—“Proceed,” said Don Quixote.—“Then for this that is cleft in two,” said Master Peter, taking up the Emperor Charlemagne, “I think five reals and a quarter is not much to ask.”—“Not little either,” quoth Sancho.—“Truly,” said in the innkeeper, “I think, it is not much; let us make it even money, and call it five reals.”—“Come,” said Don Quixote, “let him have his full price; for a farthing more or less matters not in a case like this. So make haste, Master Peter, for it is near supper-time, and I have some strong presumptions of hunger.”—“Now,” said Master Peter, “for this figure here that is without a nose and blind with one eye, being the fair Melisendra, I will be reasonable with you; give me two reals and twelve maravedis.”—“Nay,” said Don Quixote, “the devil is in it, if Melisendra be not by this time with her husband, upon the frontiers of France at least; for the horse that carried them seemed to me rather to fly than to gallop; and now you think to sell me a cat

¹ [A real, =32 maravedis—about 6d.]

for a hare, and tell me of a Melisendra here without a nose forsooth, when it is ten to one but she is now in her husband's arms in a good bed in France. Come, come, friend, God help every man to his own; let us have fair dealing; so proceed."

Master Peter finding that the knight began to harp upon the old string, was afraid he would fly off; "Cry ye mercy, sir," said he, "this could not be Melisendra, but one of the damsels that waited on her; and so I think seventy maravedis will be fair enough for her." In this manner he went on, setting his price upon the other much-betattered puppets, which the arbitrators moderated to forty reals and three-quarters to the content of both parties; to which sum, when Sancho paid it him down, Master Peter demanded two reals more for the trouble of catching his ape. "Give it him," said Don Quixote, "not for catching, but for playing the ape: and now would I give two hundred more to be assured that Don Gayferos and the lady Melisendra were safely arrived in France among their friends."—"Nobody can better tell than my ape," said Master Peter, "though the devil himself will hardly catch him, if hunger, or his kindness for me do not bring us together again to-night. However to-morrow, please God, we will see each other again."

The whole disturbance being appeased, to supper they went lovingly together, and Don Quixote treated the whole company, for he was liberality itself. Before dawn the man with the lances and halberts left the inn, and soon after daybreak the cousin and the page came to take leave of the knight; the first to return home, and the second to continue his journey, towards whose charges Don Quixote gave him twelve reals. As for Master Peter, he had no wish to have any further disputes with Don Quixote, whom he knew very well, and therefore having picked up the ruins of the puppet-show, and got his ape again, by break of day he packed off to seek his fortune. The innkeeper, who did not know Don Quixote, was as much surprised at his liberality as at his madness. In fine, Sancho paid him very well by his master's order, and mounting at about eight o'clock, they left the inn, and proceeded on their journey; where we will leave them,

that we may have an opportunity to relate some other matters very requisite for the better understanding of this famous history.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Wherein is discovered who were Master Peter, and his Ape ; as also Don Quixote's ill-success in the Braying Adventure, which did not end so happily as he desired and expected.

CID HAMET, the author of this celebrated history, begins this chapter with this asseveration, "I swear as a Catholic Christian"; which the translator illustrates and explains in this manner: 'That historian's swearing like a Catholic Christian, though he was a Moor, ought to be received in no other sense than that, as a Catholic Christian, when he affirms anything with an oath, does or ought to swear truth, so would he relate the truth as impartially as a Christian would do, if he had taken such an oath, in what he designed to write of Don Quixote; especially in giving account of who was Master Peter, and the fortune-telling ape, whose answers created such an amazement all over the country. He says then, that any one who has read the foregoing part of this history, cannot but remember one Gines de Passamonte, whom Don Quixote had rescued, with several other galley-slaves, in Sierra Morena; a piece of service for which he was ill thanked and worse paid by that ungrateful pack of rogues. This Gines de Passamonte, or, as Don Quixote called him, Ginesillo de Parapilla, was the very man that stole Sancho's ass; the manner and time of which robbery, being not inserted in the first part, has been the reason that some people have laid that, which was caused by the printer's neglect, to the inadvertency of the author. But in short Gines stole the ass while Sancho slept on his back, making use of the same trick and artifice which Brunelo practised when he carried off Sacripante's horse from under his legs, at the siege of Albraca; and Sancho got possession of him again, as has been told.

Gines it seems, being apprehensive of the search that was made after him, in order to bring him to justice for his repeated villainies—which were so great and numerous, that he himself had wrote a large book of them—thought it advisable to make the best of his way into the kingdom of Arragon, and having clapped a plaister over his left eye, resolved in that disguise to set up a puppet-show, in which and in juggling he had not his fellow. Now it happened, that in his way he fell into the company of some Christian slaves who came from Barbary, and struck a bargain with them for this ape, whom he taught to leap on his shoulder at a certain sign, and to make as if he whispered something in his ear. Having brought his ape to this, before he entered into any town he informed himself in the adjacent parts, as well as he could, of what particular accidents had happened to this or that person; and having a very retentive memory, the first thing he did was to give them a sight of his show, that represented sometimes one story and sometimes another, which were all lively, merry and well-known. The show being ended, he commended the wonderful qualities of his ape, telling the company that it would reveal things past and present, but that in things to come, he was altogether uninstructed. He asked two reals for every answer, though now and then he lowered his price as he felt the pulse of his customers. Sometimes when he came to the houses of people of whose concerns he had some account, and who would ask the ape no questions, because they did not care to pay, he would, notwithstanding, be making signs to his ape, and tell them the animal had acquainted him with this or that story, according to the information he had before; and by that means he got an unspeakable credit, and drew a mighty crowd after him. At other times, though he knew nothing, his wit supplied his want of knowledge, and brought him handsomely off: and nobody being so inquisitive or pressing as to make him declare by what means his ape attained to this gift of divination, he made apes of them all and pulled out his purse.

He was no sooner come to the inn, but he knew Don Quixote and Sancho; by which knowledge it was easy for

him to astonish Don Quixote, Sancho Panza and all the rest of the company. But he had like to have paid dear for his knowledge, had the knight's sword fallen but a little lower when he made King Marsilius's head fly, and routed all his Moorish horse, as the reader may have observed in the foregoing chapter. And this may suffice in relation to Master Peter and his ape.

Now to return to Don Quixote de La Mancha. After he had left the inn, he resolved to take a sight of the River Ebro, and the country about it, before he went to Saragossa, since he was not straitened for time, but might do all between this and the jousts. Two days he travelled without meeting with anything worth being committed to writing, when on the third, as he was riding up a hill, he heard a great noise of drums, trumpets, and guns. At first he thought some regiment of soldiers was on its march that way, which made him spur up Rozinante to the brow of the hill; and then he saw in a bottom above two hundred men, as near as he could guess, armed with various weapons, as lances, cross-bows, partisans, halberts, pikes, some few firelocks, and a great many targets. Thereupon he descended into the vale, and made his approaches towards the battalion so near as to be able to distinguish their banners, judge of their colours, and observe their devices; more especially one that was to be seen on a standard of white satin, on which was represented to the life a little jackass, a very Sardinian for stubbornness, holding up his head, stretching out his neck, and thrusting out his tongue, in the very posture of an ass that is braying, with this distich written in large characters about it:

“’Twas more than nothing that one day
Made one and other bailiff bray.”

Don Quixote drew this inference from the motto, that those were the inhabitants of the braying town, and he acquainted Sancho with what he had observed written on the standard, giving him also to understand that the man who told them the story of the two braying aldermen was apparently in the wrong, since, according to the verses on the standard, they were two bailiffs and not two aldermen. “It matters not one rush what you

call them," quoth Sancho ; " for those very aldermen that brayed might in time come to be made bailiffs of their village, and so both those titles might have been given them well enough. But what is it to you or me, or the story, whether the two brayers were aldermen or bailiffs, so they but brayed as we are told ? as if a bailiff were not as likely to bray as an alderman."

In short they plainly understood, that those that were jeered for braying were got together to fight the people of another town, who had indeed abused them more than was the part of good neighbours ; thereupon Don Quixote advanced towards them, to Sancho's great grief, who had no manner of liking to such kind of adventures. The multitude soon got about the knight, taking him for some partisan. But Don Quixote, lifting up his vizor, with a graceful deportment rode up to the standard, and there all the chief leaders of the army got together about him, in order to take a survey of his person, no less amazed at this strange appearance than all who saw him for the first time. Don Quixote seeing them look so earnestly on him, and no man offer so much as a word or question, took occasion from their silence to break his own ; and, raising his voice, " Good gentlemen," cried he, " I beseech you with all the endearments imaginable, to give no interruption to the discourse I am now delivering to you, unless you find it distasteful or tedious : which if I occasion, at the least hint you shall give me, I will clap a seal on my lips and a padlock on my tongue." They all cried that he might speak what he pleased, and they would hear him with all their hearts. Having this license, Don Quixote proceeded.

" Gentlemen," said he, " I am a knight-errant : arms are my exercise ; and my profession is to show favour to those that are in necessity of favour, and to give assistance to those that are in distress. I have for some time known the cause of your uneasiness, which excites you to take arms to be revenged on your enemies ; and having often busied my mind, in making reflections on the motives which have brought you together, I find that according to the laws of arms, you really injure yourselves, in thinking yourselves affronted ; for no particular person can give an

affront to a whole town and society of men, except it be by accusing them all of high treason in general, for want of knowing on which of them to fix some treasonable action, of which he supposes some of them to be guilty. We have an instance of this nature, in Don Diego Ordoñez de Lara, who sent a challenge to all the inhabitants of Zamora, not knowing that Vellido Dolfos alone had assassinated the king his master in that town; and by his so accusing and defying them all, the defence and revenge belonged to them all in general, though it must be owned that Don Diego was somewhat unreasonable in his defiance, and strained the point too far.¹ For, it was very little to the purpose to defy the dead, the waters, the bread, those that were yet unborn, with many other trifling matters mentioned in the challenge. But let that pass; for when choler is brought forth the tongue has no farther governor or rein to control it. Taking it for granted then, that no particular person can affront a whole kingdom, province, city, commonwealth, or entire town, it is but just to conclude that it is needless to revenge such an affront; since such an abuse is no sufficient provocation, and, indeed, positively no affront. It would be a pretty piece of wisdom, truly, should those of the Clock-town fall foul of those who mention it to them. It would be a fine business indeed, if those that are nicknamed by our rabble, and called the cheese-mongers, the coster-mongers, whale-bonemen, and soap-boilers, should know no better than to think themselves dishonoured, and in revenge be always drawing out their swords at the least word, for every idle insignificant quarrel. No, no, heaven forbid! men of sagacity and wisdom, and well-governed commonwealths, are never induced to take up arms, nor endanger their persons, and estates, but on the four following occasions. In the first place, to defend the Catholic faith. Secondly, for the

¹ I have had already more than once had occasion to make mention of the treason of Vellido Dolfos, and the death of King Sancho beneath the walls of Zamora. The allusion in the text is to the curse which Don Diego de Ordoñez de Lara, a near kinsman of the murdered monarch, is said to have uttered against the city of Zamora, immediately after the treason was discovered. The story is told at length in the Chronicle of the Cid, and also in one of the ballads, of which I shall translate as much as is necessary.

security of their lives, which they are commanded to preserve by the laws of God and nature. Thirdly, the preservation of their good name, their family, and estate. Fourthly, the service due to their prince in a just war; and if we please we may add a fifth, which indeed may be referred to the second, the defence of our country. To these five capital causes may be subjoined several others, which are just and reasonable, and may oblige us to have recourse to arms. But to take them up for mere trifles, and such occasions as rather challenge our mirth and contemptuous laughter than revenge, shows the person who is guilty of such proceedings to be devoid of sense. Besides, to seek after an unjust revenge (and no revenge can be just) is directly against the holy law we profess, which commands us to forgive our enemies, and to do good to those that hate us—an injunction, which though it seems difficult to obey, yet is only so to those who have less of heaven than of the world, and more of the flesh than of the spirit. For Jesus Christ, God, and very man, who lied not, nor can lie, said, ‘that his yoke is easy, and his burden light;’ and according to that, He could prescribe nothing which was impossible to be done. Therefore, gentlemen, you are bound to keep the peace, by laws both human and divine.”

ORDOÑEZ.

Diego de Ordoñez hath arm'd him cap-a-pee,
And mounting his black charger, forth from the camp rides he;
From out the camp he gallops, and through among the trees,
For he hath sworn to blow his horn, and curse the Zamorese.

And forth upon the green he went, where the old oaks come down
Upon the fosse and battlement of the rebellious town;
Thence loud and long he shouted—“False city, hear my cry,
I curse thee, sinful Zamora, I curse and I defy.

“I curse thy dead—for out of these a bastard race is sprung,
I curse thy living Zamorese—I curse them, old and young;
Woman and child, and stock and stem, I curse them utterly,
If men there be, twice curse I them—I curse and I defy.

“May senseless things around them be sharers in their lot!
May flowers and trees be withered, may all your harvests rot!
May every stream and fountain be cursed in your plains,
So may the taint of treason be poison in your veins!” &c.

* * * * *

"The devil fetch me," quoth Sancho to himself, "if this master of mine must not have been bred a parson; if not, he is as like one as one egg is like another." Don Quixote paused awhile, to take breath; and, perceiving his auditory still willing to give him attention, had proceeded in his harangue, had not Sancho's sharpness come in the way, who seeing that his master paused, laid hold on the opportunity. "Gentlemen," quoth he, "my master Don Quixote de la Mancha, once called the Knight of the Doleful Countenance, and now the Knight of the Lions, is a very judicious gentleman, and talks Latin and his own mother-tongue as well as any bachelor. Whatever discourse he takes in hand, he speaks like a man of arms; he has all the laws and rules of that same thing you call duel at his fingers' ends; so that you have no more to do but to do as he says, and let the blame be laid on me. And indeed, as you have already been told, it is a very silly fancy to be ashamed to hear one bray; for I remember when I was a boy, I could bray as often as I listed, and nobody went about to hinder me; and I could do it so rarely, and to the life, that when I brayed, all the asses in our town would fall a-braying; yet for all this, I did not cease to be my parents' child, who were most honest folk; it is true, indeed, several of the best young men in our parish envied me for this great ability of mine; but I cared not a rush. Now that you may not think I tell you a lie, do but hear me, and then judge; for this science is like swimming, which once learned, is never forgotten!"

This said, he clapped his hand to his nose, and fell a-braying so obstreperously, that it made the neighbouring valleys ring again. But while he was thus braying, one of those that stood next to him, believing he did it to mock them, gave him such a hearty blow with a quarter-staff on his back, that without his doing anything else it brought Sancho Panza to the ground.

Don Quixote, seeing what a rough entertainment had been given to his squire, moved with his lance in a threatening posture towards the man that had given the blow; but the crowd thrust themselves in such a manner between them, that it was impracticable to avenge him.

At the same time, finding that a shower of stones began to rain about his ears, and a thousand cross-bows and muskets were getting ready for his reception, he turned Rozinante's reins, and galloped from them as fast as four legs would carry him, sending up his hearty prayers to Heaven to deliver him from this danger; and, being under grievous apprehensions at every step, that he should be shot through the back, and have the bullet come out at his breast, he still went fetching his breath, to try if it did any ways fail him. But the country battalion were satisfied with seeing him fly, and did not offer to shoot at him.

As for Sancho, he was set upon his ass before he had well recovered his senses, and then they suffered him to move off; not that he had strength enough to guide him, but Dapple naturally followed Rozinante of his own accord, not being able to be a moment from him. Don Quixote being at a good distance from the armed multitude, faced about, and seeing Sancho pacing after him without any attendants, stayed for his coming up. As for the squadron, they kept their posts till it grew dark, and their enemies having not taken the field to give them battle, they marched home, glad and merry, and had they known the ancient custom of the Greeks, they would have erected a trophy in that place.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Of some things which Benengeli tells us he that reads shall know, if he reads them with attention.

WHEN the valiant man flies, he must have discovered some foul play, and it is the part of prudent persons to reserve themselves for more favourable opportunities. This truth is verified in Don Quixote, who, rather than expose himself to the fury of an incensed and ill-designing multitude, betook himself to flight, without any thoughts of Sancho and the danger in which he had left him, till he found himself in safety. Sancho came after him, as

we have told you before, laid across his ass, and having recovered his senses, overtook him at last, and let himself drop from Dapple at Rozinante's feet, all battered and bruised, and in a sorrowful condition. Don Quixote presently dismounted to search his wounds, and finding him whole from head to feet, "You must bray," cried he angrily, "you must bray, bad luck to you, must you! It is a piece of excellent discretion to talk of halters in the house of a man whose father was hanged. What counter-point could you expect to your music, blockhead, but bastinadoes? Thank Providence, sirrah! that as they gave you benediction with a quarter-staff, they did not christen you with a cutlass."—"I can't answer you," quoth Sancho, "but my back and shoulders speak for me. Pray let us make the best of our way from this place, and I'll ne'er bray again, but I shall not forget to say, that your knights-errant betake themselves to their heels, and leave their trusty squires milled like chaff or grain, in the midst of their enemies."—"A retreat is not to be accounted a flight," replied Don Quixote; "for know, Sancho, that courage which has not wisdom for its guide, falls under the name of temerity; and the rash man's successful actions are rather owing to his good fortune than to his bravery. I own I did retire, but not flee; and in such I did but imitate many valiant men, who have reserved themselves for a more fortunate hour. Histories are full of examples of this nature, which I do not care to relate at present, because they would be tedious to me, and not profitable to thee."

By this time Don Quixote had helped Sancho to bestride his ass, and being himself mounted on Rozinante, they gradually made their way towards a grove of poplar-trees, which seemed about a quarter of a league off. Yet Sancho could not help now and then heaving up deep sighs and lamentable groans. Don Quixote asked him, why he made such a heavy moan? Sancho told him, that from the tip of his spine to the nape of his neck, he felt such grievous pains, that he was ready to sink. "Without doubt," said Don Quixote, "the intenseness of thy torments is by reason that the staff with which thou wert struck was broad and long, and so caught all those

parts of thy back, in which is the pain which you feel; and had it been of a greater magnitude, thy grievances had been so much the greater."

"By gad," quoth Sancho, "you have cleared up that in very pithy words, of which nobody made any doubt. Body of me! was the cause of my ailing so hard to be guessed, that you must tell me that so much of me was sore as was hit by the weapon? Should my ankle-bone ache, it might so be that you could have found out the cause of it; but to tell me that place is sore where I was bruised, is no great discovery. Faith and troth, sir master of mine, ills of others' hang easily. I find whereabouts we are, and what I can hope to get by you; for even as you left me now in the lurch, to be well belaboured and rib-roasted, and the other day to dance in the blanket, so I must expect a hundred and a hundred more of these games in your service; and, as the mischief has now lighted on my shoulders, next time I look for it to fly at my eyes. A plague of my jolter-head, I have been a fool and a sot all along, and am never like to be wiser while I live. Would it not be better for me to trudge home to my wife and children, and look after them, with that little wit heaven has given me, without galloping after your tail high and low, through confounded cross-roads and bye-ways, and wicked and crooked paths, drinking badly and eating worse? Then again the sleeping; count thee, brother squire, seven feet of hard ground; if that won't serve you, take as much more and welcome, there is room enough. The porringer is in your own hand. I would roast and burn to a cinder him that first set people a-madding after this whim of knight-errantry, or at least the first that had so little forecast as to turn squire to such a parcel of madmen as were your knights-errant, in the days of yore, I mean. I say nothing of those in our time; I honour them, since your worship is one of them, for the devil himself could not equal you in what you say and think."

"I durst lay a wager, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that now thou art suffered to prate without interruption, thou feelest no manner of pain in thy whole body. Pr'ythee talk on, my child; say anything that comes uppermost

to thy mouth, or thy brain ; so it but alleviates thy pain, thy impertinences will rather please than offend me ; and if thou hast such a longing desire to be at home with thy wife and children, heaven forbid I should be against it. Thou hast money of mine in thy hands : see how long it is since we sallied out last from home, and cast up the wages by the month, and pay thyself."

"An' it like your worship," quoth Sancho, "when I served my master Thomas¹ Carrasco, father to the bachelor, your worship's acquaintance, I had two ducats a-month, besides my victuals : I don't know what you'll give me ; though I am sure there is more trouble in being squire to a knight-errant than in being servant to a farmer ; for truly, we that go to a farmer's service, however much we moil and sweat so a-days though the worst come to the worst, are sure of a pot at night, and to sleep in a bed. But I don't know when I have had a good meal's meat, or a good night's rest, in all your service, unless it were that short time when we were at Don Diego's house, and when I made a feast on the savoury skimming of Camacho's cauldron, and ate, drank, and lay at Mr. Basil's. All the rest of my time I have had my lodging on the hard ground, under the open sky, living on the rinds of cheese, and crusts of mouldy bread ; drinking water sometimes from brooks, sometimes from springs, as we chanced to light upon it in our way."

"Well," said Don Quixote, "I grant all this, Sancho ; then how much more dost thou expect from me than thou hadst from Thomas Carrasco?"—"Why, truly," quoth Sancho, "if your worship will pay me two reals a-month more, I shall think it very fair, that is, for

¹ In the former part of *Don Quixote*, the name of this personage is Bartholomeo Carrasco. Pellicer seems to think Cervantes might have designed, by this changing of the name, to express the oblivious nature of Sancho Panza ; but it is no part of Sancho's character to be forgetful or inaccurate about the personages or events of his own village. The change only proves that Cervantes wrote rapidly, and had forgotten, when he was composing the second part of his romance, what particular Christian name he had bestowed on Carrasco in the first. And a still more striking instance of this occurs in the changing of the name of Sancho's own wife—who is Maria in the one part, and Theresa in the other.

wages; but then, instead of the island which you know you promised me, I think you cannot in conscience give me less than six reals more, which will make in all thirty.”—“Very well,” said Don Quixote, “let us see then; it is now twenty-five days since we set out from our village—reckon what this comes to, according to the wages thou hast allowed thyself, and be thy own paymaster.”—“Body o’ me!” quoth Sancho, “we are quite out in our account; for as to the promise of an island we ought to reckon from the time you made the promise to this very day.”—“Well, and pray, how long is it?” asked Don Quixote.—“If I remember rightly,” quoth Sancho, “it is about some twenty years ago, two or three days more or less.”

With that Don Quixote, hitting himself a good clap on the forehead, fell a-laughing heartily. “Why,” cried he, “we have hardly been out two months in all the time we were in Sierra Morena, and our whole progress; and dost thou affirm it is twenty years since I promised thee the island? I am now convinced thou hast a mind to make all the money which thou hast of mine in thy keeping go for the payment of thy wages. If this be thy meaning, well and good; e’en take it, and much good may it do thee; for, rather than be troubled any longer with such a varlet, I would contentedly see myself without a farthing. But tell me, thou perverter of the laws of chivalry that relate to squires, where didst thou ever see or read, that any squire to a knight-errant stood capitulating with his master as thou hast done with me, for so much or so much a month? thou cut-throat scoundrel, mean unconscionable wretch, for such thou seemest? Launch, launch, launch, I say, into the vast ocean of their histories; and if thou canst show me a precedent of any squire, who ever said or thought as much as thou has presumed to tell me, then will I give thee leave to nail it on my forehead, and hit me four fillips¹ in the face, besides. Turn rein or the halter of Dapple, and get thee home, for thou shalt never stay in my service any longer. Oh, how much bread, how many promises, have I now ill bestowed on thee! Creature, that hast more of the beast than of the

¹ [In the original, *quatro mamonas selladas*.]

man ! when I was just going to prefer thee to such a post, that in spite of thy wife thou hadst been called my lord, thou sneakest away from me. Thou art leaving me, when I had fully resolved, without any more delay, to make thee lord of the best island in the world, sordid clod ! Well mightest thou say indeed, that honey is not for the chaps of an ass. Thou art indeed a very ass ; an ass thou wilt live, and an ass thou wilt die ; for I dare say, thou wilt never have sense enough while thou livest, to know thou art a brute."

While Don Quixote thus upbraided him, Sancho beheld him with a wistful look ; and the tears standing in his eyes for grief, " Good sir," cried he, with a doleful and weakly voice, " I confess I want nothing but a tail to be a perfect ass ; if your worship will be pleased but to put one on me, I shall deem it well set on, and be your most faithful ass all the days of my life : but forgive me, I beseech you, and take pity on my youth. Consider I have but a dull head-piece of my own ; and if my tongue runs at random sometimes, it is because I am more fool than knave, sir. Who errs and mends, to heaven himself commends."—" I should wonder much," said Don Quixote, " if thou shouldst not interlard thy discourse with some proverb. Well, I will give thee my pardon for this once, that thou mayest correct those imperfections that offend me, and show thyself of a less craving temper. Take heart then, and let the hopes which thou mayest entertain of the performance of my promise raise thy spirit. The time will come ; do not think it impossible because delayed." Sancho promised to do his best, though he should draw strength from weakness.

Hereupon they put into the grove, where Don Quixote laid himself at the foot of an elm, and Sancho at the foot of a beech ; for every one of those trees, and others such, have always a foot, though never a hand. Sancho had but an ill night's rest of it, for the cold made him more sensible of his bruises. As for Don Quixote, he entertained himself with his usual imaginations. However, they both slept, and by break of day continued their journey towards the banks of the famous Ebro, where they met with what shall be told in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Of the famous Adventure of the Enchanted Bark.

FAIR and softly, step by step, Don Quixote and his squire got in two days' time to the banks of the river Ebro, which yielded a very entertaining prospect to Don Quixote. The verdure of its banks, and the abounding plenty of the water, which flowed along clear like liquid crystal, awaked a thousand amorous chimeras in his imagination, and more especially the thoughts of what he had seen in Montesinos' cave; for though Master Peter's ape had assured him, that it was partly false as well as partly true, he was rather inclined to believe it mainly true; quite contrary to Sancho, who thought it every tittle a lie alike.

While the knight went on thus agreeably amused he spied a little boat without any oars or tackle, moored by the river-side to the stump of a tree: thereupon looking round about him, and discovering nobody, he presently alighted, and ordered Sancho to do the like, and tie their beasts fast to some of the elms or willows thereabouts. Sancho asked him what was the meaning of all this? "Thou art to know," answered Don Quixote, "that most certainly this boat lies here for no other reason but to invite me to embark in it, for the relief of some knight, or other person of high degree, that is in great distress. For thus, according to the method of enchanters, in the books of chivalry, when any knight whom they protect happens to be involved in some very great danger, from which none but some other valorous knight can set him free, then, though they be two or three thousand leagues at least distant from each other, up they snatch him in a cloud, or else provide him a boat, and in the twinkling of an eye, in either vehicle, through the airy fluid or the liquid plain, they waft him to the place where his assistance is wanted.¹

¹ The remark of Don Quixote, that this was quite according to the method in the books of chivalry, is perfectly correct. Amadis of Gaul is walking one day by the sea-side, when he perceives a little bark

Just to the same intent does this very bark lie here : it is as clear as the day, and therefore, before it be too late, tie up Rozinante and Dapple, let us commit ourselves to the guidance of Providence ; for embark I will, though bare-footed friars should beg me to desist."

"Well, well," quoth Sancho, "since you will every foot run haring into these—I do not know how to call them—these vagaries, I have no more to do but to obey and bow my head ; for, as the saying is, 'Do as thy master bid thee, and sit down at his table.' But for all that, I must and will discharge my conscience, and tell you plainly, that as I can see it is no enchanted bark, but some fisherman's boat ; for there are many in this river, whose waters afford the best shad in the world."

This said Sancho, while he was tying the beasts to a tree, and going to leave them to the protection of enchanters, full sore against his will. Don Quixote bid him not be concerned at leaving them there, for the sage who was to carry them through in a journey of such longitude, would be sure to take care of the animals. "Nay," quoth Sancho, "I do not understand your longitude, I never heard such a word in my born-days."—"Longitude," said Don Quixote, "is the same as length : I do not wonder that thou dost not understand the word, for thou art not

slowly drifting to the coast. He embarks without hesitation, and soon finds himself called upon to vindicate the Lady Gabrioletta, Governess of Brittany, from the oppression and cruelty of Balan, "the bravest and strongest of all the giants of all the islands."—*AMADIS*, Book IV. Ch. 129. In like manner, his descendant, Amadis of Greece, was walking by a lake, when "behold ! by the side of the lake there was fastened a little bark, and in the midst of the great lake there appeared a mighty tower. Amadis of Grecia, without any dread or fearfulness, entered into the little bark, and steered it swiftly towards the tower."—*Amad. de Grecia*, B. II. C. 47. A similar bark is observed and entered by Olivante, (Book II. C. 1.) ; and Barahona attributes another adventure *ejusdem generis*, to Mandiccardo.

"Assi Mandiccardo

Un pequeno barco en la Ribera

De un rio del norte frio

Hallo, y metiole en el, y al mar navega

Ni sabe donde va ni a do camina

En el profundo pielago metido."

C. I. 70, 1.

obliged to understand Latin, like some who pretend to be knowing, when they are ignorant.”—“Now the beasts are fast, sir,” quoth Sancho, “what is next to be done?”—“Why now,” answered Don Quixote, “let us recommend ourselves to Providence and weigh anchor, or, to speak plainly, embark and cut the rope to which the boat is tied.” With that, leaping in, and Sancho following, he cut the rope, and so by degrees the stream carried the boat from the shore.

Now when Sancho saw himself about two yards in the river, he began to quake for fear; but nothing grieved his heart so much as to hear Dapple bray, and to see Rozinante struggle to get loose. “Sir,” quoth he, “Dapple brays, to bemoan our leaving of him; and see how poor Rozinante tugs hard to throw himself after us. My poor dear friends, peace be with you where you are, and when this mad freak, the cause of our doleful parting, is ended in repentance, may we be brought back to your sweet company again!” This said, he fell a-blubbering, and set up such a howl, that Don Quixote had no patience with him, but looking angrily on him, “What dost fear, thou white-livered coward? What dost thou cry for? Who pursues thee? Who hurts thee, thou cowardly mouse? Dost want for anything, base unsatisfied wretch? What wouldst thou say, wert thou to climb barefooted the rugged Riphean mountains? thou that sittest here in state like an archduke, plenty and delight on each side of thee, while thou glidest gently down the calm current of this delightful river, which will soon convey us into the main ocean? We have already flowed down some seven or eight hundred leagues. Had I but an astrolabe here to take the altitude of the pole, I could easily tell thee how far we have proceeded: though either I know but little, or we have just passed, or shall presently pass, the Equinoctial Line, that divides and cuts the two opposite poles at equal distances.”

“And when we come to this same line you speak of,” quoth Sancho, “how far have we gone then?”—“A mighty way,” answered Don Quixote. “When we come under the Line I spoke of, we shall have measured the half of the terraqueous globe, which, according to the computa-

tion of Ptolemy, who was the greatest cosmographer in the world, contains three hundred and sixty degrees."—"Egad," quoth Sancho, "you have brought me now a nice fellow to be your voucher, with his *computation* and *hogger*!"—Don Quixote smiled at Sancho's blunders, and going on, "The Spaniards," said he, "and all those that embark at Cadiz for the East Indies, to know whether they have passed the Equinoctial Line, of which I have told thee, need do no more than look whether there be any lice left alive among the ship's crew; for if they had passed it, not a louse is to be found in the ship, though they would give his weight in gold for him. Look therefore, Sancho, and if thou findest any such vermin still about thee, then we shall resolve this doubt; but if thou dost not, then we have surely passed the Line."

"Not a word I believe of all this," quoth Sancho. "However, I will do as you bid me. But hark you me, sir, now I think on it again, where is the need of trying these experiments; do not I see with my two eyes that we are not five rods length from the shore? Look you, there stands Rozinante and Dapple, upon the very spot where we left them; and now I look closely into the matter, I will take my oath that we move no faster than an ant."—"No more words," said Don Quixote, "but make the experiment as I bid you, and let the rest alone. Thou dost not know what belongs to colures, lines, parallels, zodiacs, eclipses, poles, solstices, equinoctials, planets, signs, points; measures, of which the spheres celestial and terrestrial are composed; for didst thou know all these things, or some of them at least, thou mightest plainly perceive what parallels we have cut, what signs we have passed, and what constellations we have left, and are now leaving behind us. Therefore I would wish thee once again to search thyself; for I cannot believe but thou art as clear as a sheet of white paper."

Thereupon Sancho, advancing his hand very gingerly towards the left ham, lifted up his head, and staring in his master's face, "Look you, sir," quoth he, pulling out something, "either your rule is not worth this, or we are many a fair league from the place you spoke of."—"How!" answered Don Quixote, "hast thou found something then,

Sancho?"—"Ay," quoth Sancho, "and more than one too." And so saying, he shook and snapped his fingers, and then washed his whole hand in the river, down whose stream the boat drove gently along, without being moved by any secret influence, or hidden enchantment, but only by the help of the current, hitherto calm and smooth.

By this time they descried two great water-mills in the middle of the river, which Don Quixote no sooner spied, but, calling to his squire, "Look, look my Sancho!" cried he, "seest thou yon city or castle there? this is the place where some knight lies in distress, or some queen or princess is detained, for whose succour I am conveyed hither."—"What a devil do you mean with your city or castle, sir?" cried Sancho. "Do you not see they are nothing but water-mills, in the midst of the river, to grind corn?"—"Peace, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "they look like water-mills, I grant you, but they are no such things. How often, have I not told thee already, do these magicians change and overturn everything from their natural form? not that they can change their very being, but they disguise and alter the appearances of them; of which we have an instance in the transformation of Dulcinea, the only refuge of my hope."

The boat being now got into the very strength of the stream, began to move less slowly than it did before. The people in the mills, perceiving the boat to come adrift full upon the mill-wheels, came running out with long poles to stop it; and, as their faces and clothes were powdered all over with meal-dust, they made a very evil appearance. "Soho! there," cried they as loud as they could; "is the devil in the fellows? are ye mad in the boat there? hold! you will be drowned or cut to pieces by the mill-wheels." Don Quixote, having cast his eyes upon the millers, "Did I not tell thee, Sancho," said he, "that we should arrive where I must exert the strength of my arm? Look what hang-dogs, what horrid wretches, come forth to make head against me! how many hobgoblins oppose my passage! do but see what deformed physiognomies come to mock us! But I shall make ye see, scoundrels." Then, standing up in the boat, he began to threaten the millers in a loud tone. "Ye paltry slaves,"

cried he, "base and ill-advised, release instantly the captive person who is injuriously detained and oppressed within your castle or prison, whether of high or low degree; for I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called the Knight of the Lions, for whom is reserved, by the high Heaven, the happy achievement of this adventure." This said, he unsheathed his sword, and began to fence with the air, against the millers; who hearing but not understanding his mad words, stood ready with their poles to stop the boat, which was now just entering the rapid stream and narrow channel of the wheels.

Sancho was fallen on his knees, praying Heaven for deliverance out of so manifest a peril. And his prayers met with good success; for the millers so bestirred themselves with their poles that they stopped the boat, yet not so cleverly but they overset it, tipping Don Quixote and Sancho over into the river. It was well for Don Quixote that he could swim like a duck; and yet the weight of his armour sunk him twice to the bottom; and had it not been for the millers, who jumped into the water, and pulled them out by main force, there had been an end of them both.

When they were both hauled ashore, more over-drenched than thirsty, Sancho fell on his knees, and with joined hands and eyes uplifted to Heaven, made a long and hearty prayer, that Heaven might keep him from this time forwards clear of his master's rash adventures.

And now came the fishermen who owned the boat, and, finding it broken to pieces, fell upon Sancho, and began to strip him, demanding payment from Don Quixote. The knight, with a great deal of gravity and unconcern, as if he had done no manner of harm, told both the millers and the fishermen, that he was ready to pay for the boat, provided they would fairly surrender the persons that were detained unjustly in their castle. "What persons, or what castle, you mad man?" said one of the millers, "would you carry away the folk that come to grind their corn at our mills?"—"Well," said Don Quixote to himself, "man had as good preach in the wilderness as expect to persuade with entreaties such dregs of human kind to do a good and generous action. Two sage enchanters certainly clash in

this adventure, and the one thwarts the other. One provided me a bark, the other overwhelmed me in it. Heaven send us better times ! There is nothing but plotting and counter-plotting in this world. I can do no more." Then raising his voice, and casting a fixed eye on the water-mills, "My dear friends," cried he, "whoever you are that are immured in this prison, pardon me, I beseech ye, that for my ill fate and yours I cannot free you from your affliction ; the adventure is reserved for some other knight." This said, he came to an agreement with the fishermen, and ordered Sancho to pay them fifty reals for the boat. Sancho parted with the money with a very ill will, saying that two voyages like that would sink their whole stock.

The fishermen and the millers could not forbear admiring at two such figures that seemed so unlike the rest of mankind ; for they could not so much as guess what Don Quixote meant by his speeches and demands. So, taking them for madmen, they left them, and went, the millers to their mills, and the fishermen to their huts. Don Quixote and Sancho returned to their beasts like a couple of as senseless animals, and thus ended the adventure of the enchanted bark.

CHAPTER XXX.

Of what happened to Don Quixote with a Fair Huntress.

WITH melancholy minds and in evil case the knight and squire went back to Rozinante and Dapple ; Sancho especially, for it grieved him to the very soul to see the money dwindle, being as chary of that as of the apples of his eyes. To be short, to horse they went, without speaking a word, and left the famous river ; Don Quixote buried in his amorous thoughts, and Sancho in those of his preferment, which he thought far enough off yet ; for, as much a fool as he was, he plainly perceived that all, or most of his master's actions, tended only to folly ; therefore he but waited an

opportunity to give him the slip and go home, without coming to any farther reckoning, or taking a formal leave. But fortune provided for him much better than he expected.

It happened that the next day about sunset, as they were coming out of a wood, Don Quixote cast his eyes round a verdant meadow, and at the farther end of it descried a company, whom, upon a nearer view, he judged to be persons that were taking the diversion of hawking.¹ Approaching nearer yet, he observed among them a very fine lady upon a pacing mare, quite white, in green trappings, and with a saddle of silver. The lady herself was dressed in green, so rich and so gay that nothing could be finer. She rode with a goss-hawk on her left hand, by which Don Quixote judged her to be of quality, and mistress of the train that attended; as indeed she was. Thereupon calling to Sancho, "Son Sancho," said he, "run and tell that lady on the palfrey with the goss-hawk, that I, the Knight of the Lions, humbly salute her great beauty; and that if she pleases to give me leave, I should be proud to receive her commands, and have the honour of waiting on her, and kissing her fair hands. But take special care, Sancho, how thou deliverest thy message, and be sure do not mingle my compliments with any of thy proverbs."—"Why this to me?" quoth Sancho. "Marry, you need not talk of mingling, as if I had never been ambassador before to a high and mighty dame."—"I do not know that ever thou didst," replied Don Quixote, "at least on my account, unless it were when I sent thee to Dulcinea."—"It may be so," quoth Sancho; "but a good paymaster needs no pledge; and in a full house supper is soon cooked. That is to say, I need none of your telling nor torturing about that matter; for I know something of everything."—"Well, well, I believe it," said Don Quixote. "Go then in a good hour, and Heaven guide thee."

¹ The Spanish word is *alteneria*, which was used to signify, not the ordinary hawking of partridges and the like, but that higher species, of which the heron was the favourite victim. "This kind of chase," says an old Spanish lexicographer, "is reserved for princes only and great lords."

Sancho put on, forcing Dapple from his old pace to a gallop; and, approaching the fair huntress, he alighted, and, falling on his knees, "Fair lady," quoth he, "that knight yonder, called the Knight of the Lions, is my master; I am his squire, Sancho Panza by name. This same Knight of the Lions, who but the other day was called the Knight of the Doleful Countenance, has sent me to tell you, That if it so please your worship's grace to give him leave, with your good liking, to do as he has a mind, which, as he says, and as I believe, is only to serve your hawking beauty, you may chance to do a thing that will be for your own good, and he will receive a most signal benefit and kindness."

"Indeed, honest squire," said the lady, "you have acquitted yourself of your charge with all the circumstance which such an embassy requires. Rise, pray rise, for it is by no means fit that the squire to so great a knight as the Knight of the Doleful Countenance, to whose name we are no strangers, should remain on his knees. Rise then, and desire your master by all means to honour us with his company, that my Lord Duke and I may pay him our respects at a country-house we have hard by."

Sancho got up, no less amazed at the lady's beauty than at her high breeding and affability, but much more because she told him they were no strangers to his master, the Knight of the Doleful Countenance, and if she did not call him by his title of Knight of the Lions, it must needs be because he had but lately assumed it.

"Pray," said the duchess, whose title even we do not know, "is not this master of yours the person whose history came out in print, by the name of 'The Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote de la Mancha,' the mistress of whose soul is a certain Dulcinea del Toboso?"—"The very same, an't please your worship," said Sancho; "and that squire of his that is, or should be in the book, Sancho Panza by name, is my own self, if I was not changed in my cradle; I mean changed in the press."—"I am very glad to hear all this," said the duchess. "Go then, friend Panza, and tell your master, That I am glad of his arrival on my estates, to which he is

welcome;¹ and assure him from me, that nothing could have happened to give me more content."

Sancho, overjoyed with this gracious answer, returned to his master, to whom he repeated all that the great lady had said to him; praising to the skies, in his clownish phrase, her great beauty and courteous nature.

Don Quixote seated himself handsomely in the saddle, fixed his toes in his stirrups, arranged his visor, roused up Rozinante, and with a graceful assurance moved forwards to kiss the hand of the duchess, who had sent for the duke, her husband, and gave him an account of Don Quixote's embassy. Thereupon they both attended his coming with a pleasant impatience; for, having read the first part of his history, and understood from it Don Quixote's distracted humour, they were no less desirous to be acquainted with his person; and resolved, as long as he stayed with them, to give him his own way, and humour him in all things, treating him still with all the forms essential to the entertainment of a knight-errant; which they were able to do, having been much conversant with books of that kind.

And now Don Quixote drew nigh with his visor up; and Sancho, seeing him offer to alight, made all the haste he could to be ready to hold his stirrup. But as ill-luck would have it, as he was getting off Dapple he entangled his foot so strangely in one of the ropes of the pack-saddle, that not being able to get it out, he hung by the heel with his nose and breast to the ground. Don Quixote, who was used to have his stirrup held when he dismounted, thinking Sancho had hold of it already, came suddenly with the

¹ The best of the Spanish annotators on Don Quixote occupies no less than ten or twelve pages, in the attempt to prove that Cervantes meant to represent in the duke and duchess, who play so many tricks upon his poor Knight of the Woeful Countenance, two real personages of the Spanish court. He is at great pains to prove, that Don Carlos de Borja, Connt de Ficallo, had married, very shortly before the knight's adventures are supposed to take place, Donna Maria de Aragon, Duchess of Villahermosa, in whose right he was possessed of extensive estates upon the banks of the Ebro; and, among others, of the Signory of Pedrola, on which was an elegant country-seat called *Buenavia*, situated very much as Cervantes describes the castle of his duke and duchess. But all this is a matter in which the English reader would not, it is probable, take much interest.

weight of his body upon it ; down he brought Rozinante's saddle, which must have been ill-girt, with himself to the ground, confounded with shame, and muttering between his teeth many a curse against Sancho, who was all the while with his foot in the stocks. The duke ordered some of his people to help them ; and they raised Don Quixote, who was in no very good case with his fall ; however, limping as well as he could, he went, and would have fallen on his knees before the noble pair. But the duke would by no means permit it ; and alighting, embracing Don Quixote, "I am sorry," said he, "Sir Knight of the Doleful Countenance, that such a mischance should happen to you at your first appearance on my territories, but the negligence of squires is often the cause of worse accidents."—"Valorous prince," said Don Quixote, "I can think it no mischance in that I have had the happiness of seeing your grace : for though I had fallen to the depths of the abyss, the glory of this interview would have raised me up again. My squire indeed, a vengeance seize him for it, is much more apt to let his saucy idle tongue loose, than to gird a saddle well ; but prostrate or erect, on horseback or on foot, in any posture I shall always be at your command, and no less at her grace's, your worthy consort's service, worthy to be called the Queen of Beauty and Sovereign Lady of all Courtesy."—"Pardon me there," said the duke, "noble Don Quixote de la Mancha ; where the peerless Dulcinea is other beauties ought not to be praised."

Sancho was now got clear of the noose, and standing near, before his master could answer, quoth he, "It cannot be denied, nay, I dare vouch it, that my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso is very handsome : but, where we least think, there starts the hare. I have heard say, that she you call Nature, is like a potter that makes vases of clay, and he that makes one handsome pipkin may make two or three, or a hundred. And so I say, because my Lady Duchess here does not a jot come short of my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso." Don Quixote, upon this, addressing himself to the duchess, "Your grace must know," said he, "that no knight-errant ever had such a babbler, such a bundle of conceits for a squire, as I have ; and if I have the honour

to continue for some days in the service of your great Serenity you will find it true.”—“I am glad,” answered the duchess, “that honest Sancho has his conceits, it is a shrewd sign he is wise; for merry conceits, you know, sir, are not the offspring of a dull brain, and therefore if Sancho be full of merry conceits I will warrant him also a man of sense.”—“And a prater, madam,” added Don Quixote.—“So much the better,” said the duke; “many pleasant things cannot be spoken in a few words. But not to lose time therein, come on, Sir Knight of the Doleful Countenance——” “Knight of the Lions, your highness should say,” quoth Sancho: “there is no Doleful Countenance now, and we countenance lions.”—“Well then,” said the duke, “I entreat the Knight of the Lions to vouchsafe us his presence at a castle I have hard by, where he shall find such entertainment as is justly due to so eminent a personage, and such as the duchess and myself are wont to give all knights-errant that travel this way.”

Sancho having by this got Rozinante ready, and girded the saddle tight, Don Quixote mounted his steed, and the duke a stately horse of his own; and the duchess riding between them both, they moved towards the castle. She desired that Sancho might always attend near her, for she was extremely taken with his notable sayings. Sancho was not hard to be entreated, but crowded in between them, and made a fourth in their conversation, to the great satisfaction both of the duke and duchess, who esteemed themselves very fortunate in having an opportunity to entertain at their castle such a knight-errant and such an erring squire.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Which treats of many and great Matters.

SANCHO was overjoyed to find himself so much in the duchess's favour, flattering himself that he should fare no worse at her castle than he had done at Don Diego's and Basil's houses; for he was ever a cordial friend to a

plentiful way of living, and therefore never failed to take opportunity by the foretop in the matter of regaling himself wherever he met it. Now the history tells us, that before they got to the castle, the duke rode away from them, to instruct his servants how to behave themselves toward Don Quixote; so that no sooner did the knight with the duchess come near the gates, but he was met by two of the duke's lacqueys or grooms in long vests like night-gowns, of fine crimson satin. These suddenly took him in their arms, and, lifting him from his horse, without any further ceremony, "Go, great and mighty sir," said they, "and help my Lady Duchess down." Thereupon Don Quixote went and offered to do it; and many compliments and much ceremony passed on both sides; but in conclusion, the duchess's earnestness prevailed; for she would not alight from her palfrey but in the arms of the duke, excusing herself from incommoding so great a knight with so insignificant a burden. With that the duke took her down, and now, being entered into a large courtyard, there came two beautiful damsels, who threw a long mantle of fine scarlet over Don Quixote's shoulders. In an instant, all the galleries about the courtyard were crowded with men and women, domestics of the duke, who cried out, "Welcome, welcome, the flower and cream of knight-errantry!" then most, if not all of them, sprinkled whole bottles of sweet water upon Don Quixote, the duke, and the duchess:¹ All which agreeably surprised the Don, and this was indeed the first day he thoroughly knew and believed himself to be a real knight-errant, and that his knighthood was more than fancy; finding himself treated just as he had read that such knights were entertained in former ages.

Sancho even forsook Dapple, to keep close to the duchess, and entered the castle: but his conscience pricking him for leaving his ass alone, he went to a

¹ An instance of the extent to which this southern luxury was some times carried, occurs in the old narrative of the procession to the Capitol on the day when Petrarch was invested with the laurel crown. "*Tutti i Spagnuoli e tutti gli Napolitani tante acque rosate, lamphe, con molte altre sorte d'odori in un anno non consumono quante furone gettate via quel giorno.*"—*Il Solenne Triunfo, &c. Pad.* 1549.

reverend old waiting-woman, who was one of the duchess's retinue, and whispering her in the ear, "Mistress Gonsalez, or whatsoever else, may't please you."—"Donna Rodriguez de Grijalva is my name," said the old duenna; "what is your business with me, friend?"—"Pray now, mistress," quoth Sancho, "do so much as go out at the castle gate, where you will find a dapple ass of mine; have him put into the stable, or else put him in yourself; for the poor little creature is a bit timorsome, and cannot abide to be left alone."—"If the master," said she, "has as much manners as the man, we shall have a fine time on't. Get you gone, fellow! the devil take you and him that brought you hither to affront me. Go look to your ass yourself, for the gentlewomen of this house are not used to such drudgeries."—"Well but in truth," replied Sancho, "I have heard my master say (who knows all the histories like a wizard), that when Sir Lancelot came out of Britain, damsels looked after him, and waiting-women after his horse; and as to my ass, I would not change him for Sir Lancelot's horse." Quoth the waiting-woman: "Hark you, friend, if you be a buffoon, keep your jests for those that will pay you for it, a fig is all you will get from me."—"Well, well," quoth Sancho, "I might be sure of a ripe one: if the game is for years you wilt not lose for want of a point."—"You rascally son of a whore," cried the waiting-woman in pelting chafe, "whether I am old or no, I stand to give an account to heaven and not to thee, thou garlic-eating rascal."

She spoke this so loud that the duchess overheard her, and, seeing the woman so angered, and her eyes as red as fire, asked what was the matter. "Why, madam," said the waiting-woman, "here is this fine fellow who has asked me in most endearing terms to put his ass in the stable, telling me an idle story of ladies that looked after one Lancelot, and waiting-women after his horse; and besides all this, he very civilly calls me old."—"Old!" said the duchess, "that is an affront no woman can well bear. You are mistaken, honest Sancho, Rodriguez is very young; and the long veil she wears is more for authority and fashion-sake than upon account of her years."—"May there be never a good one in all those I have to live," quoth Sancho, "if I

meant her any harm ; only I have such a natural love for my ass, an't like your worship, that I thought I could not recommend the poor tit to a more charitable person than this same lady Donna Rodriguez."—"Sancho," said Don Quixote, "does this talk befit this place? Do you know where you are?"—"Sir," quoth Sancho, "every man must tell his wants, be he where he will. Here I be-thought myself of Dapple, and here I spoke of him. Had I called him to mind in the stable, I would have spoken of him there."

"Sancho has reason on his side," said the duke, "and nobody ought to chide him for it. But let him take no further care; Dapple shall have as much provender as he can eat, and be used as if he were Sancho himself."

With these discussions, which yielded diversion to all the company except Don Quixote, they mounted a stately staircase, and led Don Quixote into a noble hall, sumptuously hung with rich gold brocade. There his armour was taken off by six young damsels, that served him instead of pages, all of them fully instructed by the duke and duchess how to behave themselves so towards Don Quixote, that he might fancy and see that they entertained him as a famous knight-errant.

When he was unarmed he appeared in his close breeches and shamoy doublet, raw-boned and meagre, tall and lank, with lantern jaws that kissed within his mouth; in short, he made so very odd a figure, that, in consequence of the strict injunction the duke had laid on the young ladies who waited on him to stifle their laughter, they had much ado not to burst with laughing. They desired he would give them leave to take off his clothes, and put him on a clean shirt; but he would by no means permit it, giving them to understand that modesty was as commendable a virtue in a knight as valour; and therefore he desired them to leave the shirt with Sancho; and then, locking himself up with him in a chamber where there was a rich bed, he pulled off his clothes, put on the shirt, and then, being alone with Sancho:

"Now," said he, "modern buffoon and jolterhead of old, was it becoming to abuse such a venerable old gentlewoman, one so worthy of respect, as that? Was that a

proper time to think of your Dapple? or can you think persons of quality, who nobly entertain the masters, forget to provide for their beasts? For heaven's sake, Sancho, mend thy behaviour, and do not betray thy home-spun breeding. Dost not thou know, saucy rustic, that the world makes estimate of the master by the honour and good-breeding of his servant, and that one of the most considerable advantages the great have over their inferiors, is to have servants as good as themselves? Art thou not sensible, pitiful fellow as thou art, the more unhappy I, that if they find thee a gross clown, or a mad buffoon, they will take me for some scarecrow, or some huckstering knight? Pr'ythee, therefore, dear Sancho, shun these impertinences; for he that aims too much at jests and drolling, is apt to trip and tumble, and becomes a miserable buffoon. Then curb thy tongue, think well, and ponder thy words before they get loose; and take notice, we are come to a place, whence, by the assistance of heaven, and the force of this puissant arm, we may depart better by tierce and quint, in fortune and reputation." Sancho promised and vowed to sew up his mouth, or bite out his tongue, rather than speak one word which was not duly considered, and to the purpose; so that his master need not fear any one should find out what they were.

Don Quixote then dressed himself, put on his belt and sword, threw his scarlet cloak over his shoulders, and clapt on a monteer cap of green velvet, which had been left him by the damsels.¹ Thus accoutred he entered the state-room, where he found the damsels ranged in two rows, as many on one side as on the other, attending with water to wash his hands; and, having done him that office, with many humble courtesies and solemn ceremonies, immediately twelve

¹ This cap, which can never be mentioned without recalling the memory of Corporal Trim, derived its name from the *monteros* (mountaineers) of *Espinoza*, who formed, in ancient times, the interior guard of the palaces of the Spanish kings. It is said, that Sanchica, wife of Don Sancho Garcia, one of the early Counts of Castile, had entered into a plot for poisoning her husband; that one of the mountaineers of the district of Espinoza, who had gained knowledge of the Countess' design, saved the Count's life by revealing it: and that ever after the sovereigns of Castile recruited their body-guard in the country of which this man was a native.

pages, with the gentleman-sewer at the head of them,¹ came to conduct them to supper, where the duke and duchess expected him. Accordingly they led them in great pomp, some walking before and some behind, into another room, where a table was magnificently set out for four people only.

The duchess and the duke came as far as the door to receive him, and with them a grave clergyman, one of those that govern great men's houses, and who, not being nobly born themselves, do not know how to instruct those that are, but would have the liberality of the great measured by the narrowness of their own souls, making those whom they govern stingy, when they purpose to teach them frugality. One of these, in all likelihood, was this grave ecclesiastic, who came with the duke to receive Don Quixote.

After a thousand courtly compliments on all sides, Don Quixote at last was taken between them, and they went to seat themselves at the table. The duke offered Don Quixote the upper end of the table, but though he declined it, he could not withstand the duke's pressing importunities, but was forced at last to comply. The parson sat opposite him, and the duke and the duchess on each side.

¹ Pellicer says, that at first sight this number of pages may appear excessive; but that, nevertheless, Cervantes gives a very accurate representation of the state of the great Spanish lords of his time. He says, that, in the households of the grandees of this period, there were always two classes of pages—those of the *hall*, and those of the *chamber*. The pages of the hall never entered the room where their master dressed; and when he dined or supped elsewhere than in the great hall, they carried the dishes no farther than the door of the apartment, where the pages of the chamber received them, and placed them on the table. The pages of the hall were armed; they of the chamber, who were in constant attendance on the person of the grandee, were never permitted to wear either dagger or sword. The *maestrosala*, (translated by Motteux, *gentleman-sewer*,) and corresponding to that fine personage of our old English song,

— “the gentleman usher, whose carriage is complete,”

was one of the principal officers of the household. The whole of the pages were under his command. It was his business to instruct them in all page-like accomplishments—“in the method of service—in all the ceremonies of their frequent reverences and genuflexions—in the rules of good behaviour and genteel conversation—exercising over them an absolute dominion, even to whip them if it were necessary.” The art of carving formed, of course, one of their principal studies; or, as it was called in those days, the “*Arte del Cuchillo*,” *Art of the Knife*.

Sancho stood by all the while, gaping with wonder to see the honour done his master : and observing how many ceremonies passed, and what entreaties the duke used to prevail with him to sit at the upper end of the table, "With your worships' good leave," quoth he, "I will tell you what happened once in our town, about the matter of places." The words were scarce out of his mouth, when Don Quixote began to tremble, as having reason to believe he was going to tell some impertinent thing or other. Sancho had his eyes upon him, and, understanding, "Sir," quoth he, "don't fear; I won't be unmannerly. I will speak nothing but what shall be very much to the purpose; I haven't forgot the lesson you gave me about talking little or much, or well or ill."—"I don't know what thou meanest," said Don Quixote; "say what thou wilt, so thou do it quickly."—"Well," quoth Sancho, turning to the duke, "what I am going to tell you is every tittle true, and my master is here to take me up, and give me the lie."—"Pr'ythee," said Don Quixote, "lie as much as thou wilt for me; I won't be thy hindrance; but take heed, however, what thou sayest."—"Nay, nay," quoth Sancho, "let me alone for that: I have heeded it and reheeded it so much that it is safe enough,¹ as you shall see."—"Truly, my lord," said Don Quixote, "it were convenient that your grace should order this fellow to be turned out of the room, for he will plague you with a thousand impertinences."—"By the duke's life," said the duchess, "I swear Sancho must not stir a step from me; I value him much, for I know he is very discreet."—"Many discreet years," quoth Sancho, "may your holiness live, Madam Duchess, for your good opinion of me, though it is more than my desert. The tale I wish to tell is this:—

"Once upon a time a gentleman in our town, of a good estate and family, for he was of the blood of the Alamos of Medina del Campo, and married one Donna Mencía de Quiñones, who was the daughter of Don Alonzo de Maraño,² a knight of the order of St. James, the very

¹ [Oig. *que á buen salvo está el que repica.*]

² The story which Sancho tells here is a true one, and all the persons he names, it is probable, real. Don Alonzo de Maraño himself was one of the many Spanish gentlemen who accompanied Don

same that was drowned in the Herradura, about whom that quarrel happened formerly in our town, in which I heard say, that my master, Don Quixote, was embroiled, and little Tom, the madcap, who was the son of old Balvasto the farrier, happened to be sorely hurt,—is not all this true now, master? Tell us on your life that their worships' graces may know that I am not a lying prater.” —“Thus far,” said the clergyman, “I think thou art a prater, rather than a liar; I can't tell what I shall make of thee by-and-by.” —“Thou producest so many witnesses, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “and mentionest so many circumstances, that I must needs own I believe what thou sayest to be true. But go on, and shorten thy story; for, as thou beginnest, I'm afraid thou'lt not have done these two days.” —“Pray, don't let him shorten it, to please me,” said the duchess; “let him go on his own way, though he were not to make an end of it these six days: I shall think the time as pleasantly employed as any I ever passed in my life.” —“I say then, my masters,” quoth Sancho, “that this same gentleman I told you of at first, and I know him as well as I know my two hands, for it is not a bowshot from my house to his; this gentleman invited a husbandman who was poor but honest to dine with him——”

“On, friend,” said the chaplain; “by this road you won't have made an end before you come to the other world.” —“I shall stop short of half way,” quoth Sancho, “if it be heaven's will:—now this same husbandman, as I said before, coming to this same gentleman's house, who had given him the invitation, heaven rest his soul, for he is now dead and gone; and more than that, they say he died the death of an angel. For my part, I was not by him when he died, for I was gone to harvest-work at that very time, to a place called Tembloque.” —“Pr'ythee, honest friend,” said the clergyman, “come back quickly from Tembloque, without staying to bury the gentleman, unless you have a mind to occasion more funerals;

Juan of Austria in his expedition to the island of Herradura, in the year 1562, for the purpose of relieving Oran and Mazalquivir, besieged by Hassan Aga, son of the celebrated corsair Barbarossa. *Tomblique* is the name of a town and very rich district in La Mancha.

therefore, pray, make an end of your story.”—“You must know then,” quoth Sancho, “that as they two were ready to sit down at table—methinks I see them now before my eyes plainer than ever.”—The duke and the duchess were infinitely pleased to find how the good clergyman fretted at the prolixity with which Sancho spun out his story, and Don Quixote spent himself with anger and vexation.

“Well,” quoth Sancho, “when the two were going to sit down, the husbandman disputed with the gentleman that he should take the head of the table; and the gentleman disputed with the husbandman to take it, for it was right that he should have his way in his own house. ‘By no means, sir,’ quoth the husbandman. ‘Sit down,’ said the other. ‘Good, your worship,’ quoth the husbandman. ‘Sit where I bid thee,’ said the gentleman. Still the other excused himself, and would not; and the gentleman told him he should, as meaning to be master in his own house. But the husbandman fancying he should be courteous and well-bred, refused, till at last the gentleman, in a passion, e’en took him by the shoulders, and forced him into the chair. ‘Sit their, clodpate,’ cried he, ‘for, let me sit wherever I will, that will be the upper end to thee.’ And now you have my tale, and I think I have spoke nothing but what is to the purpose.”

Don Quixote’s face was in a thousand colours, that speckled its natural brown, so that the duke and duchess were obliged to check their mirth when they perceived Sancho’s roguery, that Don Quixote might not be put too much out of countenance. And therefore, to turn the discourse, that Sancho might not run into other fooleries, the duchess asked Don Quixote what news he had of the Lady Dulcinea, and how long it was since he had sent her any giants or robbers for a present, since he could not but have lately subdued many such. “Alas! madam,” answered he, “my misfortunes have had a beginning, but never have an end. I have vanquished giants, vain swaggerers, and cut-throats, and sent them to the mistress of my soul, but where shall they find her? She is enchanted, and transformed to the foulest rustic wench that can be imagined.”—“I don’t know, sir,” quoth

Sancho, "when I saw her last she seemed to be the finest creature in the world; at least for activity of body, and leaping, I trow a tumbler does not go beyond her. Upon my honest word, Madam Duchess, she will vault from the ground upon her ass like a cat."—"Have you seen her enchanted?" said the duke. "Seen her?" quoth Sancho; "and who the devil was the first that hit upon this trick of her enchantment, think you, but I? She is as much enchanted as my father."

The churchman, hearing them talk of giants, swaggerers, and enchantments, began to suspect this was Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose history the duke so often used to read, though he had several times reprehended him for it, telling him it was a folly to read such follies. Being confirmed in his suspicion, he addressed himself very angrily to the duke. "My lord," said he, "your grace will have to give account to our Lord for what this poor man does. I suppose this same Don Quixote, or Don Sot, or whatever you are pleased to call him, cannot be quite so besotted as you endeavour to make him, by giving him such opportunities to run on in his fantastical humours?" Then, directing his discourse to Don Quixote, "Hark ye," said he, "Goodman Addle-pate. Who has put it into your crown that you are a knight-errant, that you vanquish giants and robbers? Go, go, get you home again, look after your children, if you have any, and what honest business you have to do, and leave wandering about the world, devouring the air, and making yourself a laughing-stock to all that know you, or know you not. Where have you found, in the name of mischief, that there ever has been, or are now, any such things as knights-errant? Where will you meet with giants in Spain, or robbers in La Mancha, or enchanted Dulcineas, and all those legions of whimsies that are talked of in your account."

Don Quixote was very attentive to this reverend person's words, but at last, seeing him silent, without minding his respect to the duke and duchess, up he started with angry mien and pallid face, and said—But his answer deserves a chapter by itself.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Of Don Quixote's Answer to his reprover, with other grave and merry Accidents.

DON QUIXOTE being thus suddenly got up, shaking like quicksilver from head to foot, with eager delivery, and stammering tongue : "This place," cried he, "the presence of these noble persons, and the respect I have always had for your function, check and tie up my hands from just resentment. For these reasons, and since every one knows that you gown-men, as well as women, use no other weapons but your tongues, I will fairly engage upon equal terms with your reverence, from whom I should rather have expected sober admonitions than infamous reproaches. Charitable and wholesome correction ought to be managed at another rate, and with more moderation, but this reproof which you have given me here so bitterly, and in public, has exceeded the bounds of Christian correction. A gentle one had been much more becoming. And is it fit that, without any insight into the offence which you reprove, you should, without any more ado, call the offender fool, sot and addle-pate? Pray, sir, what foolish action have you seen me do, that should provoke you to give me such ill language, and command me to go home to look after my wife and children, before you know whether I have any? Can you do nought else but force your way into other men's houses, and pretend to rule the master? and having trained up a few pupils straitly and seen no more of the world than lies within twenty or thirty leagues about you, shall you take upon yourself to prescribe laws to knight-errantry, and judge of those who profess it! Do you, forsooth, esteem it an idle undertaking, and time lost, to wander through the world, seeking not its pleasures, but the hardships and toils of it, by which the virtuous aspire to the high seat of immortality. If persons of honour, knights, lords, gentlemen, or

men of any birth, should take me for a fool or a coxcomb, I should think it an irreparable affront. But for mere scholars, that never trod the paths of chivalry, to think me mad, I care not a mite. I am a knight, and a knight will I die, if so it please Omnipotence. Some choose the high road of haughty ambition; others the ways of base servile flattery; a third sort take the path of deceitful hypocrisy; and a few, that of true religion. I, for my own part, guided by my stars, follow the narrow track of knight-errantry; and, for the exercise of it, I despise riches, but not honour. I have redressed grievances, and righted the injured, chastised the insolent, vanquished giants, and trod monsters under my feet. I am in love, but no more than the profession of knight-errantry obliges me to be; yet I am no vicious lover, but a chaste Platonic. My intentions are all directed to virtuous ends, and to do no man wrong, but good to all the world. And now let your graces judge, most excellent duke and duchess, if he who thus thinks, if he who so acts, if he who so deals, deserves to be upbraided for a fool."

"Well said, i'faith!" quoth Sancho; "say no more for yourself, my good lord and master; stop when you are well; for there is not the least matter to be added more on your side, either in word, thought, or deed. Besides, as for this gentleman denying as he has denied, that there are, or ever were, any knights-errant in the world, it shows that he does not know what he says."—"What!" said the clergyman, "I suppose you are that Sancho Panza, to whom they say your master has promised an island?"—"Ay, marry am I," answered Sancho; "and I am he that deserves it as well as another body. Keep with good men, and thou shalt be one of them; and so I am. Not with whom thou wert bred, but with whom thou hast fed; and I am one of them: Lean against a good tree, and it will shelter thee; I have leaned close to my good master, and kept him company this many a month; and I must be as he is; an' it be heavens's blessed will and he live, and I live, there will not want kingdoms to rule, nor islands to govern."

"That there shall not, honest Sancho," said the duke; "for I, on the great Don Quixote's account, will give thee

the government of a spare one of my own of no small consequence.”—“Down, down on thy knees, Sancho,” cried Don Quixote, “and kiss his grace’s feet for this favour.” Sancho did accordingly; but when the clergyman saw it, he got up in a great heat. “By the habit which I wear,” cried he, “I can scarce forbear telling your grace, that you are as mad as these sinners. Well may they be mad, when the wise authorise their frenzy. You may keep them here, and stay with them yourself, if your grace pleases; but for my part, I will leave you and go home, to save myself the labour of reprehending what I can’t mend.” With that, leaving his dinner, away he flung, the duke and the duchess not being able to pacify him; though, indeed, the duke could not say much to him, for laughing at his impertinent passion.

When he had done laughing, “Sir Knight of the Lions,” said he, “you have answered so well for yourself and your profession, that you need no further satisfaction, for though it seem an affront, yet it was not, since women and churchmen cannot give an affront.”—“Very true, my lord,” said Don Quixote; “and the reason is, he that cannot receive an affront, consequently can give none. Women, children, and churchmen, as they cannot vindicate themselves when they are injured, so neither are they capable of receiving an affront; for there is this difference betwixt an affront and injury, as your grace very well knows, an affront must come from a person that is both able to give it, and maintain it when he has given it. An injury may be done by any one without affront: for example, a man walking in the street about his business, is set upon by ten armed men, who cudgel him. He draws his sword to revenge the injury, but the assailants overpowering him, he cannot have the satisfaction he desired. This man is injured, but not affronted. But to confirm it by another instance, suppose a man comes behind another’s back, hits him some blows, and then runs away, the other follows him, but can’t overtake him. He that has received the blow has received an injury, it is true, but not an affront; because to make it an affront, it should have been upheld. But if he that gave it, though he did it basely, stands his ground, and faces his adversary, then he that

received is both injured and affronted. Injured, because he was struck in a cowardly manner; affronted, because he that struck him stood his ground to maintain what he had done. Therefore, according to the laws of the accursed duel, I may be injured, but am not affronted. Children can have no resentment, and women can't fly, nor are they obliged to stand it out; and it is the same thing with the clergy, for they carry no arms, either offensive or defensive. Therefore, though they are naturally bound by the laws of self-preservation to defend themselves, yet are they not obliged to offend others. Upon second thoughts then, though I said just now I was injured, I think now I am not; for he that can receive no affront can give none. Therefore I ought not to have any resentment for what that good man said, neither, indeed, have I any. I only wish he would have stayed a little longer, that I might have convinced him of his error in believing there were never any knights-errant in the world. Had Amadis, or any one of his innumerable race, but heard him say anything like this, I can assure his reverence it would have gone hard with him."

"I will be sworn it would," quoth Sancho; "they would have cleft him from head to foot as one would slice a pomegranate, or a ripe musk-melon, take my word for it. They were good subjects indeed for such jests. By the powers I verily believe, had Rinaldo of Montalban but heard the poor creature talk at this rate, he would have laid him such a polt over the chaps as would have kept him from prating these three years. Ay, ay, if he had fallen into their clutches, see how he would have got out again!"

The duchess was ready to die with laughing at Sancho, whom she thought a more pleasant fool and a greater madman than his master; and she was not the only person at that time of this opinion. In short, Don Quixote being pacified, they made an end of dinner, and then, while the servants were taking away, there came in four damsels, one carrying a silver basin, another an ewer of the same metal; a third two very fine white towels over her arm, and the fourth, with her sleeves tucked above her elbows, held in her lily-white hand (for exceed-

ing, white it was) a large ball of Naples soap. Presently she that held the basin, went civilly and coolly and clapped it under Don Quixote's chin, while he, wondering at this ceremony, yet fancying it was the custom of the country to wash the beard instead of the hands, spread it out as much as he could, and then the ewer began to rain on his face, and the damsel that brought the soap fell to work, and belathered his beard so effectually, that the suds, like huge flakes of snow, flew all over the passive knight's face; insomuch, that he was forced to shut his eyes.¹

The duke and duchess, who knew nothing of the matter, stood expecting where this extraordinary scouring would end. The barber-damsel, having thus given him a handful of suds, pretended she wanted water, and sent another with the ewer for more, telling her Don Quixote would stay for it. She went and left him one of the most ridiculous figures that can be imagined. All the company, and there were many, saw him with half a yard of neck, more than moderately swarthy, stretched out, his eyes closed, his beard all in a white foam, and it is not a little strange how those, that had so comical a spectacle before

¹ It appears, that Cervantes took the hint of this trick from one which was really played off, not long before, upon a certain Portuguese ambassador, in the house of Don Rodrigo Pimental, Count of Benevente. The story is told by Zapata in these words: "The Count of Benevente had for his guest a Portuguese ambassador. Now it is the custom of many great lords, when any distinguished stranger comes to visit them, to place no limit to their courtesies, in order that he may magnify their praises thereafter. But the gentlemen, who were about the Count, were not a little disgusted with observing the extravagant attention bestowed by such a man as the Count on this Portuguese Hidalgo; and two of the young pages, in particular, took this method of avenging themselves: The one took a silver basin, and the other towels and soap, and they fell to scrubbing his beard, one day, as he sat after dinner; all which he, being ignorant of the customs of the Castilians, very patiently endured. Until waxing bolder in their impudence, they went so far as to soap his eyes and nostrils, which caused him to make a thousand ugly faces, and at length to suspect some villainy, which perceiving, the Count commanded them to treat himself in the same manner. The Portuguese gentleman, when he saw the Count so treated, was much ashamed of himself for the suspicions that had entered into his mind; and went his way, rejoicing and extolling the great courtesy of that household. But the pages, although the Count laughed heartily after the Portuguese was gone, were very severely chastised for the trick they had ventured to play."

them, could forbear laughing outright. The damsels, who had a hand in the plot, did not dare to look up, nor let their eyes meet those of their master or mistress, who stood strangely divided between anger and mirth, not knowing what to do in the case, whether they should punish the girls for their boldness, or reward them for the diversion they had in seeing Don Quixote in that posture.

At last the damsel came back with the water, and they finished washing Don Quixote, and she that held the linen gently wiped and dried him; after which all four dropping a low curtsy, were going out of the room. But the duke, that Don Quixote might not suspect the jest, called to the damsel that carried the basin, saying, "Come and wash me, but be sure that there is water enough." The wench, being sharp and diligent, came and put the basin under the duke's chin, as she had done to Don Quixote, but with a quicker dispatch; and then, having washed and soaped him, and dried him clean, they all made their honours, and went off. It was afterwards known, had they not washed him as they had Don Quixote, the duke had sworn to make them pay for their frolic which they had discreetly atoned for by soaping him.

Sancho took great notice of all the ceremonies at this washing.—"God bless me!" quoth he to himself, "I would fain know whether 'tis not the custom of this country to scrub the squire's beard, as well as the knight's; for o' my conscience mine wants it not a little. Nay, if they would run it over with a razor too, so much the better."—"What art thou talking to thyself, Sancho?" said the duchess.—"Why, an't like your grace," quoth Sancho, "I am only saying, that I have been told how in other great houses, when the cloth is taken away, they used to give folks water to wash their hands, and not suds to scour their beards. I see now it is good to live and learn. There's a saying indeed, He that lives long suffers much. Though to suffer one of these same scourings is rather a pleasure than a pain."—"Well, Sancho," said the duchess, "trouble thyself no farther, I will see that one of my maids shall wash thee, and if there be occasion, lay thee a-bucking too."—"My beard is all I care about," quoth Sancho, "at present, at least, let time go: God dis-

poses of the future. As for the rest, we will think on it another time.”—“Here, steward,” said the duchess, “see that Sancho has what he has a mind to, and be sure do just as he would have you.” The steward answered, that Signor Sancho should want for nothing; and so he took Sancho along with him to dinner, while Don Quixote stayed at table with the duke and duchess, talking of several matters, but all relating to arms and knight-errantry. The duchess desired Don Quixote to give a particular description of the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso’s beauty and features, since he had so good a memory, for according to the voice of fame, she must needs be the finest creature in the world, and even in all La Mancha.

With that, Don Quixote, fetching a deep sigh, “Madam,” said he, “could I rip out my heart, and expose it to your grace’s view in a dish on this table, I might save my tongue the labour of attempting that which you can scarce think of; for there your grace would see the whole depicted. But why should I undertake to delineate, and copy point by point, and part by part, the beauty of the peerless Dulcinea! That burden is worthy of other shoulders than mine: that task should occupy the pencils of Parrhasius, Timantes, and Apelles, or the graving-tools of Lysippus, to paint and engrave on tablets, in marble and in brass, and Ciceronian and Demosthenian eloquence to extol.”—“What do you mean, Signor Don Quixote, by that word Demosthenian?” asked the duchess.—“Demosthenian eloquence, madam,” said Don Quixote, “is as much as to say, the eloquence of Demosthenes, and the Ciceronian that of Cicero, the two greatest orators of the world.”—“It is true,” said the duke; “and you but showed your ignorance, my dear, in asking such a question. Yet the noble Don Quixote would highly oblige us, if he would attempt her picture now; for even in a rude draught and outline, I question not but she will appear so as to excite the envy of the brightest of her sex.”—“She would indeed,” said Don Quixote, “if the misfortune which not long since befel her had not in a manner effaced her out of my mind, and as it is, I ought rather to bewail than describe her person. For your grace must know that as I lately went to kiss her hands, and obtain her benedic-

tion and leave for my third sally, I found her quite another than I expected. I found her enchanted, transformed from a princess to a country-wench, from beauty to ugliness, from an angel to a devil, from sweetness to pestilence, from courtliness to rusticity, from a reserved lady to a jumping Joan, from light to darkness; in short, from Dulcinea del Toboso to a peasantess of Sayago.”¹ “Heaven save me!” cried the duke with a loud voice, “what villain has done the world such an injury? Who has robbed it of the beauty that was its ornament, of those charming graces that were its delight, and that virtue which was its honour?”—“Who should it be,” replied Don Quixote, “but one of those damn’d enchanters, one of those numerous enviers, that without cessation persecute me; that accursed brood, spawned into the world to eclipse and blemish the exploits of the good, while they exalt and magnify the actions of the wicked? Magicians have persecuted me, and persecute me now, and will continue to persecute me, till they have sunk me and my lofty deeds of chivalry into the profound abyss of oblivion. Yes, yes, they wound me in that part which they well know is most sensible: for to deprive a knight-errant of his lady, is to rob him of those eyes with which he sees, of the sun that enlightens him, and the food that sustains him. For as I have often said, and will now repeat, a knight-errant without a lady is like a tree without leaves, a building without mortar, or a shadow without a body that causes it.”

“I grant all this,” said the duchess; “yet if we may believe the history of your life, which was lately published with universal applause, it seems to imply, to the best of my remembrance, that you never saw the Lady Dulcinea, and that there is no such lady in the world; but rather that she is a mere imaginary creature, engendered and brought forth by your fancy, and there endowed with all the charms and good qualifications which you are pleased to ascribe to her.”

“Much may be said upon this point,” said Don Quixote; “Heaven knows whether there be a Dulcinea in the world or not, and whether she be an imaginary creature or not.

¹ [See above, p. 145, note.]

These are mysteries not to be probed to the end. Neither have I engendered, or begot that lady. I do indeed make her the object of my contemplations, and, as I ought, look on her as a lady endowed with all those qualifications that may raise the character of a person to universal fame. So is she beautiful without blemish, reserved without pride, amorous with modesty, agreeable for her courteous temper, and courteous as an effect of her generous education, and, in short, of an illustrious parentage. For beauty displays its lustre to a higher degree of perfection when joined with noble blood, than it can in those that are of lowly birth."

"The observation is just," said the duke; "but give me leave, Sir Don Quixote, to propose to you a doubt, which the reading of that history hath started in my mind. It is, that allowing there be a Dulcinea at Toboso, or elsewhere, and as beautiful as you describe her, yet I do not find she can any way equal in greatness of birth the Orianas, the Alastrajareas,¹ the Madasimas, and others, of whom those histories are full, as you well know."—"To this," said Don Quixote, "I can answer, that Dulcinea is the daughter of her own actions, and that virtue ennobles the blood. A virtuous man of mean condition is more to be esteemed than a vicious person of quality. How much more, when Dulcinea is possessed of endowments that may entitle her to crowns and sceptres, since beauty alone has raised many of her sex to a throne. To be a fair and virtuous woman has a merit that extends to greater limits, and includes, though not a formal, at least a virtual claim to larger fortunes."—"I must own, sir," said the duchess, "that in all your discourse, you proceed with the plummet of reason, and, as we say, sound your way. Therefore from this time, I am resolved to believe, and will make all my domestics, nay, my husband too, if there be occasion, believe that there is a Dulcinea del Toboso living at this day; that she is beautiful and of princely extraction, and deserving the services of so great a knight as the noble Don Quixote; which is the highest commendation I can bestow on her. But there is still one scruple that makes me uneasy, and causes me to have I know not what

¹ [The wife of the Prince of Astra. v. *Cronica de Florisel de Niquea*, iii.]

grudges against Sancho Panza. It is that the history tells us, that when Sancho Panza carried your letter to the Lady Dulcinea, he found her winnowing a sack of corn, by the same token that it was red wheat, which makes me much doubt her quality."

"Señora, your greatness must know," answered Don Quixote, "that almost everything that relates to me is without the ordinary bounds of those that happen to other knights-errant, sometimes by the unfathomable will of destiny, or of the implacable malice of some envious enchanter. For beyond all doubt, of all or most of the famous knights-errant, one has had the privilege to be above the power of enchantments, another invulnerable, as the famous Orlando, one of the twelve peers of France, whose flesh, they tell us, was impenetrable everywhere but in the sole of his left foot, and even there too he could be wounded with no other weapon than the point of a great pin; so that when Bernardo del Carpio deprived him of life, at Roncesvalles, finding he could not wound him with his sword, he lifted him from the ground, and squeezed him to death in his arms; remembering how Hercules killed Antæus, that cruel giant, who was said to be the son of the Earth. Hence, I infer, that possibly I may be under the protection of some such advantage, though it is not that of being invulnerable; for I have often found by experience that my flesh is tender, and not impenetrable. Nor that of being free from the power of enchantment; for I have found myself clapped into a cage, where all the world could not have availed to lock me up but the force of enchantment. But since I got free again, I believe that no other will ever be able to confine me thus. So that these magicians, finding they cannot use their wicked skill directly on me, revenge themselves on what I most esteem, and endeavour to take away my life by persecuting that of Dulcinea, for whom I live. And therefore I believe, when my squire delivered my embassy to her, they transformed her into a country-wench busied in the low employment of winnowing wheat. But I do aver, that it was neither rye, nor wheat, but oriental pearl: and to prove this, I must acquaint your graces, that passing the other day by Toboso, I could not

so much as find Dulcinea's palace: and when my squire went the next day, and saw her in all her own shape, the most beautiful creature in the world, to me she appeared in the shape of an ugly, coarse peasantess, by no means well-conducted, though she really is discretion itself. And therefore, because I myself am not and cannot be enchanted, she must be thus enchanted, misused, disfigured, changed, and re-changed. Thus my enemies, in her, have revenged themselves on me, which makes me abandon myself to sorrow, till she be restored to her former perfections.

"I have said the more in this particular, that nobody might insist on what Sancho said, of Dulcinea's sifting and winnowing; for if she appeared changed to me, what wonder is it if she seemed so to him? Dulcinea is both illustrious and well-born, being descended of the noble families that are in Toboso, which are many, ancient and very good, of whose blood I am positive she has no small share; and now her town will be more famous in after-ages than Troy for Helen, or Spain for Cava,¹ though on a more honourable account.

"As for Sancho Panza, I assure your grace he is one of the most pleasant squires that ever waited on a knight-errant. Sometimes he comes out with such sharp simplicities, that one is pleasantly puzzled to judge whether he be more fool or knave. The varlet, indeed, is full of roguery enough to be thought a knave, and negligent enough to be thought a fool. He doubts of everything, yet believes everything; and when one would think he had entangled himself in a piece of downright folly, he brings himself off so cleverly, that he rises to the skies. In short, I would not change him for another squire though I might have a city to boot, and therefore I do not know whether I had best let him go to the government which your highness has been pleased to promise him. Though, I must confess, his talents seem to lie somewhat in governing. For, give never so little a whet to his understanding, he will manage any government as well as the king does his customs. Then experience convinces us, that neither

¹ [The nickname of Count Julian's daughter, whose abduction by King Rodrigo occasioned the bringing in of the Moors into Spain. Her true name was Florinda. See notes on Count Julian, vol. i. pp. 272, 564.]

learning nor any other abilities are very material to a governor. Have we not a hundred of them that can scarce read, and yet they govern like so many hawks? The main business is only to mean well, and to be resolved to do right in everything, and they cannot want able counsellors to instruct them. Thus those governors who are men of the sword, and no scholars, have assessors to direct them. My counsel to him shall be, that he neither take bribes, nor forsake the right, with some other little instructions which I have in my stomach, and which at a proper time I will communicate, both for his private advantage and the public good of the island he is to govern."

So far had the duke, the duchess, and Don Quixote been discoursing together, when they heard many voices and a great noise in the palace, and presently Sancho came running into the room in a terrible fright with a linen strainer before him instead of a bib. The scullions, or rather the kitchen rabble and other small fry, were pursuing him, one of them with a little kneading-trough full of dirty dish-water, which he endeavoured by any means to put under his beard, while another stood ready to have washed him.—"How now, fellow!" said the duchess, "what is the matter here? What would you do with this good man? Don't you consider he is a governor elect?"—"Madam," quoth the barber-scullion, "the gentleman won't let us wash him according to custom, as my lord duke and his master were."—"Yes, marry but I will," quoth Sancho, in a mighty heat, "but then it shall be with cleaner suds, cleaner towels, and not so dirty hands; for there is no such difference between my master and me neither, that he must be washed with angel-water,¹ and I with the devil's lye: so far the customs of the land and of great men's houses are good as they give no offence. But this custom of washing here is worse penance than a friar's flogging. My beard is clean enough, and wants no such refreshing; for the first that comes to wash me or touch a hair of my head, my beard I would say, with due

¹ This was a favourite cosmetic of the Spanish belles, much used for perfuming gloves, letters, &c., as well as for washing the hair and teeth. It was a distillation from white and red roses, trefoil, lavender, &c. &c.

reverence, I will take him such a dowse as shall leave my fist in his skull : for these kind of ceremonies and soapings, do ye see, look more like flouts and jeers than like civilities to guests."

The duchess was like to have died with laughing, to see Sancho's fury, and hear how he argued for himself. But Don Quixote did not very well like to see him with such a nasty dish-clout about his neck, and thronged by the kitchen wits. Therefore after he had made a deep bow to the duke and duchess, as it were desiring leave to speak, looking on the rabble,—“Hark ye,¹ gentlemen,” cried he, very gravely, “pray let the young man alone, and get you gone whence you came, or where else you think fit. My squire is as cleanly as another man ; these little troughs are too small, and troublesome vessels. Away ; be advised by me, and leave him : for neither he nor I can abide jestings.”—“No, no,” quoth Sancho, taking the words out of his master's mouth, “let him stay, and go on with the show, which I will put up with as it is now night. Let them bring a comb hither, or what they will, and curry-comb my beard ; and if they find anything there that offends against cleanness I will give them leave to cut me to pieces.”—“Sancho is in the right,” said the duchess, still laughing, “and will be in the right, in all he says ; he is clean, and as he says needs no scouring, and if he does not like our way let him do as he pleases. Besides, you who pretend to make others clean have shown yourselves now very careless and idle, I know not whether I may not say impudent too, to offer to bring your kneading-troughs and bowls and rolling-pins and your dish-clouts to such a person, and such a beard, instead of a golden basin and ewer, and fine German towels. But you are a pack of ill-bred varlets, and, like rascals as you are, cannot help showing your spite to the squires of knights-errant.”

The knavish officers, and even the steward who was with them, thought verily the duchess had been in earnest.

¹ Pellicer remarks, that the use of the word *ola* on this occasion shows what great airs Don Quixote had come to give himself, on seeing how the duke and duchess received him. It was a word never used but by masters to their dependents, or by people of very high rank to their inferiors.

So they took the cloth from Sancho's neck, and sneaked off quite out of countenance. Sancho, seeing himself delivered from his apprehension of this danger, ran and threw himself on his knees before the duchess. "Great ladies," quoth he, "are able to do great kindnesses. For this you have done me now, I can only wish I might see myself an armed knight-errant, that I might spend all the days of my life in the service of so high a lady. I am a countryman,—my name is Sancho Panza,—and am married; children I have, and serve as a squire. If in any of these matters I can do you any good, you need but speak; I will be nimbler in doing than your worship shall be in ordering."—"It is evident, Sancho," said the duchess, "that you have learned civility in the school of courtesy itself, and have been bred up under the wings of Don Quixote, who is the very cream of compliment, and the flower of ceremonies, or as thou sayest, cirimonies. All happiness attend such a knight and such a squire; the one the north-star of chivalry-errant, the other the bright luminary of squire-like fidelity. Rise, my friend Sancho, for the recompense of your civilities I will persuade my lord duke to put you in possession of the government he promised you as soon as he can."

After this the discourse ended, and Don Quixote went to take his afternoon's sleep; but the duchess desired Sancho, if he were not very sleepy, he would pass the afternoon with her and her women in a cool room. Sancho told her grace, that indeed he did use to take a good sound nap, some four or five hours long, in a summer's afternoon; but to do honour to her kindness, he would do his best to hold up that day, and wait on her worship, and he went away. The duke gave fresh orders that Don Quixote should be entertained like a knight-errant, without deviating the least step from the style in which it is narrated that they treated the knights of old.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Of the savoury Conference which the Duchess and her Damsels held with Sancho Panza, worthy to be read and marked.

THE story afterwards informs us, that Sancho slept not all that afternoon, but waited on the duchess after dinner as he had promised. Being mightily taken with his comical discourse, she ordered him to take a low chair and sit by her; but Sancho, simply from good-breeding, declined it, till she pressed him to sit, as he was a governor, and speak as a squire; in both which capacities he deserved the very seat of the champion, Cid Ruy Diaz. Sancho shrugged up his shoulders, obeyed and sat down, and all the duchess's women standing round about him to give him silent attention, the duchess began the conference.

"Now that we are private," said she, "with nobody to overhear us, I would desire you, my lord governor, to resolve me of some doubts originating in the printed history of the great Don Quixote. One of these is, that the good Sancho had never seen Dulcinea, the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso I should have said, nor carried her his master Don Quixote's letter, having left the pocket-book behind him in Sierra Morena; how then durst he feign an answer, and pretend he found her winnowing wheat? A jest and fiction so injurious to the good reputation of the peerless Dulcinea, and so great a blemish on the character of a faithful squire!" Here Sancho got up without speaking a word, laid his finger on his lips, and, with his body bent, crept cautiously round the room, lifting up the hangings; having done which he returned to his seat. "And now, madam," quoth he, "since I find there is nobody in hiding here but ourselves, you shall e'en hear, without fear or dread, the truth of the story, and what else you will ask of me. First and foremost I must tell you, I look on my master, Don Quixote, to be no better than a downright madman, though sometimes he will stumble on sayings that in my opinion and that of all who listen are so discreet, and run so smoothly, that the devil himself

could not mend them; but in the main I have come to the conclusion that he is a madman. Now, because I am pretty confident of this, whatever crotchets come into my crown, though without either head or tail, I can pass upon him for truth. Such was the answer to his letter, and another that I put upon him but the other day, and is not in print yet, touching my Lady Dulcinea's enchantment; for you must know, between you and I, she is no more enchanted than the man in the moon."¹

With that, at the duchess's request, he related the whole passage of the late pretended enchantment just as it had happened, to the great diversion of the hearers. "But, sir," said the duchess, continuing her discourse, "from what the good Sancho has said, I have another scruple; for I think I hear something whisper me in the ear, and say, If Don Quixote de la Mancha be such a raving madman, and Sancho Panza, who knows him to be so, wait upon him, and rely thus upon his vain extravagant promises, then he is more a fool than the master; and if so, will it not turn out ill for you, Madam Duchess, to bestow the government of an island, or the command of others, on one who can't govern himself?"—"By our Lady," quoth Sancho, "your scruple comes in proper form! But it may e'en speak plain, and as loud as it will; for I know that it speaks truly, and if I had been wise, I had left my master many a fair day since; but it was my luck, and my ill-fortune. I must follow him through. We are of the same place;—I have eaten his bread—I love him well, and he is grateful. He has given me three colts, and above all, I am so very true and trusty to him, that nothing but pick and spade can part us. And if your high mightiness does not think fit to let me have this same government, God made me with less, and it may be for the good of my conscience to go without it. I am a fool, it is true, but yet I understand the meaning of the saying, The pismire had wings to her own hurt; and Sancho himself may sooner get to heaven than Sancho the governor. There is as good bread baked here as in France, and in the night all cats are grey. Unhappy he is that wants his breakfast at two in the

¹ [*Que por los cerros de Ubeda*; lit. the hills of Ubeda. Ubeda is in Andalusia.]

afternoon. It is always good fasting after a good breakfast. There is no man with a stomach a span bigger than another, but, as they say, there will be hay and straw to fill it. The sparrows of the field look to God to feed and provide for them: four yards of Cuenza frieze are warmer than four of Segovia broad-cloth; and as for leaving the world and lying under the turf, the prince and the peasant go the same way; the road is no broader for the one than the other. The Pope's body takes up no more room than the sexton's; though one be taller, when they come to the pit all are alike, or made so in spite of our teeth, and so good-night. And let me tell your ladyship," he said, turning, "if you don't think fit to give me an island for folly, I shall be sure not to give myself anything for wisdom. It is an old saying, The devil lurks behind the cross. All is not gold that glisters. From the tail of the plough Wamba was made king of Spain; and from his silks, diversions and riches, was Rodrigo cast to be devoured by the snakes, if the old ballads say true."—"That they do indeed," said Donna Rodrigueuz, the old waiting-woman, who listened among the rest, "for one of the ballads tells us, how King Rodrigo was shut up alive in a tomb full of toads, snakes, and lizards;¹ and after two days, he was heard to cry out of the tomb in a low and doleful voice,

‘Now they gnaw me, now they gnaw me,
In the part where most I sinned.’

And according to this the gentleman is in the right in saying he had rather be a poor labourer than a king, to be gnawed to death by vermin."

Sancho's proverbial aphorisms, and the simple waiting-woman's comment, were no small diversion to the duchess.

¹ Cervantes would scarcely have made this absurd story the subject of conversation between any more intelligent personages than Sancho Panza and the venerable Donna Rodriguez. Nevertheless, there is something not unstriking in the old ballad to which these interlocutors allude—enough, perhaps, to make it worth the trouble of translation. There is a little difference between the ballad, as it stands in the *Cancionero*, and the copy which Donna Rodriguez quotes; but I think the effect is better when there is only one snake, than when the tomb is full of them. See additional Note IX.

"You know," said she, "honest Sancho, that the promise of a gentleman or knight is as precious to him as his life; I make no question then but that my lord duke, who is also a knight, though not errant, will keep his word with you in respect of your island, in spite of the envy and malice of the world. Take courage then, Sancho, for when you least dream of it, you will suddenly see yourself in your island government, and seated in your chair of state in your rich robes, and when you begin your government, you will not give it up for one of triple brocade. But be sure to administer true justice to your vassals, who all are loyal and well-born."

"As for the governing part," quoth Sancho, "let me alone: for I am charitable and good to the poor, and from the man that kneads and bakes I trow you do not steal the cakes. On the other side, by our Lady, they shall play me no foul play. I am an old dog, and know what 'good dog'¹ means. I can look sharp as well as another, and keep the cobwebs out of my eyes. I know where the shoe pinches me. I will say this, that the good shall have my hand and heart, but the bad neither foot nor fellowship. And in my mind, the main point in this point of governing, is to make a good beginning. I will lay my life that in a fortnight's time I am licking my fingers over the office, and know more of it than field-work to which I was bred."

"You say well, Sancho," said the duchess, "for no man is born wise. Bishops are made of men, and not of stones. But to return once more to the Lady Dulcinea;—I am more than persuaded that Sancho's design of putting the trick upon his master, and pretending that the peasant-girl was Dulcinea, and that if his master did not know her it must be because she was enchanted—was all the invention of some of those magicians that persecute Don Quixote: for really and truly I know on good grounds that the peasant-girl who sprang up on to the ass was and is Dulcinea del Toboso, and that honest Sancho, intending to be the deceiver, was deceived himself; and I have no occasion to doubt of its truth more than of any other that we have not seen. For you must know, that we

¹ [Lit. *Tus, tus*, used in calling dogs.]

have our enchanters here, that have a kindness for us, and give us an account of what happens in the world faithfully and impartially, without any tricks or equivocations. And take my word for it, the jumping country-wench was, and is, Dulcinea del Toboso, who is as certainly enchanted as the mother that bore her; and when we least expect it, we shall see her again in her true shape, and then Sancho will know *that* he has been fooled."

"All this might well be," quoth Sancho, "and now I am apt to believe what my master tells me of Montesinos' cave: where, as he says, he saw my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso in the self-same garb, as I told him I had seen her when I enchanted her to please myself. Ay, my lady, it must be quite contrary to what I weened, as your worship's grace well observes; for, Lord bless us! who the devil can imagine that such a numskull as I should have it in him to devise so cunning a trick of a sudden. Besides, who can think that my master's so mad as to believe so unlikely a matter upon the empty, weak vouching of such as I? But for all that, my good lady, I hope you know better than to think me a knave; a-lack-a-day, it can't be expected that such a dolt as I am, should be able to divine into the tricks and wiles of wicked magicians. I invented it only, because my master would never leave teasing me; but I had no mind to abuse him, and if it fell out otherwise Heaven knows my heart."

"That is honestly said," answered the duchess; "but pray tell me, Sancho, what was it you were speaking of Montesinos' cave? I have a great mind to know the story." Thereupon Sancho, having related the whole matter and the duchess having heard it; "Look you," said she, "this makes out what I said to you just now; for since the great Don Quixote affirms he saw there the same country-wench that Sancho met coming from Toboso, it is past all doubt it was Dulcinea; and this shows the enchanters are a subtle sort of people, that will know everything."

"Well," quoth Sancho, "if my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso be enchanted, it is the worse for her. What have I to do to quarrel with all my master's enemies, who must be many and wicked? Thus much I dare say, she I saw was a country-wench; a country-wench I took her to be, and

a country wench I consider her. Now if that same was Dulcinea in good earnest, how can I help it? I ought not to be called to an account for it. At every step : Sancho told me this, cries one, Sancho told me that, cries t'other : Sancho o' this side, Sancho o' that side ; Sancho did this, and Sancho said that ; as if Sancho were I don't know who, and not the same Sancho that goes already far and near through the world in books, as Samson Carasco tells me, and he is no less than a bachelor of arts at Salamanca, and such folks as he can't tell a lie, unless they be so disposed, or it stands them in good stead. So let nobody offer to pick a quarrel with me about the matter, since I am a man of reputation ; and as my master says, a good name is better than riches. Clap me but into this same government once, and you shall see wonders. He that has been a good squire will make a good governor."—" Everything Sancho says," said the duchess ; " is like a sentence of Cato, or at least the very marrow of Michael Verino : ¹ *Florentibus occidit annis* : In short, to speak after his way, under a bad cloak look for a good drinker."

" Faith and troth, Madam," quoth Sancho, " I never drank out of malice in my born days ; for thirst perhaps I

¹ This Michael Verino was the son of Ugolino Verino, a native of Minorca, who obtained reputation by writing poetry in the Tuscan language, and from this circumstance is frequently mentioned as if he had been by birth a Florentine. The son, Michael Verino, (for so he was commonly called, although the family name was properly Veri,) lived chiefly in Spain, and there composed the celebrated *De Puerorum Moribus Disticha*, long familiar to the youth of every country in Europe, and still used as a text book in some of the English schools. He died early, at Salamanca. The Duchess quotes in the text part of his epitaph, writ by Politian. It begins,

" Michael Verinus florentibus occidit annis,
Moribus ambiguum major an ingenio,
Disticha composuit docto miranda parenti,
Quæ claudunt gyro grandia sensa brevi."

In Cervantes' days, many of the Spanish ladies of high rank were, like their contemporaries in our own island, well skilled in classical learning —so that there is neither affectation nor pedantry in the Duchess's Latin quotation. Don Quixote, for instance, was written just about the time when the Spanish *Academia domestica de buenas Letras*, received its formation and its statutes from the Countesses of Eril and Guimera.

may; for I have no hypocrisy in me. I drink when I have occasion, and sometimes when I have no occasion: and when the liquor is offered me that they may not think me particular or ill-bred; for when a friend puts the glass to one, who can be so hard-hearted as to refuse to pledge him, and though I wear breeches, I don't ill use them. And we squires to knights-errant almost always drink water, travelling in woods and deserts, on rocks and mountains, without lighting on the blessing of one merciful drop of wine, though you would give one of your eyes for it."

"I believe it, Sancho," said the duchess; "but now go and take some rest; after that we'll have a longer conversation, and will take measures about *clapping* you suddenly into this same government, as you are pleased to word it." Sancho kissed the duchess's hand once more, and begged her worship's grace that special care might be taken of his Dapple, for that he was the light of his eyes.—"What is that Dapple?" asked the duchess. "My ass, answered Sancho, but because I won't call him so common a name, I call him Dapple. It is the very same beast I would have given charge of to that same gentlewoman when I came first to this castle; but she flew out as if I had called her ugly and old, though duennas are fitter to look after asses than to sit with authority in state rooms. God save us! what a grudge a certain gentleman of our town, had to these gentlewomen."—"Some clown I dare engage," said Donna Rodriguez the Duenna; "had he been a gentleman, or a person of good breeding, he would have praised them up to the skies."—"Well," said the duchess, "let us have no more of that; let Donna Rodriguez hold her tongue, and Signor Sancho Panza go to his repose, and leave me to take care of his Dapple's good entertainment; for since I find him to be a jewel of Sancho's, I will place him above the apple of my eye."—"It is enough to place him in the stable," replied Sancho, neither he nor I are worthy of being placed a minute in the apple of your highness's eye! I'd sooner be stuck with a knife, than agree to it, for though my lord and master has taught me, that in point of behaviour one ought rather to over-do than under-do, yet when the case lies

about asses and beasts it is best to go compass in hands and keep in the middle of the way.”—“ Well,” said the duchess “ your ass may go with you to the government, and there you may pamper him, as much as you please, and even free him from labour.”—“ My lady,” quoth Sancho, “ don’t let your worship think this will be such a strange matter neither. I have seen more asses than one or two go to a government before now; and if mine goes too, it will be no new thing.”

Sancho’s words again set the duchess a-laughing; and so sending him to take his rest, she went to the duke, and gave him an account of what had passed. They resolved to have some notable contrivance to make sport with Don Quixote, and of such a cast as should humour his knight-errantry. And so successful they were in many others, that they are the best adventures continued in this famous history.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Which recounts the ways and means for disenchanting the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, being one of the most famous Adventures in the whole book.

THE duke and duchess were extremely diverted with the conversation of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. Resolving, therefore, to carry on some pleasant design, that might bear the appearance of an adventure, they took the hint from Don Quixote’s account of Montesinos’s cave, as a subject from which they might raise an extraordinary entertainment; the rather, since, to the duchess’s amazement, Sancho’s simplicity was so great as to believe that Dulcinea del Toboso was really enchanted, though he himself had been the enchanter and first contriver of the story.

Accordingly, having given directions to their servants what they should do in six days’ time, they set out a-hunting with a train of huntsmen and other attendants not unbecoming a crowned prince. They presented Don Quixote

with a hunting suit, and Sancho with another of the finest green cloth, but Don Quixote refused it, since he was, in a short time, to return to the hard exercise of arms, and could carry no sumpters nor wardrobes along with him : but Sancho readily accepted the one they gave him with design to sell it at the first opportunity.

The hoped-for day being come, Don Quixote armed, and Sancho equipped himself in his new suit ; and mounting his ass, which he would not quit for a horse that was offered him, he crowded in among the train of sportsmen. The duchess also, in a dress both odd and gay, made one of the company. Don Quixote, who was courtesy itself, very gallantly would needs hold the reins of her palfrey, though the duke was very unwilling to let him.¹ At last, they came to a wood between two very high mountains, where, appointing their stations and runs, and taking their several stands they began the hunt with a great outcry and shouting such that they could not hear each other as much for the barking of the dogs as for the sound of the horns. The Duchess, with a pointed javelin in her hand, attended by the duke and Don Quixote, took her stand in a place where they knew the boars were used to pass through. As for Sancho, he chose to stay behind them all with his Dapple, whom he would by no means leave for fear he should meet with some accident. Scarcely had they got on foot and posted themselves with many of their servants when they saw a boar, of a monstrous size, come on gnashing his teeth and tusks, and foaming at the mouth ; which, being baited hard by the dogs, and followed close by the huntsmen, made furiously towards them. Don Quixote grasping his shield and drawing his sword, moved forward to receive him. The duke joined him with a boar-spear, and the duchess would have been foremost, had not

¹ This species of courtesy must be familiar to all the readers of romance. Thus, in *Amadis of Gaul*, (c. 121,) we read, that "after the emperor and all the other lords had saluted the queen, they placed her on a palfrey, and the emperor led her palfrey by the rein, and would not suffer that she should dismount, otherwise than into his arms." Mariana mentions, that "when the Infanta Donna Ysabel went forth to ride in the streets of the city of Segovia, the king, her brother, (Henry IV.) *himself held the palfrey by the rein, the more to honour her.*" See Book 24, Chap. 1., where he is treating of the year 1474.

the duke prevented her. Sancho alone, seeing the furious animal, leaving Dapple, scudded away as fast as his legs would carry him towards an high oak, upon which he endeavoured to clamber; but, as he was getting up, striving to reach the top, one of the boughs unluckily broke, and down he was tumbling, when a snag of another bough caught hold of his new coat, and stopped his fall, slinging him in the air, so that he could not get down. His green coat was torn, and he fancied every moment the wild boar was running that way, and would be able to reach him; which so disturbed him, that he roared and bel-lowed for help, as if some wild beast had been devouring him in good earnest.

At last the tusky boar was laid at his length, with a number of pointed spears fixed in him; and Don Quixote, being alarmed by Sancho's noise by which he could distinguish him, looked about, and discovered him swinging from the tree with his head downwards, and close by him poor Dapple, who never forsook him in his adversity; for Cid Hamet observes, that they were such true and inseparable friends that Sancho, was seldom seen without Dapple, or Dapple without Sancho. Don Quixote went and took down Sancho who, finding himself at liberty and on the ground, began to examine the damage his hunting suit had received, which grieved him to the soul; for he prized it as much as if it had in it an estate.

Meanwhile, the boar being laid across a large mule, and covered with branches of rosemary and myrtle, was carried in triumph to a large field-tent, pitched in the middle of the wood, where an excellent entertainment was provided, suitable to the greatness and magnificence of the founder.

Sancho, shewing the duchess his torn coat, "Had we been hunting the hare now, or catching of sparrows," quoth he, "my coat would certainly not have come to this extremity. For my part, I wonder what pleasure there can be in beating the bushes for a beast, which, if it does but come at you with its tusks may be the death of you. I have not forgotten an old song to this purpose:

'May Fabila's sad fate be thine,
And make thee food for bears or swine.'

"That Fabila,"¹ said Don Quixote, "was a Gothic king, who going a-hunting once, was devoured by a bear."—"That is it, I say," quoth Sancho; "and, therefore, why should princes and kings run themselves into harm's way just for pleasure, which it ought not to be, since it consists in killing a beast that never meant any harm!"—"You are mistaken, Sancho," said the duke, "hunting wild beasts is the most proper exercise for knights and princes; for, the chase is an image of war with stratagems, policy, and ambuscades, with which to overcome an enemy with safety. In it we are exposed to the extremities of heat and cold; ease and laziness can have no room in this diversion; by this our powers are strengthened, our joints made supple and active. In short, it is an exercise that can be prejudicial to none, and may be beneficial to many, and its best property is its being above the reach of the vulgar, unlike other sorts of sport, except that of hawking, which also is reserved for kings and persons of quality. Therefore, Sancho, alter your opinion, and when you become a governor follow the chase and you shall see how plain fare agrees with you."²—"You are out sir," quoth Sancho; "the good governor has a broken leg, and stays at home. It would be a pretty business, forsooth, when people come, weary, to wait on him about business, that he should be rambling about the woods for his pleasure! Good faith, sir, I think these sports and pastimes are fitter for those that have nothing to do, than for governors. No; I intend my recreation shall be a game at trumps at Christmas, and ninepins

¹ The following is the account of "Fabila's sad fate," in the *Chronica Antiqua de España*:—"Now the history relateth that the king, Don Favila, was a man most obstinate of purpose; and he was more than any other man a lover of the chase; and one day going furiously hunting on the mountain, it happened to him to perceive a huge wild boar in his lair; whereupon he turned him to those that rode with him, and commanded them that they should stand still, and leave to him alone the boar that he had discovered; and trusting and relying on his own great strength, he went on to contend with the beast, body against body; and it was so, that for his misfortune he was there slain by the boar."—P. 121.

² [The original *veréis como os vale un pan por ciento* is generally supposed to be corrupt, but the same expression occurs again; see p. 521 below. The word *pamporcino* has been suggested it denotes the wild cyclamen or "sow-bread," a common plant with medicinal properties. The apparent intention in both passages is to recommend simplicity.]

on Sundays and holidays; for this toiling and broiling goes against my calling and conscience.”—“Pray God, Sancho, that it so prove, but saying and doing are different things.”—“Well, well,” quoth Sancho, “be it how it will, I say that to a good payer pledges are no grievance, and heaven’s help is better than early rising. It is the belly makes the feet go, and not the feet the belly. My meaning is, that, with heaven’s help, and my honest endeavour, I shall govern better than any goss-hawk. Do but put your finger in my mouth, and try if I cannot bite.”—“A curse on thee, and thy impertinent proverbs,” said Don Quixote: “Shall I never get thee to utter a connected sensible speech, without proverbs!—I beseech your graces, do not countenance this dunce or he will grind your very souls, not between two, but between two thousand unseasonable and insignificant old saws, for which I wish him and myself a mischief if I like to hear him.”—“Sancho’s proverbs,” said the duchess, will not less please for their sententious brevity, though they are more numerous than those of the Greek commentator;¹ and, I assure you, I relish them more than I would do others, that might be better applied, and more to the purpose.”

With this, and suchlike diverting talk, they left the tent, and walked into the wood, and spent the day in visiting some of the ambuscades and posts. Now, the night drew on apace, and more cloudy and overcast than was usual at that time of the year, which was mid-summer, but it brought with it a certain clear gloom which aided the intended contrivance. A little while after the close of the evening, when it grew quite dark, in a moment the wood seemed on fire, and blazed in every quarter. This was attended with a sound of trumpets, and other warlike instruments, answering one another from all sides, as if several parties of horse had been hastily marching through the wood. Then presently was heard a confused noise of

¹ The Duchess alludes to a large collection of Castilian proverbs, formed by the learned and jocose Fernan Nunez de Guzman, who derived his title of *the Greek commentator*, from the celebrity of his philological lectures, delivered in the university of Salamanca. His collection was not published till after his death, which happened in 1503. It forms the basis of all subsequent books of the same class in Spain—which, as might be supposed, are not few in number.

Moorish cries, such as are used in joining battle; which together with the rattling of the drums, the loud sound of the trumpets, and the noise of fifes, made such an hideous and dreadful concert in the air, that he could have had no sense who did not lose it. The duke was amazed, the duchess astonished, Don Quixote was surprised, and Sancho shook; and even those that knew the occasion of all this, were affrighted.

This consteration caused a general silence; and, by and by, one riding post, equipped like a devil, passed by the company, winding instead of a trumpet, a huge hollow horn, that made a horrible hoarse noise. "Hark you, post," said the duke, "whither so fast? what are you? and what parties of soldiers are those that march across the wood?"—"I am the devil," cried the post, in an horrible tone, "and go in quest of Don Quixote de la Mancha; and those that are coming this way are six bands of necromancers that conduct the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, enchanted in a triumphal chariot. She is attended by that gallant French knight, Montesinos, who comes to give information to Don Quixote how she may be freed from enchantment."—"Wert thou a devil, as thou sayest, and as thy shape speaks thee to be, thou wouldst have known this knight before thee to be Don Quixote de la Mancha."—"Before heaven, and on my conscience," replied the devil, "I never thought on it; for I have so many things in my head that distract me that I had forgotten my principal errand."—"Surely," quoth Sancho, "this devil must be a very honest fellow, and a good Christian; for if not he would not swear by heaven and his conscience; and now I am apt to believe there be some good people even in hell." At the same time, the devil, directing himself to Don Quixote, without dismounting: "To thee, the Knight of the Lions," cried he, (and I would see thee in their claws) "to thee am I sent by the unfortunate but valiant Montesinos, to bid thee attend his coming in this very place, whither he brings her whom they call Dulcinea del Toboso, in order to give thee what is needful for her disenchantment. Now I have delivered my message, I must depart and the devils that are like me be with thee, and angels guard these good people." This said, he wound his monstrous horn, and without staying for an answer, disappeared.

This renewed the general wonder, but most of all surprised Don Quixote and Sancho ; the latter to find, that, in spite of truth, they still would have Dulcinea to be enchanted ; and Don Quixote because he could not assure himself whether the adventure of Montesinos's cave was true or not. While he stood pondering these things in his thoughts, "Well, sir," said the duke to him, "do you intend to stay for them?" "Why should I not stay for them here?" cried Don Quixote, "intrepid and courageous, though all the infernal powers enclose me round?"—"If any more devils or horns come hither," quoth Sancho, "they shall as soon find me in Flanders as here."

Now the night grew darker, and several shooting lights were seen glancing up and down the wood, as the dry exhalations from the earth wander through the sky appearing to our vision like moving stars. Then was heard a horrid noise like the creaking of the massive wheels of wagons, from which piercing and ungrateful sound, bears and wolves themselves are said to fly. This racket was presently seconded by a greater, which seemed to be of four several engagements or battles in the four quarters of the wood. On one side was heard the deep clamour of terrible cannon ; on the other, the discharging of numerous volleys of small shot ; here, the shouts of the engaging parties that seemed to be near at hand ; there, cries of the Moors, that seemed at a great distance. In short, the strange confused intermixture of drums, trumpets, cornets, horns, the cannon, the muskets, and over all the dreadful noise of the wheels, made a noise so confused and horrible that tried Don Quixote's courage to the uttermost. But Sancho fell into a swoon in the duchess' skirts, who, taking him upon them and ordering some water to be quickly sprinkled on his face, at last recovered him, just as one of the creaking carriages came up. It was drawn by four heavy oxen covered with black trappings, and carrying a large lighted torch upon each horn. On the top of the wagon was an exalted seat, on which sat a venerable old man, with a beard as white as snow, and so long that it reached below his girdle. He was clad in a long gown of black buckram, for as the wagon was full of innumerable lights, it was easy to see all that was in it. Two foul devils also in buckram drove the wagon, both so

hideous of face that Sancho, having seen them once, shut his eyes, that he might not see them again. The cart being brought near to standing, the reverend old man stood up and cried with a loud voice, "I am the Sage Lirgandeo;" and the cart passed on without one word more being spoken. Then followed another cart, with another old man enthroned on it, who making the cart stop, in as deep a tone as the first, cried, "I am the Sage Alquife, great friend to Urganda the Unknown;" and so went forward. He was succeeded by a third cart with the same contents, that bore a person not so ancient as the others, but a robust and sturdy, ill-favoured fellow, who rose up from his throne, like the rest, and with a more hollow and diabolical voice, cried out, "I am Arcalaus the Enchanter, the mortal enemy of Amadis de Gaul, and all his race;" and so passed by these three carts; which, taking a short turn, made a halt; and the grating noise of the wheels ceasing, an excellent concert of sweet music was heard, which comforted Sancho, and passed with him for a good omen, "My lady," quoth he to the duchess, from whom he did not budge an inch or step, "there can be no mischief where there is music."—"Nor when there is brightness and light" said the duchess,—“Ay, but light comes from fire,” replied Sancho, “and brightness comes most from bonfires as we see from those around us. Who knows but those may burn us! But music is always a sign of feasting and merriment.”—"We shall know presently," said Don Quixote; and he said right, as you will find in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Wherein is continued the information given to Don Quixote how to disenchant Dulcinea, with other wonderful passages.

WHEN the pleasant music drew near, there appeared a stately triumphal chariot, drawn by six dun mules, covered with white, upon each of which sat a penitent, clad also in white, and holding a great lighted torch in his hand. The

carriage was twice or thrice longer than any of the former, twelve other penitents being placed at the top and sides, all white as snow and bearing likewise each a lighted torch, which made a surprising and terrible appearance. Seated on a high throne there came a nymph arrayed in a thousand veils of cloth of silver, embroidered with an infinity of golden spangles glittering all about her, which made her dress, though not rich, appear very beautiful. Her face was covered with transparent and delicate gauze, through which might be descried without impediment from its substance a most beautiful face of a maiden; and, by the great light which the torches gave, it was easy to discern her beauty and her age which could not be above twenty nor less than seventeen. Close by her was a figure, clad in a long gown such as is called a robe of state, reaching down to the feet, and the head covered with a black veil. When they came directly opposite to the duke and Don Quixote the music of the hautboys ceased, and the harps and lutes, that were in the chariot, did the like; then the figure in the gown stood up, and, opening its garments and throwing away its veil, discovered the bony and loathsome figure of Death; which startled Don Quixote, made Sancho quake, and caused the duke and the duchess some feeling of dread. This living Death being thus got up, in a heavy, sleeping tone, as if its tongue had not been well awake, began in this manner:—

“ Behold old Merlin, in romantic writ,
Miscall’d the spurious progeny of hell;
A falsehood current with the stamp of age;
I reign the prince of Zoroastic science,
That oft evokes and rates the rigid powers:
Archive of Fate’s dread records in the skies,
Coëval with the chivalry of yore;
All brave knights-errant still I’ve deem’d my charge,
Heirs of my love, and fav’rites of my charms.

“ While other magic seers, averse from good,
Are dire and baleful like the seat of woe,
My nobler soul, where power and pity join,
Diffuses blessings, as they scatter plagues.

“ Deep in the nether world, the dreary caves,
Where my retreated soul, in silent state,
Forms mystic figures and tremendous spells,
I heard the peerless Dulcinea’s moans.

“Apprized of her distress, her frightful change,
 From princely state, and beauty near divine,
 To the vile semblance of a rustic quean,
 The dire misdeed of necromantic hate,
 I sympathized, and awfully revolved
 Twice fifty thousand scrolls, occult and loath'd,
 Some of my art, hell's black philosophy;
 Then closed my soul within this bony trunk,
 This ghastly form, the ruins of a man;
 And rise in pity to reveal a cure
 To woes so great, and break the cursed spell.

“O glory, thou, of all that e'er could grace
 A coat of steel, and fence of adamant!
 Light, lantern, path, and polar star and guide
 To all who dare dismiss ignoble sleep,
 And downy ease, for exercise of arms,
 For toils continual, perils, wounds and blood!
 Knight of unfathom'd worth, abyss of praise,
 Who blend'st in one the prudent and the brave:
 To thee, great Quixote, I this truth declare;
 That, to restore her to her state and form,
 Toboso's pride, the peerless Dulcinea,
 'Tis Fate's decree, that Sancho, thy good squire,
 On his bare brawny buttocks should bestow
 Three thousand lashes, and eke three hundred more,
 Each to afflict and sting, and gall him sore;
 So shall relent the authors of her woes,
 Whose awful will I for her ease disclose.”

“Body o' me,” quoth Sancho, “three thousand lashes! I will not give myself three; I will as soon give myself three stabs in the guts. May you and your disenchanting go to the devil! What have my buttocks to do with enchantments? God save us! if Signor Merlin have no better way for disenchanting the Lady Dulcinea, she may even go bewitched to her dying day for me.”

“How now, Don garlick eater,” cried Don Quixote! “I will take you and tie you to a tree as naked as your mother bore you; and I will give you not three thousand three hundred lashes, but six thousand six hundred, and so smartly, that you shall feel them still, though you rub your backside three thousand times, scoundrel! Answer me not a word or I will tear out your soul.”—“This must not be” cried Merlin, hearing this; the stripes inflicted on honest Sancho must be voluntary, without compulsion; and only laid on when he thinks most convenient, for no time is fixed;

but if he has a mind to have abated one half of this atonement, it is allowed, provided the remaining stripes be struck by a strange hand, and somewhat heavily."

"Neither a strange hand nor my own, neither heavy nor light,"¹ quoth Sancho, "not a hand shall touch me. Did I bring the lady Dulcinea del Toboso into the world, that my hind parts should pay for the sins of her eyes? Let my master Don Quixote whip himself; he is a part of her; he calls her every foot, my life, my soul, my sustenance, my comfort, and all that. Let him take all due steps for her disenchantment, but as for whipping of me, I pronounce it."

No sooner had Sancho thus spoken his mind, than the gold-embroidered nymph that sat by Merlin's ghost, rising and lifting up her thin veil, discovered a very beautiful face; and with a masculine grace, but no very agreeable voice, addressing Sancho Panza, "O thou disastrous squire," said she, "with the soul of a pitcher, heart of cork, and bowels of flint! Hadst thou been commanded, thief and brazen face, to have thrown thyself headlong from the top of a high tower to the ground; hadst thou been desired, enemy of mankind, to have swallowed a dozen of toads, two dozen of lizards, and three dozen of snakes; or hadst thou been requested to have butchered thy wife and children with some cruel sharp weapon, I should not wonder that it had turned thee squeamish; but to make such a hesitation at three thousand three hundred stripes, which every puny school-boy makes nothing of receiving every month, it is amazing, nay astonishing to the tender and commiserating bowels of all that hear thee, and shall come to hear of it in the course of time.

"Look up, thou wretched and marble-hearted animal! look up, and fix thy frightened mulish eyes upon the bright luminaries of my sight. Behold these briny torrents, which, stream upon stream, furrow deeply the flowery meadows of my cheeks. Relent, base and exorable monster—be moved with the tenderness of my youth, which is still in its teens—for though I am nineteen, I have not yet reached twenty—that consumes and withers in this shell of rusticity, which, if it appear not now, is due to the goodness of Merlin that

¹ [There is a play on the words *ni pesarla*, *ni por pesar*, in the original here which cannot be rendered lucidly.]

my beauty might soften thee, for the tears of beauty in affliction, are said to reduce obdurate rocks to the softness of cotton, and tigers to the tenderness of lambs. Scourge, scourge that brawny hide of thine, stubborn and unrelenting brute! and thyself rouse up thus from that base sloth that makes thee live only to eat and eat again. Restore me the delicacy of my skin, the sweetness of my disposition, and the beauty of my face. But if for myself I cannot work thee into a reasonable compliance, at least let the anguish of that poor knight beside thee, thy master, effect it, whose very soul I see just at his throat, not ten inches from his lips, waiting only thy cruel or kind answer, either to fly out of his mouth, or return into his breast."

Don Quixote, hearing this, clapped his hand upon his gullet, and turning to the duke, "By heavens," said he, "Dulcinea is in the right; for I find my soul traversed in my wind-pipe like a bolt in a cross-bow."—"What is your answer now, Sancho?" said the duchess.—"I say, as I said before," quoth Sancho; "as for the flogging, I pronounce it."—"Renounce, you mean," said the duke.—"Good, your worship," quoth Sancho, "this is no time to mind niceties and spelling of letters: This whipping they would give me, or that I am to give myself makes me quite distracted. I do not know what to say or do; but I would fain know of my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, where she picked up this kind of begging that she has! Here she comes, to desire me to lash my flesh raw as a piece of beef, and calls me soul of a pitcher, untamed, with a string of saucy illnames, that might suit the devil himself. Do you think, mistress of mine, that my flesh is made of brass? Or shall I get any thing by your disenchantment! Where is the basket of fine linen, holland-shirts, kerchiefs and socks, (though I wear none,) she has brought along with her to soften me? Only railing one after the other; in spite of the old sayings, A golden load makes the burden light; gifts will enter stone-walls; if ye would pray, knock day by day; a bird in hand is worth two in the bush. Nay, my master too, who ought to give me a hand up the hill and coax me, to get me wool and carded cotten, talks of tying me naked to a tree, and doubling the whipping. Odsbobs! methinks those pitiful people should know

it is not only a squire-errant they would have to whip himself, but a governor! and there is no more to do, think they, but up and ride. Let them even learn how to ask and to pray and to show manners. There is a time for all things; and men are not always in a good humour? Just when my heart is ready to burst for having torn my green coat, they would have me whip myself of my own will, when I have no more stomach to it than to be among the men-eaters.”¹

“Upon my honour, friend Sancho,” said the duke, “if you do not become softer than a ripe fig, you shall have no government. It would be a fine thing, indeed, that I should send among my islanders a merciless flinty-hearted tyrant, whom neither the tears of distressed damsels, nor the admonitions of wise, ancient, and powerful enchanters, can move. In short, Sancho, you must be beaten, or beat yourself, or have no government.”—“But,” quoth Sancho, “may not I have a day or two to consider on it?”—“Not a minute,” cried Merlin; “you must declare now, and in this very place, what you resolve to do, or Dulcinea must be again transformed into a country wench, and carried back immediately to Montesinos’s cave, or else she shall go as she is now, to the Elysian fields, there to remain till the number of stripes be made out.”—“Come, come, honest Sancho,” said the duchess, “pluck up a good courage, and shew your gratitude to your master, whose bread you have eaten, and whose generous nature, and high feats of chivalry, we are all obliged to serve and gratify. Come, child, give your consent, and make a fool of the devil: leave fear to poltroons, the brave heart vanquishes ill fortune as you know well.”—“Hark you, Mr. Merlin,” quoth Sancho with these foolish words; “pray, tell me one thing. How comes it about, that this same post-devil that came before you, brought my master word from Signor Montesinos, that he would be here, and give him directions about this disenchantment of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and yet we have seen nought of Montesinos or his like?” To which answered Merlin, “the devil is an ass and a lying rascal; he came from me, and not from Montesinos; for he,

¹ [In the original; *Volverme Cazique*, Caziques being the chiefs of some West Indian tribes.]

poor man, is still in his cave, expecting the dissolution of the spell, and the worst is still behind.¹ But if he owes you any money, or you have any business with him, he shall be forthcoming when and where you please. But now, pray, make an end, and undergo this small penance, it will do you a world of good, for it will not only prove beneficial to your soul as an act of charity, but also to your body as a healthy exercise; for you are of a very sanguine complexion, Sancho, and losing a little blood will do you no harm.”—“Well,” quoth Sancho, “there is no want of physicians in this world, I find; the very conjurers set up for doctors. Well, then, since everybody says as much, (though I do not see it) I am content to give myself the three thousand three hundred stripes, upon condition that I may be paying them off as long as I please; and I will be out of debt as soon as I can, that the world may enjoy the beauty of the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, for it seems, contrary to what I thought, she is, in fact, beautiful. It is also a condition that I shall not be bound to fetch blood, and if any stroke happens to miss me, it shall pass for one, however. Item, Mr. Merlin, (because he knows all things,) shall be obliged to reckon the lashes, and advise me of those which are lacking, and of what are in excess.”—“There is no need of that,” said Merlin; “for at the very last lash the lady Dulcinea will be disenchanted, come straight to the good Sancho, make him a courtesy, and give him thanks and even a reward for the good work, so that there is no need for scruple as to what are over or what are lacking, nor does heaven permit that I cheat any one even by a hair of his head.”—“Well,” quoth Sancho, “be it in God’s hand; I yield to my hard luck, and, on the aforesaid terms, take up with my penance.”

Scarcely had Sancho spoken, when the music struck up again, and a volley of small arms was immediately discharged. Don Quixote fell on Sancho’s neck, kissing him a thousand times on brow and cheek. The duke, the duchess, and the whole company, seemed mightily pleased. The chariot moved on, and as it passed by, the fair Dulcinea made the duke and duchess a bow, and Sancho a low courtesy.

¹ [*Aun le falta la cola por desollar; i.e.*—The tail still remains to be flayed.]

And now the jolly morn with smiling looks came on apace, and the flowers of the field disclosed their folds and raised their heads. The liquid crystals of the brooks, in gentle murmurs, played with the grey pebbles, and flowed along to pay their tribute to the expecting rivers. The earth was merry, the sky was clear, the air sweet, the daylight serene, and everything, singly and jointly, gave evident tokens that the day which came treading on Aurora's skirts must be serene and bright. The duke and duchess, well pleased with the hunting and the management and success of the adventure, returned to the castle, resolving to make a second essay of the jest from which they received more pleasure than from any reality.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Wherein is related the strange and never-thought-of Adventure of the Disconsolate Lady,¹ otherwise the Countess Trifaldi, with Sancho Panza's Letter to his Wife Teresa Panza.

THE whole contrivance of the late adventure was plotted by the duke's steward, a man of wit and quick fancy; who made the verses, acted Merlin himself, and instructed a page to personate Dulcinea. And now, by his master's appointment, he prepared another artifice as pleasant and surprising as can be imagined.

The next day, the duchess asked Sancho, "whether he had begun his penitential task, to disenchant Dulcinea?"—"Ay, marry have I," quoth Sancho, "for I have already given myself five lashes."—"With what, friend?" asked the duchess.—"With the palm of my hand," answered Sancho.—"Those," said the duchess, "are rather claps than lashes; I doubt Father Merlin will not be satisfied at so easy a rate. It will be needful for the good Sancho to try some prickly scourge, or cat of nine-tails, something that may make you smart, for the liberty of so great a lady is not to be purchased at so mean a price; for letters written in blood stand good; but works of charity, faintly

¹ [The word in the original is Dueña, "a waiting-gentlewoman," as it is elsewhere translated.]

and coldly done, lose their merit and signify nothing.”—“Then, madam,” quoth he, “will your worship’s grace do so much as help me to a convenient rod, that I may lay on to myself and not hurt myself too much; for, though I am a clown, my flesh is more like cotton than hemp, and there is no use in injuring myself for another’s benefit.”—“Well, well, Sancho,” said she, “it shall be my care to provide you a whip, that shall suit the softness of your flesh as if they were sisters.”—“But now, my dear madam,” quoth he, “you must know I have written a letter to my wife Teresa Panza, to give her to understand how things are with me. I have it in my bosom, and it wants nothing but the direction on the outside. Now I would have your wisdom to read it, and see if it be not written like a governor; I mean, in such a style as governors should write.”—“And who dictated it?” asked the duchess.—“Who should dictate it but myself, sinner as I am?” quoth Sancho.—“And did you write it?” said the duchess.—“Not I,” quoth Sancho; “for I can neither read nor write, though I can make my mark.”—“Let me see the letter,” said the duchess; “for I dare say your wit is set out in it to some purpose.” Sancho pulled the letter out of his bosom unsealed, and the duchess having taken it, read what follows:

Letter from Sancho Panza to his Wife Teresa Panza.

“If I was well lashed, yet I went finely on horseback: If I have got a good government, it cost me many a good lash. This thou wilt not understand now, my Teresa, but wilt know another time. Thou must know, Teresa, that I am resolved thou shalt ride in a coach;¹ for now any

¹ I refer the reader, who is not acquainted with the history of our modern vehicles, to Beckman on Inventions, where he will find a very amusing and instructive chapter on coaches. The work is German, and so is the invention. The first coach that appeared in Spain was that which carried the Emperor Charles V. But the new mode of conveyance suited so well the gravity and ostentation of the Spaniards, that, ere long, coaches drawn by four, six, or even eight horses, became extremely common; insomuch, that between 1578 and 1622 there appeared a constant succession of royal edicts, restricting the number of horses and of wheels; all designed, in one way or other, to check the vanity of the citizens of Madrid, who were too desirous of rivalling

other way of going is but creeping on all-fours, like a cat. Thou art now a governor's wife, guess whether any one will dare to tread on thy heels. I have sent thee a green hunting suit, which my lady duchess gave me. Pray see and get it turned into a petticoat and jacket for our daughter. My master Don Quixote, they say in this country, is a mad wise-man, and a pleasant madman, and I am not behind-hand with him. We have been in Montesinos' cave, and Merlin the wizard has pitched on me to disenchant Dulcinea del Toboso, the same who among you is called Aldonza Lorenzo. When I have given myself three thousand three hundred lashes, lacking five, she will be as disenchanted as the mother that bore her. But not a word of this to any one; for if you tell your case among gossips, some will cry it is white, and others black. I am to go to my government in a few days, whither I go with a huge mind to make money, as I am told all governors go with this intent. I will first see how matters go, and then send thee word whether thou hadst best come or no. Dapple is well, and gives his humble service to you. I will not part with him, though I were to be made the Grand Turk. My Lady Duchess kisses thy hands a thousand times; pray return her two thousand: For there is nothing cheaper than fair words, as my master says. Heaven has not been pleased to make me light on another cloakbag, with a hundred crown pieces, like those you wot of. But do not let that vex thee, my Teresa; he is safe who sounds the bell, and all will come right in the government scouring. Though, after all, one thing has troubled me; they tell me, that when once I have tasted of it, I shall eat my very fingers after it. Should it fall out so, I should not get it so cheap; and yet your maimed crippled alms-

the equipages of the court. Notwithstanding all this, however, it was long held rather an effeminate thing for a Spanish gentleman to be seen in a coach—and even from the pulpit such things were rebuked with considerable bitterness; thus, in Father Ramon's *Reformation of Abuses*, published in 1635, we meet with such passages as the following:—
“—— But men with beards! Men girt with the sword! It is a shame and a disgrace for *them* to be seen carried about in boxes, instead of breathing the open air, and appearing in the light of day,”
&c. &c.—p. 306.

folks make their begging work a prebend. So that, one way or other, thou wilt be rich and happy. Heaven make thee so, as well as it may; and keep me to serve thee. From this castle, the twentieth of July, 1614.

“Thy husband the Governor,
“SANCHO PANZA.”

“Methinks the worthy governor,” said the duchess, having read the letter, “is a little out in two particulars; first, when he says or intimates that this government was bestowed on him for the stripes he is to give himself; whereas, he knows, what cannot be denied, that when the Duke my lord promised it, this beating was never dreamed of. The second, is the discovery of his avarice, and I did not intend him to be a gold-seeker,¹ for avarice bursts the sack, and the covetous governor deals ungoverned justice.”—“I did not mean it in that way, madam,” quoth Sancho; and if your grace’s worship does not like this letter, I will tear it and have another; but it might be worse, if I left it to my own brains.”—“No, no,” said the duchess, “this will do well enough, and I must have the duke see it.”

They went into the garden, where they were to dine that day, and there she shewed the duke Sancho’s epistle, which gave him a great deal of amusement.

After dinner, Sancho was entertaining the company very pleasantly, with some of his savoury discourse, when suddenly they were surprised with the mournful sound of a fife, and of a hoarse unbraced drum. All the company seemed discomposed at the confused, warlike and unpleasant noise; but Don Quixote especially was so disturbed, that he could not keep his seat. Sancho’s fear wrought the usual effect, and carried him to crouch by the duchess. And in very truth the sound was most doleful and melancholy.

During this consternation, two men in deep mourning-cloaks trailing on the ground were seen to enter the garden, each of them beating a large drum, covered also with black, and with these a third playing on a fife, in

¹ [*Orégano*, in the original, should probably be *oroganoso*, or perhaps simply *orogano*, from *oro*, gold, and *gana*, desire.]

mourning like the rest. They ushered in a person of gigantic stature, wrapped, but not clad in a black garb with a train of prodigious length; and over the cassock was girt a broad black belt, which slung a scimitar of a mighty size, with black furniture and scabbard. His face was covered with a thin black veil, through which might be discerned a beard of a vast length, as white as snow. The solemnity of his pace kept time with the drums. In short, his stature, his motion, his black hue, and his attendance, might well be surprising and astonishing to all who did not know him. With this state and formality he approached, and fell on his knees before the duke, who stood waiting with the rest. The duke not suffering him to speak till he arose, the monstrous spectre got up, and throwing off his veil, discovered the most terrible, huge white, bushy beard, that ever mortal eyes had seen. Then fixing his eyes on the duke, and with a deep sonorous voice, roaring out from his ample chest, "Most high and potent lord," cried he, "my name is Trifaldin with the white beard, squire to the Countess Trifaldi, otherwise called the Disconsolate Lady, from whom I am ambassador to your grace, begging admittance of your magnificence, for her ladyship to come and relate her misfortune, which is one of the most novel and extraordinary that the most troubled thought in the world could ever have thought of. But first she desires to be informed whether the valorous and invincible knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, resides at this time in your castle; for it is in quest of him that my lady has travelled on foot without breaking her fast, from the kingdom of Candaya, all the way to your grace's territories: a thing which ought to be held as miraculous, or wrought by enchantment. She is now without the gate of this castle, waiting only for your grace's permission to enter." This said, he coughed, and with both his hands stroked his beard from the top to the bottom, and with a formal gravity expected the duke's answer, which was—

"It is now some time, worthy squire Trifaldin with the white beard," since we have heard of the misfortunes of the Countess Trifaldi, whom enchanters have occasioned to be called the Disconsolate Lady; and therefore, most stupendous squire, you may tell her that she may make

her entry ; and that the valiant Don Quixote de la Mancha is here present, on whose generous assistance she may safely rely for redress. Inform her also from me, that if she has occasion for my aid, she may depend on it, being obliged, as I am a knight, to be aiding and assisting, to the utmost of my power, all conditions of women, especially widowed ladies, in sorrow and distress, like her ladyship."

Trifaldin, hearing this, made obeisance to the ground with the knee, and, beckoning to the fife and drums to observe the same tone and pace with which he had entered, he made his exit from the garden, and left all in a deep admiration of his proportions and deportment.

Then the duke, turning to Don Quixote, "Behold, famous knight," said he, "how the light of valour and of virtue dart their beams through the clouds of malice and ignorance. It is hardly six days since you have vouchsafed to honour this castle with your presence, and already the afflicted and distressed flock hither from the uttermost regions, not in coaches, or on dromedaries, but on foot, and without eating by the way ; such is their confidence in the strength of that brave arm, the fame of whose great exploits runs the whole round of the discovered world."

"I would, my lord," said Don Quixote, "that the same blessed clergyman were here now, who, the other day at your table, showed such ill-will and spite against knights-errant, that the testimony of his own eyes might show him their needfulness, and convince him that the comfortless and afflicted do not, in enormous misfortunes, and uncommon adversity, repair for redress to the doors of village priests and pedants, nor to the country-gentleman, who never travels beyond his land-mark ; nor to the lolling lazy courtier, who rather hearkens after news which he may relate, than endeavours to perform such deeds as may be recorded and related. No, the redress of the injured, and the support of the distressed, the protection of damsels, the comfort of widows, are nowhere so perfectly to be expected as from the professors of knight-errantry. Therefore I thank heaven a thousand times that I am one. As for the accidents and hardships that may attend me, I look upon them as well expended in so

noble a function. Then let this lady be admitted to make known her request, and I will commit her redress to the force of my arm, and the intrepid resolution of my courageous soul."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

In which is continued the famous Adventure of the Disconsolate Lady.

THE duke and duchess were mightily pleased to find that Don Quixote responded so agreeably to their design; and now Sancho said, "I am in fear," quoth he, "that this Mistress Waiting-woman will be a baulk to my government; for I have heard a Toledo apothecary, that talked like a linnet, say, Wherever come old waiting-women, good luck can happen there to no man. Body o' me, how he hated them—that apothecary! whence I know that all these ladies are troublesome and impertinent, of whatever quality they be. What will those be that are in doleful dumps? like this same Countess, Threefolds, three skirts, or three tails,¹ for in my country tails and skirts are all one."—"Hold your tongue, Sancho," said Don Quixote. "This lady, that comes so far in search of me, cannot be on the apothecary's list. Besides, she is a countess; and when ladies of that quality become waiting-women, it is to queens or empresses; and in their own houses they are absolute ladies, and are attended by other waiting-women."—"Ay," cried Donna Rodriguez, who was present, "there are some that serve my lady duchess here, that might have been countesses too, had they had better luck. But laws go as kings show.² Let nobody speak ill of waiting-gentlewomen, especially of those that are ancient maidens; for though I am none of those, I easily conceive the advantage that a waiting-gentlewoman, who is a maiden, has over one that is a widow, and they who shear us take care of the scissors."—"For all that,"

¹ [Trifaldi, the name of the Countess, signifies, Three skirts or trains.]

² [*Alla van leyes do quieren Reyes.*]

quoth Sancho, "your waiting-women are not so bare, but that they may be shorn; if my barber spoke truth it were best not stir the rice, though it sticks to the pot."—"These squires, forsooth," answered Donna Rodriguez, "must be always against us. As they are always haunting the antechambers, they see us whisk in and out at all times; so when thy are not at their devotions, which, is almost always, they can find no other pastime than to abuse us, unburying our bones, and burying our reputation. But I can tell those animated blocks that, in spite of their flouts, we shall keep the upper hand of them, and live in the world in the better sort of houses, though we starve for it, and cover our flesh, delicate or not, with nun's gowns, as they cover a dunghill with a piece of tapestry when a procession goes by. 'Slife, sir, were this a proper time, I would convince you and all the world, that there is no virtue but is enclosed within a waiting-woman.'"—"I fancy," said the duchess, "that honest Donna Rodriguez is much in the right: But we must now choose a fitter time for this dispute, to confound the ill opinion of that wicked apothecary, and to root out that which the great Sancho Panza has in his breast."—"For my part," quoth Sancho, "since the thoughts of being a governor have steamed up into my brains, all the vanities of the squire are gone; and I care not a wild fig for all the waiting-women in the world."

This waiting-woman discourse would have engaged them longer had they not not been cut short by the sound of the fife and drums that gave them notice of the Disconsolate Lady's approach. Thereupon the duchess asked the duke, how far ceremony was due to her quality as a countess?—"Look you," quoth Sancho, before the duke could answer, "I would advise you to go and meet her countess-ship, but for the waiting-womanship, do not stir a step."—"Who bids you trouble yourself?" said Don Quixote.—"Who bade me?" answered Sancho, "why, I myself did. Have not I been squire to your worship, and thus served a 'prenticeship to good manners? And have not I had the flower of courtesy for my master, who has often told me, a man may as well lose with a card too much as a card too little? A word to the wise

is enough.”—“Sancho says well,” said the duke; “we will first see what kind of countess she is, and behave ourselves accordingly.”

Now the fife and the drums entered as before. But here the author ends this short chapter, and begins another, prosecuting the same adventure, which is one of the most notable in the history,

CHAPTER. XXXVIII.

Wherein is the Account which the Disconsolate Lady gives of her Misfortune.

THE doleful musicians were followed by some twelve elderly waiting-women, that entered the garden ranked in two ranks, all clad in a uniform nun's habit, ample and seemingly of milled serge, over which they wore veils of white calico, so long, that nothing could be seen of their dress but the hem. After them came the Countess Trifaldi, handed by her squire Trifaldin with the white beard. The lady was dressed in a suit of the finest baize, which, had it been napped, would have had tufts as big as Martos beans. Her train, or tail, which you will, was divided into three points, and borne up by three pages also in mourning; and from this pleasant mathematical figure of three angles, as every one conjectured, was she called Trifaldi, as if one should say, the Countess of Three-Skirts. Benengeli is of the same opinion, though he affirms that her true title was the Countess of Lobuna,¹ or of Wolf-Land, from the abundance of wolves bred in her country; and, had they been foxes, she had, by the same rule, been called the Countess of Zorrana,² or of Fox-Land; it being a custom, in those nations, for great persons to take their denominations from the commodity with which their estate most abounds. However, this Countess chose to borrow her title from this new fashion of her skirt, and leaving her name of Lobuna, took that of Trifaldi.

¹ [From *Lobo*, wolf.]

² [From *Zorro*, fox.]

Her twelve female attendants approached with her at procession-pace, with black veils over their faces; not transparent, like that of Trifaldin, but thick enough to hinder anything from showing through. As soon as the whole train of waiting-women was come in, the duke, the duchess, and Don Quixote, stood up, and so did all those who beheld the show procession. Then the twelve women, ranging themselves in two rows, made a lane for the Countess to march up between them, which she did, still led by Trifaldin. The duke, the duchess, and Don Quixote, advancing about a dozen paces to meet her, she fell on her knees, and, with a voice rather hoarse and rough than clear and delicate, "May it please your highnesses," said she, "to spare yourselves the trouble of receiving, with so much courtesy, a man—a woman I would say—who is your devoted servant. Alas! my unheard-of misfortunes have so troubled my intellect, that I cannot answer as I ought. My understanding has forsaken me; and sure it is far remote, for the more I seek it, the more unlikely I am to find it again."—"The greatest claim, madam," answered the duke, "that we can lay to sense, is a due respect and decent deference to the worthiness of your person, which, without any farther view, merits the cream of courtesy and the flower of well-bred ceremony." Then, taking her hand, he led her up and placed her in a chair by his duchess, who received her likewise with much politeness.

Don Quixote said nothing, and Sancho was dying to see Trifaldi's face or those of the lady's women, but to no purpose, for they kept themselves very close and silent, until she at last began:—"Confident I am, most potent lord, most beautiful lady, and most intelligent auditors, that my most unfortunate miserableness shall find recognition in your most valorous breasts; which is such as would liquefy marble, malleate steel, and mollify adamant. But before it enter, I will not say your ears, but the public mart of your hearing faculties, I earnestly request that I may have cognizance, whether this corporation, choir, or conclave be not adorned with the presence of the most adjutoriferous Don Quixote de la Manchissima, and his squirrissimo Panza?"—"Panza is here," quoth

Sancho, before anybody else could answer, "and Don Quixotissimo likewise; therefore, most dolorous duenissima, you may tell out your tale, for we are all ready to be your ladyship's servitorissimos."—Don Quixote then advanced, and addressing the Disconsolate Lady,—“If your misfortunes, embarrassed lady,” said he, “may hope any redress from the power and assistance of knight-errantry, I offer you mine; and weak and scanty as they are, I dedicate them to your service. I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose profession is to succour the distressed, without the formality of preambles to circumvent my favour. Therefore, madam, let us have a succinct and plain account of your calamities, and, if your griefs do not admit of a cure, at least we will sympathise in your sorrow.”

The Disconsolate Lady, hearing this, threw herself at Don Quixote's feet, and, striving to embrace them, “Most invincible knight,” said she, “I prostrate myself at these feet, the foundations and pillars of chivalry-errant, whose indefatigable steps alone cure my afflictions. O valorous knight-errant, whose real achievements eclipse and obscure the fabulous legends of the Amadis, Esplandians, and Belianises!” Then, turning from Don Quixote, she laid hold on Sancho, and squeezing his hands, “And thou, the most loyal squire that ever attended on knight errant, whose goodness is more extensive than the beard of my usher Trifaldin! well may'st thou pride thyself that thou art placed under the discipline of the whole martial college of chivalry-professors, epitomized in the great Don Quixote! I conjure thee, by thy goodness and loyalty, to be my kind intercessor with thy master, that eftsoons his favour may shine upon this most humble and disconsolate countess.”

“Look you, Madam Countess,” quoth Sancho, “as for measuring my goodness by your squire's beard, that is neither here nor there; so that I have beard and moustachios when I depart this life, is what I care for; as for the beards of this world it matters little or nothing, so that, without all this pawing and wheedling, I will put in a word or two for you to my master. I know he loves me; and, besides, at this time, he stands in need of

me about a certain business, and he shall do what he can for you. But, pray, discharge your mind; and let us see your griefs, and then leave us to take care of the rest, so that we understand one another."

The duke and duchess were ready to burst with laughing, knowing the drift of the adventure; and they admired, at the same time, the rare cunning and management of Trifaldi, who, resuming her seat, said: "The famous kingdom of Candaya, situate between the Great Taprobana and the South Sea, two leagues beyond Cape Comorin, had for its queen the lady Donna Maguntia, whose husband, King Archipiel, dying, left the Princess Antonomasia,¹ their child, heiress to the crown. This princess was educated and brought up under my care and direction, I being the eldest and first lady to the queen, her mother. In process of time, the young Antonomasia arrived at the age of fourteen years, and appeared so perfectly beautiful, that it was not in the power of nature to give any addition to her charms; what is yet more, her mind was no less adorned than her body. Wisdom itself was but a fool to her. She was no less discreet than fair, and the fairest creature in the world; and so she is still, unless the envious Fates and inflexible Sisters have cut her thread of life. But the heaven would not permit such an injury to be done to the earth, as the lopping off the loveliest branch that ever adorned the garden of the world.

"Her beauty, which my unpolished tongue can never sufficiently praise, soon got her a world of adorers, princes, who were her neighbours, and more distant foreigners, among the rest, a private knight, who resided at court, and confiding in his youth, his handsome mien, his agreeable air and dress, his graceful carriage, the charms of his easy wit, and many other qualifications, was so audacious as to raise his thoughts to that heaven of beauty.

¹ The name of a figure of speech seems to be as much entitled to figure in a romance as many others we find there; for example, *Sir Kyrie-Eleison*. It is, nevertheless, a little strange, that Don Quixote should not have been startled by its sound; especially as, a page or two after, we find him talking so familiarly about the knight-errant being an emperor *in potentia*.

I must tell your greatneses that he played to a miracle on the guitar, and made it speak, he was a poet, he danced to admiration, and had such a knack at making bird-cages, that in extreme necessity he might have got a living by that art. So many parts and endowments were sufficient to have moved a mountain, and much more a tender virgin. But all his fine arts and soothing behaviour, all his tricks and graces, had proved ineffectual against my child's fortress, if the cunning rogue had not first conquered me. The deceitful villain so plied me with pleasing trifles, and so insinuated himself into my soul, that, like a faithless keeper, I gave up the keys of the fortress I had to guard : in short, he perfectly bewitched me, and made me give way, by I know not what trinkets. But that which first undermined me and brought me to the ground was a copy of verses he sung one night under my window, which, if I remember right, began thus :

‘A secret fire consumes my heart ;
And, to augment my raging pain,
The charming foe that raised the smart,
Denies me freedom to complain.
But sure 'tis just we should conceal
The bliss and woe in love we feel :
For oh ! what human tongue can tell
The joys of heaven, or pains of hell ?’

“The song was to me so many pearls, and his voice sugar. The reflexion on the misfortune which these verses brought on me, has often made me applaud Plato's design of banishing all poets from a good and well governed commonwealth, at least those who write wantonly. For, instead of composing lamentable verses, like those of the Marquis of Mantua, that make the women and children cry, they try their skill on such soft strokes as enter the soul, and wound it, like that which hurts and consumes all within, yet leaves the garment sound. Another time, he sang :

‘Death, put on some kind disguise,
And at once my heart surprise ;
For 'tis such a curse to live,
And so great a bliss to die,
Shouldst thou any warning give
I'd relapse to life for joy !’

“Other verses of this kind he plied me with, which charm when read, but transport when sung. For, you must know, that, when our poets debase themselves to the writing a sort of composition called roundelays, now in vogue in Candaya, those verses are no sooner heard, than they presently produce a dancing of souls, tickling of fancies, emotion of spirits, and, in short, a tremour in all the senses.

“So that, I pronounce those poets justly fit to be banished to the Isles of Lizards¹; though truly, I must confess, the fault is rather chargeable on those foolish people that commend, and the silly wenches that believe them. For, had I been the good attendant I ought, his nocturnal conceits could never have moved me; nor would I have believed what he said as, I dying live, I burn in ice, I shiver in flames, I hope in despair, I go yet stay; with other impossibilities, which make up the greatest part of those kind of compositions. What are their promises of the Phoenix of Arabia, Ariadne’s crown, the coursers of the sun, the pearls of the south, the gold of Tagus, the balsam of Panchaya? Thus they are most liberal of their gifts when they know they never can make them good.

“But whither do I wander, miserable woman? What madness prompts me to accuse the faults of others, having so long a score of my own to answer for! Alas! not his verses, but my own simplicities; not his music, but my own levity; my own folly and heedlessness opened a passage, and levelled the way for Don Clavijo, (for that was the name of the knight.) And, by my connivance, he was very often found in the chamber of Antonomasia, who was rather deluded by me, than by him. But, wicked as I was, it was upon the honourable score of marriage; for had he not been engaged to be her husband, he should not have touched the sole of her slippers. No, no; without matrimony, I will never meddle in any such concern. The great fault in this business, was the disparity of their conditions, Don Clavijo being but a private knight, and she heiress to the crown. Now, this intrigue was kept very close for some time, by my cautious management,

¹ Torquemada, in his *Garden of Flowers*, frequently mentions these islands as receiving damsels and others. I suppose they are as real as the personages whom he represents as inhabiting them.

until it seemed to me that there came more and more a certain kind of swelling in Antonomasia's belly, through fear of which we three, consulting upon the matter, agreed, before it should come to light, that Don Clavijo should demand the young lady in marriage before the curate, by virtue of a promise under her hand, which I dictated for the purpose, and so binding, that all the strength of Samson himself could not break it. The business was put in execution, the note was produced before the priest, who, taking the lady's confession, clearly admitted it, and put her in custody of a very honest sergeant."—"Bless us," quoth Sancho, "sergeants too, and poets, and love songs, in Candaya! o' my conscience, I think the world is the same all the world over. But go on, Madame Trifaldi, I beseech you, for it is late, and I am dying till I know the end of this long-winded story."—"I will," answered the Countess.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Where the Countess Trifaldi continues her stupendous and memorable Story.

IF every word that Sancho spoke gave the duchess new pleasure, it put Don Quixote to as much pain; so that he commanded him silence, and the Disconsolate one went on. "In short," said she, "after many questions and answers, the princess firmly persisting in her first declaration, judgment was given in favour of Don Clavijo, to whom she was handed over as his legitimate spouse, which Queen Maguncia, her mother, took so to heart, that we buried her about three days after."—"Then, without doubt, she died," quoth Sancho.—"That is a clear case," replied Trifaldin; "for, in Candaya, they do not use to bury the living, but the dead."—"But, with your good leave, Mr. Squire," answered Sancho, "people that were in a swoon have been buried alive before now; and methinks Queen Maguncia should rather have swooned away than died; for, while there is life, there is a remedy for many things.

I do not find the young lady was so much out of her mind either, that the mother should lay it so grievously to heart. Indeed, had she married a footman, or some other servant in the family, as I am told many others have done, it had been a bad business, past curing; but, when her daughter married such a fine-bred and witty young knight as has been described, faith and troth, though it was a slip, it was not such a heinous one as one would think; for, as my master here says, and he will not let me tell a lie, as of scholars they make bishops, so of your knights, (the more so, if they be errant) one may make kings and emperors."

"You are right, Sancho," said Don Quixote: "For a knight-errant, with twopenny-worth of good fortune, is *in potentia propinqua* to be the greatest emperor in the world. But, let the lady proceed, for hitherto her story has been very pleasant, and I doubt the most bitter part of it is still untold."—"The most bitter, truly, sir," answered she; "and so bitter, that wormwood, and every bitter herb, compared to it, are sweet.

"The queen being really dead," continued she, "and not in a trance, we buried her; and, scarce had we done her the last offices, and taken our last leave, when *quis talia fando temperet a lachrymis?* the giant Malambruno, cousin-german to Maguncia, who, besides his nativecruelty, was also a magician, appeared upon her grave, mounted on a wooden horse, and, to revenge the death of his relation, to punish Don Clavijo for his presumption, and to spite Antonomasia for her wantonness, immediately enchanted them both upon the very tomb; transforming her into a brazen female monkey, and him into a hideous crocodile, of an unknown metal, and between them he set a column of the same metal, with an inscription, in the Syriac tongue, which, being translated into the Candayan, and then into Spanish, is to this effect:

'These two presumptuous lovers shall never recover their former shapes, till the valorous Manchegan enter into a single combat with me; for the fates reserve this unheard-of adventure for his great courage.'

"This done, he drew a broad scimitar, of a monstrous size, and, catching me fast by the hair, made an offer to cut my throat, or almost cut off my head. I was frightened almost

to death, my hair stood on end, and my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth. However, recovering myself as well as I could, trembling and weeping, I begged mercy in such words that I prevailed on him to stop the cruel execution. In short, he ordered all the waiting-women at court to be brought before him, the same that you see here at present; and, after he had aggravated our fault, and railed against the characters of waiting-women, their evil practices and worse schemes, and reviled us all for the fact of which I alone stood guilty; he said that 'he would not punish us with death, but inflict a penalty which should be a lasting civil death.' Now, in the very instant of his announcing our sentence, we felt the pores of our faces to open, and all about them perceived an itching pain, like the pricking of needle-points. Thereupon, clapping our hands to our faces, we found them as you shall see them immediately." Saying this, the Disconsolate Lady and her attendants, throwing off their veils, exposed their faces, all rough with beards, some red, some black, some white and others motley. The duke and duchess wondered, Don Quixote and Sancho were astonished, and the standers by were thunder-struck. "Thus," said the countess proceeding, "has that villainous and evil-minded Malambruno served us, and planted these rough bristles on our faces, otherwise delicately smooth. Would to Heaven that he had chopped off our heads with his monstrous scimitar, rather than have disgraced our faces with these bristles! For, gentlemen, if you rightly consider it, (and what I have to say should be attended with a flood of tears; but, such oceans have fallen from me already upon this doleful subject, that my eyes are as dry as chaff; and, therefore, I speak without tears at this time; I say then), what is a waiting-woman with a beard to do? What father or mother will condole with her? What charitable person will entertain her? When the complexion is smooth we can scarcely obtain notice, though we torture our faces with a thousand slops and washes. What will become of her, then, that wears a thicket upon her face? Oh, ladies and companions! in an ill hour were we begotten, and in a worse came we into the world!" With these words the Disconsolate Lady seemed about to faint away.

CHAPTER XL.

Of some things that appertain and relate to this Adventure, and to this memorable Story.

ALL persons that love to read histories of the nature of this, must certainly be very much obliged to Cid Hamet, the original author, who has taken such care in delivering every minute particular, without leaving the least circumstance not brought distinctly to light. He draws pictures of the thoughts, discovers the imaginations, satisfies curiosity in secrets, clears doubts, resolves arguments; and, in short, makes manifest the least atoms of the most inquisitive desire. O most famous author! O fortunate Don Quixote! O renowned Dulcinea! O facetious Sancho! jointly and severally may you live to endless ages, for the general delight and recreation of mankind—But the story goes on.

“Now, on my honest word,” quoth Sancho, when he saw the Disconsolate Lady in a swoon, “and by the blood of all the Panzas my forefathers, I never heard nor saw the like, neither did my master ever tell me, or so much as conceit in that head of his, such an adventure as this. Now, a thousand devils bless thee (and I would not curse any body) for an enchanting giant, Malambruno! Couldst thou find no other punishment for these poor sinners, but by clapping beards on them? Had it not been much better to slit their nostrils half way up their noses, though they had snuffled for it, than to have given them these hairs? I will lay any man a wager now, the poor devils have not money enough to pay for their shaving,”

“It is but too true, sir,” said one of them, “we have not wherewithal to pay for cleaning ourselves, so that some of us, to save charges, are forced to lay on plasters of pitch, and pull them away suddenly, and leave our faces as smooth as the bottom of a stone-mortar. There is indeed a sort of women in Candaya, that go about from house to house to take off the fine hairs, trim the eye-brows, and do other little jobs for the women; but we here, who are

my lady's duennas, would never have anything to do with them, for their odour is somewhat third-rate. So, if my Lord Don Quixote do not relieve us, we shall be carried with our beards to the grave."—"I will have mine plucked off among the Moors," answered Don Quixote, "rather than not free you from yours."—"Ah, valorous knight!" cried the Countess Trifaldi, recovering that moment from her fit, "the sweet sound of your promise reached my hearing in the very midst of my trance, and has perfectly restored my senses; I beseech you therefore once again, most illustrious sir, and invincible knight-errant, that your gracious promise may soon have effect."—"I will be guilty of no neglect, madam," answered Don Quixote: "Point out the way, madam, for my soul is ready to serve you."

"You must know then, sir," said the Disconsolate Lady, "from this place to the kingdom of Candaya, by land, is about five thousand leagues, two or three more or less. But if you ride through the air in a direct line, it is not above three thousand two hundred and twenty-seven. You are likewise to understand, that Malambruno told me, that when fortune should make me find out the knight who is to dissolve our enchantment, he would send him a famous steed, much easier, and less resty than those jades that are let out to hire; being the same wooden horse upon which the valorous Peter of Provence stole away fair Magalona.¹ It is managed by a wooden peg in its forehead, instead of a bridle, and flies as swiftly through the air as if all the devils in hell were bearing him. This courser, tradition delivers to have been the handywork of the sage Merlin, who lent him to Peter who was his friend; and by his help he made long journeys and stole away

¹ *Peter of Provence and the fair Magalona* are the hero and heroine of a romance originally written in French, but translated into Spanish before the middle of the sixteenth century. The personages are entirely fictitious. The Comte de Tressan published a *rifacimento* of it in the *Bibliothèque de Romans*, in 1779; and there is also a new and amusing edition of it in verse, in the *Bibliothèque Bleue*. The chief incidents of any interest are all connected with the flying wooden horse which was framed by Merlin, and had come into the possession of the fortunate Peter of Provence. I have already referred the reader, who is fond of wooden horses, to Chaucer and the Arabian Nights.

the fair Magalona, as I said, setting her behind on the crupper, and so towering up in the air, he left the people that stood near, gaping and staring. And he lent him only to whom he chose, or such as paid him best; and since great Peter until now we know of no one who has mounted him.

“Since that, Malambruno got him by his art, and has used, ever since, to post about to all parts of the world. He is here to-day, and to-morrow in France, and the next day in Potosi: and one of the best properties of the horse is, that he neither eats nor sleeps, neither costs he any shoeing; besides, without having wings, he ambles so very easy through the air, that you may carry in your hand a cup of water, and not spill a drop, so that the fair Magalona loved mightily to ride him.”

“Nay,” quoth Sancho, “for an easy pacer, commend me to Dapple, though he does not go in the air; but, on the earth, he shall pace you with the best ambler in the world.” This set the company a-laughing; but the Disconsolate Lady going on, “This horse,” said she, “will certainly be here within half an hour after it is dark, if Malambruno designs to put an end to our misfortunes, for that was to be the sign by which I should know that I had discovered the knight I sought.”—“And pray, forsooth,” quoth Sancho, “how many will this same horse carry?”—“Two,” answered she; “one on the saddle, and the other behind on the crupper, and those two are commonly the knight and the squire, if some stolen damsel be not to be one.”—“Good Disconsolate Madam,” quoth Sancho, “I would fain know the name of this horse.”—“The horse’s name,” answered she, “is neither Pegasus, like Bellerophon’s; nor Bucephalus, like Alexander’s; nor Brilladoro, like Orlando’s; nor Bayard, like Rinaldo’s; nor Frontino, like Rogero’s; nor Boötes, nor Perithoa, like the horses of the Sun; neither is he called Orelia, like the horse which ill-fated Rodrigo, the last king of the Goths rode to battle, when he lost the kingdom, and his life.”—“I will lay you a wager,” quoth Sancho, “since the horse goes by none of those famous names, he does not go by that of Rozinante my master’s horse, which excels beyond all those you have reckoned up.”—“It is very

right," answered the bearded lady; "however, he has a very proper name, for he is called *Clavileño* the Swift, from being made of wood, from the peg in his forehead¹ and from his swift pace; so that, from the significancy of name at least, he may be compared with *Rozinante*."—"I find no fault with his name," quoth Sancho; "but what kind of bridle or halter do you manage him with?"—"I told you already," replied she, "that he is guided by the peg, which being turned this way or that way, he moves accordingly, either mounting aloft in the air, or almost brushing and sweeping the ground, or else flying in the middle region, the way which ought indeed most to be chosen in all well-ordered affairs."—"I should be glad to see him," quoth Sancho; "but as to getting on his back, either before or behind, you may as well expect pears from an elm. It were a pretty jest, I trow, for me that can hardly sit my own Dapple, with a pack-saddle as soft as silk, to be horsed upon wooden haunches without either cushion or pillow. Gad! I will not gall myself to take off anyone's beard. Let everyone shave as he thinks best; I will not take such a long jaunt with my master. There is no need of me in this shaving of beards, as there was in *Dulcinea's* business."—"But there is, dear sir," replied *Trifaldi*; "and so much, that without you nothing can be done."—"By the king!" cried Sancho; "what have we squires to do with our masters' adventures? We must bear the trouble, forsooth, and they run away with the credit! Body o' me, would those that write the stories but say, 'such a knight ended such an adventure; but it was with the help of such a one, his squire, without which, it were impossible he could ever have done it.' But they shall barely tell you in their histories, 'Sir *Paralipomenon*, Knight of the Three Stars, ended the adventure of the six hobgoblins,' and not a word all the while of his squire's person, as if there were no such man, though he was by all the while. In short, good people, I do not like it; and, once more, I say, my master may even go by himself, and joy betide him. I will stay and keep my lady the Duchess company here; and mayhap, by the time he comes back, he will find his Lady

¹ [*Clavija*, is a peg, and *leño*, wood.]

Dulcinea's business a few points more forward, when I have nothing else to do. I think to give myself a turn at scourging which will leave little on my skin."

"Nevertheless, honest Sancho," said the duchess, "if your company be necessary in this adventure, you must go, for all good people will make it their business to entreat you; and it would look very ill, that, through your vain fears, these poor gentlewomen should remain thus with bristly faces."—"By the king," said Sancho again; "were it a piece of charity for the relief of some secluded damsels, or young charity-girls, some trouble might be risked; but to hurt myself to unbeard a pack of waiting-women! a plague on it! I would sooner see the whole tribe of them wear beards, from the highest to the lowest, from the proudest to the primest."—"You are very angry with the waiting-women, friend Sancho," said the duchess; "that Toledo apothecary has inspired you with his spirit. But you are to blame, by my faith, for I will assure you there are some in my family that may serve for patterns of waiting-women; and Donna Rodriguez here will let me say no less."—"Ay, ay, madam," said Donna Rodriguez, "your grace may say what you please. Heaven knows all, whether good or bad, bearded or unbearded, we waiting-gentlewomen had mothers as well as the rest of our sex; and since God has placed us in the world, He knows wherefore; and so we trust in His mercy, and nobody's beard."—"Enough, Donna Rodriguez," said Don Quixote. "As for you, Lady Trifaldi, and the others, I hope in heaven that looks with a pitying eye on our sorrows, that Sancho will do as I shall command. Let Clavileño but come, that I may encounter Malambruno; for I am sure no razor should be more expeditious in shaving your ladyship's beard, than my sword to shave Malambruno's head from his shoulders. Heaven may awhile permit the wicked, but not for ever."

"Ah! most valorous champion," said the Disconsolate Lady, "may all the stars in the celestial regions shed their most propitious influence on your grandeur, which thus supports the cause of our reviled and spurned office, exposed to the rancour of apothecaries, abused by squires and tricked by pages. Now, ill-luck attend the

low-spirited quean, who in the flower of her youth will not rather choose to turn nun than waiting-woman! Poor helpless waiting-women! though descended, in a direct line from father to son, from Hector of Troy himself, yet would not our ladies find a more civil way to speak to us than thee and thou, though they were to be queens thereby. O giant Malambruno! thou who, though an enchanter, art faithful to thy word, send us the peerless Clavileño, that our misfortunes may have an end; for if the weather grow hotter, and these beards still grow, woe on our plight!"

Trifaldi uttered this in so pathetic a manner, that she drew tears from the eyes of all the spectators; and bedewed even Sancho's; and he determined in his mind to attend his master to the very end of the world, so he might contribute to the clearing away the wool from those venerable faces.

CHAPTER XLI.

Of Clavileño's arrival, with the conclusion of this tedious Adventure.

THESE discourses brought on the night, and with it the appointed time for the famous Clavileño's arrival. To Don Quixote, impatient at his delay, it seemed that either he was not the knight for whom this adventure was reserved, or else that the giant Malambruno dared not enter into a single combat with him. But, lo and behold, who should enter the garden but four savages, covered with green ivy, bearing on their shoulders a large wooden horse, which they set on his legs on the ground; and one of them cried out, "Now let him that has courage mount this engine."—"I am not he," quoth Sancho, "for I have no courage, nor am I a knight."—"And let his squire mount behind him, if he has one," continued the savage; "and let him trust the valorous Malambruno that he will not use anything but his sword, nor any other foul play to offend him. It is but only turning the peg above his neck, and the horse will transport him through

the air to the place where Malambruno attends their coming. But let them blindfold their eyes, lest the dazzling and stupendous height of their career should make them giddy; till the neighing of the horse inform them that they are arrived at their journey's end."—Thus having spoken, and leaving Clavileño, they marched out handsomely the same way they came in.

The Disconsolate Lady, seeing the horse, almost with tears addressed Don Quixote. "Valorous knight," cried she, "Malambruno is a man of his word;—the horse is here, our beards bud on; therefore I and every one of us conjure you, by each hair of them, to shave and shear us, since there needs no more, but that you and your squire get up, and give a happy beginning to your intended journey."—"My Lady Countess," answered Don Quixote, "I will do it with all my heart; I will not so much as stay for a cushion, or to put on my spurs, but mount instantly; such is my impatience to see your ladyship and all these ladies smooth and clean."—"That will I not do," quoth Sancho; "neither with evil or good will in any manner; and if the shaving cannot be done without my riding behind, let my master furnish himself with another squire, and these gentlewomen get some other way to smooth their faces; for I am no witch, sure, to ride through the air! What will my islanders say, think ye, when they hear of their governor walking the winds? Besides, it is three thousand and odd leagues from here to Candaya; and what if the horse should tire upon the road, or the giant grow humoursome? We may be half-a-dozen years a-getting home again; neither island nor dry land would know me again. What says the common proverb? Delays breed danger; and, When a cow is given thee, run and halter her. The gentlewomen's beards must excuse me! St. Peter is well at Rome; that is to say, here I am much made of, and, by the master of the house's good will, I hope to see myself a governor."—"Friend Sancho," answered the duke, "as for your island, it neither floats nor stirs; the foundations of it are fixed and rooted in the depths of the earth, and it is not to be uprooted or moved from where it is by a few pulls. Now, because you must needs think I cannot but know that there is no

kind of office of any value that is not purchased with some sort of bribe, great or small, all that I expect for advancing you to this government is only that you wait on your master Don Quixote, that there may be a top and termination to this memorable adventure. And whether you return on Clavileño with the speed his swiftness promises, or that it should be your ill-fortune to foot it back like a pilgrim, from inn to inn, and door to door, still whenever you come you will find your island where you left it, and your islanders as glad to receive you for their governor as ever. And my good will shall be the same, which do not doubt, Signor Sancho, or you will very much wrong the desire I have to serve you.”—“Good your worship, say no more,” cried Sancho, “I am but a poor squire, and your goodness is too great a load for my shoulders. But mount, master, and blindfold me, somebody; wish me a good voyage, and pray for me, and tell me if when we fly in the skies, I may say my prayers, and call on the angels to help me?”—“You might well commend yourself to God or to anyone you like, Sancho,” answered Trifaldi, “for Malambruno, though an enchanter, is nevertheless a Christian, and does all things with a great deal of sagacity, having nothing to do with those he should not meddle with.”—“Come on, then,” quoth Sancho; “God and the most holy Trinity of Gaeta help me!”—“Since the adventure of the fulling-mills,” said Don Quixote, “I have not seen Sancho possessed with such a panic terror as now. If I were as much a diviner as some, his fear might give me some trepidation of mind. But hark ye, begging this noble company’s leave, I must have a word with you in private.”

Then withdrawing into a distant part of the garden among some trees, “My dear Sancho,” said he, “thou seest we are going to take a long journey; Heaven alone can tell when we shall return, and what leisure or conveniency we may have in all that time. Let me therefore beg thee to slip aside to thy chamber, as if it were to seek some necessary for our journey, and there presently dispatch me only some five-hundred lashes, on account of the three thousand three hundred thou standest engaged for; it will soon be done, and a business well begun is half ended.”

—“By Héaven!” cried Sancho, “you are stark mad, sir. This is just as they say, you see me in trouble, and ask for my maidenhead. I am just going to ride the wooden horse, and you would have me flay my backside! Truly, truly, you are plaguily out at this time. Go now and shave these gentlewomen, and when we return I promise you, for what I am, to make such discharge of my undertaking as shall content you, and I have no more to say on the matter.”—“Well, honest Sancho,” replied Don Quixote, “I will take thy word for once, and I hope thou wilt make it good; for I believe thou art trusty, if a fool.”—“I am not rusty but sunburnt,” quoth Sancho; “but if I am both I will keep my word.”

Upon this they returned to mount. “Blind thy eyes, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “and get up. Sure he that sends so far for us can have no design to deceive us! since it would never be to his credit to delude those that rely on his word; and, though the success should be contrary to our desires, still, it is not in the power of malice to eclipse the glory of so brave an attempt.”—“To horse, then, sir,” cried Sancho. “The beards and tears of these poor gentlewomen are sticking in my heart. And I shall not eat a bit to do me good, till I see them as smooth as before. Mount, then, I say, and blindfold yourself first; for, if I must ride behind, it is a plain case you must get up before me.”—“That is right,” said Don Quixote; and, with that, pulling a handkerchief out of his pocket, he gave it to the Disconsolate Lady to hood-wink him. She did so; but, presently after, uncovering himself, “If I remember right,” said he, “we read in Virgil of the Trojan Palladium, that wooden horse which the Greeks offered the goddess Pallas, full of armed knights, who afterwards proved the total ruin of Troy. It were prudent, therefore, before we get up, to see what Clavileño has in his guts.”—“You need not,” said the Disconsolate Lady; “I dare engage that Malambruno would not countenance any base or treacherous practice. Mount, Don Quixote without fear, whatever accident befalls you, I dare answer for.” Upon this, Don Quixote mounted, without any reply, imagining that anything said concerning his security would be a reflexion on his valour.

He then began to try the pin, which was easily turned; and as he sat, with his long legs stretched at length without stirrups, he looked like one of those antique figures in a Roman triumph, painted or woven in Flemish arras.

Sancho, very leisurely and unwillingly, was made to climb up; and, fixing himself, as well as he could, on the crupper, felt it somewhat hard and uneasy. With that, looking on the duke, "Good my lord," quoth he, "will you lend me something to clap under me; some pillow from the page's bed, or the duchess's cushion of state, or any thing; for this horse's crupper seems rather marble than wood."—"It is needless," said Trifaldi; "for Clavileño will bear no kind of furniture upon him; so that, for your greater ease, you had best sit side-ways, like a woman." Sancho did so; and after he had taken his leave, they bound a cloth over his eyes; but, presently after, uncovering them, with a pitiful look on the spectators, prayed them with tears in his eyes to help him in this peril with two Pater-nosters and two Ave-Marias as they would expect the like charity themselves in such a condition!—"What! you rascal," said Don Quixote, "do you think yourself at the gallows, and at the point of death, that you hold forth in such a piteous strain? Dastardly wretch without a soul, dost thou not know that the fair Magalona once sat in thy place, and alighted from thence, not into the grave, but into the throne of France, if there is truth in history? And do not I sit by thee, that I may vie with the valorous Peter and press the seat that was once pressed by him? Come, blindfold thyself, poor spiritless animal, and let me not hear thee betray the least symptom of fear, at least not in my presence."—"Well," quoth Sancho, "let them bind me: But, if you will not let one say his prayers, nor be prayed for, it is no marvel one should fear that we may have a region of imps about us, to deal with us, as at Peralvillo."¹

Now, both being hoodwinked, and Don Quixote per-

¹[i.e. to hang us first, and try us afterwards, as Jarvis translates it. Peralvillo is a village near Ciudad-Real, in Castile, where the Holy Brotherhood of Toledo, who had a faculty for the apprehension and punishment of highwaymen, dispatched those they took in the fact without trial.]

ceiving everything ready he began to turn the pin ; and, no sooner had he set his hand to it, than the waiting-women, and all the company, set up their throats, calling out, "Speed you well, valorous knight ; Heaven be your guide undaunted squire ! Now, now, you fly aloft, cutting the air more swiftly than an arrow, while the gazing world wonders at your course ! Sit fast, courageous Sancho ! you do not sit steady ; have a care of falling ; for your fall would be greater than the aspiring youth's that sought to guide the chariot of the Sun, his father." All this Sancho heard, and, girding his arms fast about his master, "Sir," quoth he, "why do they say we are so high, since we can hear their voices ? Truly I hear them so plainly, that one would think they were talking close by us."—"Never mind that," answered Don Quixote ; "for, in these extraordinary kinds of flight you can hear and see what you wish a thousand leagues off. But do not hold me so hard, for you will make me tumble off. I know not what makes thee tremble so ? for I dare swear I never rode easier in all my life ; our horse goes as if he did not move at all. Take courage, then ; for the affair is in a good way, and we have the wind astern."—"I think so too," quoth Sancho ; "for I feel the wind puff as briskly here, as if a thousand pairs of bellows were blowing on me in my tail." Sancho was not in the wrong ; for two or three pair of bellows were indeed giving air ; so well had the plot of this adventure been laid by the duke, the duchess and their steward, that nothing was wanting to perfect it.

Don Quixote at last feeling the wind, "Sure," said he, "we must be risen to the second region of the air, where are engendered the hail and snow ; thunder, lightning and thunderbolts are produced in the third region ; so that, if we mount at this rate, we shall be in the region of fire presently ; and I do not know how to manage this pin, so as to avoid being scorched." At the same time some flax, easy to light and to quench at a distance, was clapped to the end of a long stick, and made their faces hot ; and the heat affecting Sancho, he cried, "May I be hanged, if we be not come to this fire region or very near it ; for the half of my beard is singed already. I have a mind to

peep out, and see whereabouts we are.”—“By no means,” answered Don Quixote, “but remember the true story of Doctor Torralva,¹ whom the devil carried to Rome hoodwinked, and, bestriding a reed, in twelve hours time setting him down in the tower of Nona, in one of the streets of that city. There he saw the dreadful tumult, assault, and death of Bourdon; and, the next morning, he found himself back in Madrid, where he related the story. Who said, as he went through the air the devil bade, him open his eyes, which he did, and then found himself as it seemed so near the moon that he could touch him with his finger; but durst not look towards the earth, lest his brains should turn. So, Sancho, we need not unveil our eyes, but trust

¹ Eugenio de Torralba was a physician by profession. After having studied in Italy, he returned to his native country of Spain, and resided for some time in the court of Charles V. In 1528, at which period Torralba was considerably advanced in life, his devotion to the pursuits of astrology and divination began to excite suspicion, and he was summoned before the Inquisition, where he made a full confession of all his dealings with the devil; exactly as Major Weir, and many other crazy magicians of our own country, did under similar circumstances, and at a period less remote.

The most singular of all the stories told by Torralba, in presence of the Inquisitors, is that to which Don Quixote makes reference in the text. Pellicer has printed the original words of the record, which may be translated as follows:

“Interrogated whether the said spirit, CEQUIEL, had ever corporally removed him from one place to another, and in what manner, he made answer in the affirmative; that being in Valladolid, in the month of May last, (1527,) the said Cequiél had told him that Rome was sacked and entered the very hour that event happened, and that he had repeated, what Cequiél told him, and the emperor had heard of it; but he himself did not believe it; and the following night, Cequiél perceiving that he would not believe it, persuaded him to go home with him, and that he would carry himself to Rome, and bring him home again the same evening. And it was so; for at four o’clock they both went out of the gates of Valladolid, and being without the city, the said spirit said to him, ‘Have no fear; no ill shall befall you: take this in your hand; (*no haber paura; fidate de me; que yo te prometo que no tiendras ningun displacer; per tanto piglia aquesto in mano;*) and it appeared to him, that the thing which was put into his hand was a knotty stick; and the spirit said, ‘Shut your eyes, Torralba,’ (*cerro occhi,*) and he did so; and when he opened his eyes again, he saw the sea as if it were so near that he could touch it with his hands; and when he opened them again, he perceived a great obscurity, as if it had been a cloud, and then again a great brightness, from which he was filled with dread and alarm, and the said spirit said to him, ‘Fear not, untutored beast’—(*noli timere,*

to him that has charge of us, and fear nothing, for perhaps we only mount high, to come straight down upon the kingdom of Candaya, as a hawk or falcon falls upon a heron, to seize it more strongly from a height; for, though it appears to us not half an hour since we left the garden, we have, nevertheless, travelled over a vast tract."—"I know nothing of the matter," replied Sancho; "but of this I am very certain, that, if the Lady Magallanes, or Magalona, could sit this wooden crupper she cannot have had very tender flesh."

This dialogue of the valiant pair was very pleasant all this while to the duke and duchess, and the rest of the company; and now, at last, resolving to put an end to this extraordinary and well-contrived adventure, they set fire with some tow to Clavileño's tail; and, the horse being stuffed full of fire-works, burst presently into pieces, with a mighty noise, throwing Don Quixote and Sancho to the ground half scorched. By this time the Disconsolate Lady and bearded regiment vanished out of the garden, and all the rest, as if in a trance, lay flat upon the ground. Don Quixote and Sancho, sorely bruised, got up, amazed to find

bestia fiera,) and he did so: And so they went on, and in about the space of half-an-hour, he found himself in Rome upon the street; and the spirit asked him where he thought he was, (*dove pensate che state adesso?*) and that he told him. That he stood on the *Torre de Nona*, and heard the clock on the Castle of St. Angelo strike five; and that they talked and walked together as far as the *Torre Sant Ginian*, where he saw the Bishop Copis, a German; and that they saw many houses sacked and pillaged, and observed everything that was passing in Rome, and then came back in the same manner to Valladolid, (from which he thought he might have been absent in all an hour and a half,) and so he betook himself to his own lodging, which is near the monastery of St Benedict," &c.

There appears to me to be something very striking in the way in which the deluded man tells his story. The strange jumble of languages he puts into the mouth of the spirit, increases the effect very much; for it is as if all human tongues were known to the fiend, and as if he would not take the trouble to remember or use any one of them accurately. I think Goethe might not have disdained to take a hint from this for his Mephistopheles—who, scornfully mixing and exposing together, as he does all the contradictions of human opinion, might perhaps, have inspired a feeling of something yet more unearthly in his scorn and indifference, by throwing out occasionally such *disjecta fragmenta* of human speech.

themselves in the same garden whence they took horse, and see such a number of people lie on the ground. But their wonder was increased, by the appearance of a large lance stuck in the ground, and a scroll of white parchment fastened to it by two green silken strings, with the following inscription upon it, in golden characters :—

“The renowned knight Don Quixote de la Mancha achieved the adventure of the Countess Trifaldi, otherwise called the Disconsolate Lady and her companions, by solely attempting it. Malambruno is fully contented and satisfied. The waiting gentlewomen have lost their beards. King Clavijo and Queen Antonomasia have resumed their pristine shapes ; and, when the squire’s scourging shall be finished, the white dove shall escape the pernicious hawks that pursue her, and be lulled in the arms of her beloved. This is ordained by the Sage Merlin, proto-enchanter of enchanters.”

Don Quixote having read this document, clearly understood it to refer to Dulcinea’s disenchantment, and rendered thanks to Heaven that he had achieved so great a feat with so little danger, and brought back to their former bloom the faces of the venerable waiting-women, who had now disappeared ; and approaching the duke and duchess, who had not yet come to themselves, he took the duke by the hand : “Courage, courage, noble sir,” cried he, “there is no danger ; the adventure is finished without damage as you may read it registered in that record.”

The duke, as if he had been waked out of a sound sleep, recovered himself by degrees, as did the duchess and the rest of the company who were lying prostrate in the garden ; all of them acting the surprise and fear so naturally that the jest might have been believed earnest. The duke with half-closed eyes read the scroll ; then, embracing Don Quixote extolled him as the bravest knight the earth had ever possessed. As for Sancho, he was looking up and down for the Disconsolate Lady, to see what sort of a face she had got, without her beard. But he was informed, that as Clavileño came down flaming in the air, the whole squadron of women with Trifaldi vanished immediately, but all of them shaved and without a hair upon their faces.

The duchess asked Sancho how he had fared in his long

voyage? "Why truly, madam," answered he, "when, as my master told me, we were flying through the region of fire, I wished to uncover my eyes a little, but my master would not suffer me to do so; yet, as I have a spice of curiosity still hankering after what is forbidden me, I shoved my handkerchief a little above my nose and looked down, and, as it seemed, spied the earth no bigger than a mustard-seed; and the men walking to and fro upon it not much larger than hazle-nuts; by which you may see how high we had got!"—"Have a care what you say, my friend," said the duchess; "for if the men were bigger than hazle-nuts, and the earth no bigger than a mustard-seed, one man must cover the whole earth,"—"Like enough," answered Sancho; "but for all that, do you see, I saw it with a kind of a side-look upon one part of it."—"Look you, Sancho," replied the duchess, "nothing can be wholly seen by a partial view of it."—"Well, well, madam," quoth Sancho, "I do not understand your views: I only know that as we flew by enchantment, so, by enchantment, I might see the whole earth, and all the men, which way soever I looked. If you do not believe this, you will not believe me either, when I tell you, that when I looked between my brows, I saw myself so near heaven, that between me and it there was not a span and a half. And, forsooth, it is a huge place! and we happened to travel that road where the seven she-goats are;¹ and faith and troth I had such a mind to play with them (having been once a goatherd myself) that I would have burst, had I not done it. What do I do then but slip down very soberly from Clavileño without telling a soul, and played and leaped about for three quarters of an hour, with the pretty nanny-goats, who are like so many marigolds or gilly-flowers; and Clavileño stirred not one step all the while."—"And while Sancho employed himself with the goats," asked the duke, "how was Don Quixote employed?"—"Truly," answered the knight, "I am sensible all things were altered from their natural course; therefore what Sancho says seems no marvel to me. But, for my own part, I saw nothing either above or below, neither heaven nor earth, sea nor shore. I perceived, indeed, we

¹[The *Pleiads*.]

passed through the region of the air, and even touched that of fire, but that we went beyond it is incredible; for, the fiery region lying between the sphere of the moon and the upper region of the air, it was impossible for us to reach that heaven where are the Seven Goats, as Sancho says, without being consumed; and, therefore, since we were not singed, Sancho either lies or dreams.”—“I neither lie nor dream,” replied Sancho; “do but ask me the marks of these goats, and by them you will see whether I speak truth or no.”—“Prithee tell them, Sancho,” said the duchess. “There were two of them green,” answered Sancho, “two carnation, two blue, and one party-coloured.”—“That is a new kind of goats,” said the duke. “We have none of those colours in our region of the earth.”—“Sure, sir,” replied Sancho, “you will make some sort of difference between heavenly she-goats and the goats of this world?”—“But, Sancho,” said the duke, “among these she-goats, did you ever see a he-goat?”¹ “Not one, sir,” answered Sancho; “and I have been told that none has ever passed beyond the horns of the moon.”

They did not think fit to ask Sancho more about his voyage; for they judged he would ramble all over the heavens, and tell them news of whatever was doing there, though he had not stirred out of the garden.

Thus ended, in short, the adventure of the Disconsolate Lady, which afforded sport to the duke and duchess, not only for the present, but for the rest of their lives; and to Sancho matter of talk for ages, should he live so long.

“Sancho,” said Don Quixote, whispering him in the ear, “if thou wouldst have us believe what thou hast seen in heaven, I desire thee to believe what I saw in Montesinos’s cave. I say no more.”

¹[*Cabron* has the double meaning formerly associated with horns in English.]

CHAPTER XLII.

Of the Instructions which Don Quixote gave Sancho Panza before he went to the Government of his Island, with other matters of moment.

THE satisfaction which the duke and duchess received by the happy and pleasant success of the adventure of the Disconsolate Lady, encouraged them to carry on the jests, since they had so apt a subject in regarding them for earnest. Having therefore given the plan and instructions to their servants and vassals how to behave themselves towards Sancho in his government, the day after Clavileño's flight, the duke bid Sancho prepare, and be in readiness to take possession of his government; for now his islanders were wishing for him as for rain in May. Sancho made a humble bow, and said he, "Since I came down from heaven, whence I saw the earth so very small, I am not half so hot as I was for being a governor. For what greatness is there in being at the head of a dominion in a mustard-seed? and what dignity and power in governing half-a-dozen men no bigger than hazel-nuts? For I could not think there were more in the whole world. If your grace would be pleased to give me never so little a corner in heaven, though it were but half a league, I would take it with better will than I would the largest island on earth."—"Friend Sancho," answered the duke, "I cannot dispose of part of heaven, though no bigger than a finger-nail, for that is the province of God alone; but what I am able to bestow I give you: that is an island right and tight, round and well-proportioned, fertile and plentiful to such a degree that if you but manage right, you may hoard with the treasures of this world those of heaven."

"Well then," quoth Sancho, "let me have this island, and I will do my best to be such a governor, that in spite of rogues I shall go to heaven. It is not out of covetousness, either, that I leave my little cot and set up for

somebody, but that I wish to prove that I know how to be a governor.”—“Oh! Sancho,” said the duke, “when once you have had a taste of it, you will never leave licking your fingers, it is so sweet a thing to command and be obeyed. I am confident when your master comes to be an emperor (as he cannot fail to be, according to the course of his affairs), he will never be persuaded to abdicate; his grief will be for the time that he lost before he was one.”

“Troth, sir,” replied Sancho, “it is a dainty thing to command, though it were but a flock of sheep.”—“Oh! Sancho,” cried the duke, “let me be buried with thee, for thou hast an insight into everything. I hope thou wilt prove as good a governor as thy wisdom bespeaks thee, and let this suffice: note that to-morrow, without further delay, you set forward to your island, and you shall be furnished this afternoon with dress answerable to your post, and all other necessities for your journey.”

“Let them dress me as they will,” quoth Sancho, “I shall be Sancho Panza still.”—“That is true,” said the duke, “yet our clothes must be suitable to our place and dignity; for a lawyer should not go dressed as a soldier, nor a soldier like a priest. As for you, Sancho, you are to wear the habit both of a scholar and a captain; for in the government that I bestow on you, arms are as necessary as letters, and letters as arms.”—“Nay, as for letters,” quoth Sancho, “I cannot say many; for I know not even my A, B, C; if I remember but my Christ’s-cross,¹ it is enough to make me a good governor. As for my arms, I will not quit what they give me as long as I stand, and so God be with us.”—“Sancho cannot do amiss,” said the duke, “while he remembers these things.”

By this time Don Quixote arrived, and hearing how suddenly Sancho was to go to his government, with the duke’s permission, he took him aside to his chamber to give him some good instructions for his conduct in the discharge of his office.

Having then entered his chamber, he shut the door behind him, and almost forcibly obliged Sancho to sit by him, and then, with a deliberate voice he thus began:

¹ [The first row of letters in the old hornbooks, which commenced with a cross, was commonly called the *criss-cross* row.]

"I give heaven infinite thanks, friend Sancho, that, before I have met with any good fortune, I see fortune hastening to meet thee. I, who had assigned the reward of thy services upon my happy success, am yet but on the way to preferment; and thou, beyond all reasonable expectation, art arrived at the end and aim of thy desires. Others bribe, importune, solicit, rise early, entreat, press their suit, and yet at last never obtain it. Another comes on, and, without knowing how or how not, jumps into the preferment which so many had pursued; which verifies the saying that in all endeavours there is good and ill luck. Thou, who without any doubt seemest to me a blockhead, without sitting up late, or rising early, or any manner of trouble, only the air of knight-errantry being breathed on thee, art advanced to the government of an island in a trice, no one can tell how. I speak this, my dear Sancho, only to let thee know thou art not to attribute all this grace received to thy own merit, while it is entirely owing to the kind heavenly Disposer of human affairs, to whom thy thanks ought to be returned, and next, to the greatness enclosed in the profession of knight-errantry.

"Thy heart being thus disposed to believe what I have said, be yet attentive, O my son, to thy Cato, who would further counsel thee, be thy north star and pilot to steer and bring thee safe into the port of honour out of the tempestuous ocean into which thou art just going to launch; for offices and great employments are no better than profound gulfs of confusion.

"First of all, O my son, fear God; for the fear of Him is wisdom, and wisdom will never let thee go astray.

"Secondly, consider what thou art, and make it thy business to know thyself, which is the most difficult knowledge that can be imagined. Yet from this lesson thou wilt learn to avoid swelling thyself like the frog to rival the bigness of the ox; for the consideration of your having been a hog-driver in thy country will be to your folly like the peacock's ugly feet to his spread tail."

"True," quoth Sancho, "but I was then but a little boy; for when I grew up to be somewhat bigger, I drove geese, and not hogs; but methinks that is nothing to the purpose, for all governors cannot come from the race of kings."

“Very true,” pursued Don Quixote; “therefore those who want a noble descent must allay the severity of their office with mildness and civility, which, directed by wisdom, may secure them from the murmurs and malice from which no condition is exempt.

“Be well pleased with the meanness of thy family, Sancho, nor think it a disgrace to own thyself derived from labouring men; for, seeing thou art not ashamed of thyself, nobody will strive to make thee so. Pride yourself more on being humble and virtuous, than proud and vicious. The number is almost infinite of those who, from low birth, have been raised to the highest dignities, to the papal chair, and the imperial throne; and this I could prove by examples enough to tire thy patience.

“Take notice, Sancho, that if thou makest virtue thy means, and pridest thyself in having done virtuous deeds, thou wilt have no cause to envy those akin to princes and lords; for nobility is inherited, but virtue acquired. And virtue is of worth in itself more than nobleness of birth.

“This being so, if any of thy poor relations come to see thee when thou art in thine island, never reject nor affront them; but rather receive, welcome and entertain them; in this thou wilt please Heaven, that would have nobody to despise what it has made, and wilt be in accord with what thou owest to a well-disposed nature.

“If thou sendest for thy wife, as it is not fit that one who serves in a government should be long without his own women-folk, teach her, instruct her, polish her native rusticity, for often an ill-bred wife throws down and loses all that a good and discreet governor gains.

“Shouldst thou come to be a widower (which is not impossible), and thy post recommend thee to a better consort, take not one that shall serve as a bait and a fishing-rod, and a cape to cover bribery. For I say unto you, the judge must, at the general judgment, give a strict account of all that his wife hath received, and must pay four times at his dying day for what he hath not taken due account of in his life.

“Let arbitrary law never be thy guide: it is esteemed by the ignorant, who pretend to understanding.

“Let the tears of the poor find more compassion, though not more justice, than the testimony of the rich.

“Be solicitous to find out the truth, amidst the offers and presents of the rich, as amidst the sobs and importunities of the poor.

“Wherever equity should or ought to have place, let not the whole rigour of the law bear upon the delinquent; for it is not a better character in a judge to be rigorous, than to be indulgent.

“If thou shouldst bend the rod of Justice, let it not be by the weight of a bribe, but by that of mercy.

“If thy enemy have a cause before thee, turn away thy mind from thine injury, and fix it on the truth of the case.

“In another man’s cause be not blinded by thy own passion, for those errors are almost always without remedy; and, if there is one, it will be at the cost of thy wealth and reputation.

“When a beautiful woman comes to demand justice of thee, turn away thy eyes from her tears, and thy ears from her lamentations; and take time to consider the substance of her petition, if thou wouldst not have thy reason and honesty lost in her tears and sighs.

“Reville not with words him whom thou hast to punish in deed: for the punishment is enough to the wretch, without the addition of ill language.

“In the trial of a criminal, consider him as a miserable subject to the temptations of our depraved nature; and without prejudice to the plaintiff, so far as in thee lies, show thyself full of pity and clemency; for though God’s attributes are equal, yet his mercy is more shining and eminent in our eyes than his justice.

“If thou observest these precepts and rules, Sancho, thy days shall be long, thy fame eternal, thy recompense full, and thy felicity unspeakable. Thou shalt marry thy children to thy heart’s desire; they and thy grandchildren shall not want titles: beloved of all men, thy life shall be peaceable; in the last moments of life, that of death shall overtake thee in a sweet and ripe old age, and the offspring of thy grandchildren, with soft youthful hands, shall close thy eyes.

“What I have hitherto said to thee are precepts to adorn thy soul: now give attention to those that relate to the adorning of thy body.”

CHAPTER XLIII.

Of the Second Instructions which Don Quixote gave to Sancho Panza.

WHO, having heard the foregoing discourse of Don Quixote, would not have taken him for a man of great wisdom, and still better intent? But as we have often observed in this great history, talk of knight-errantry alone spoiled his understanding, but in everything else his judgment was clear and disembarassed, so that every moment his actions used to discredit his judgment, and his judgment his actions. But in these second precepts which he gave Sancho, he showed himself master of a pleasant fancy, and raised his judgment and extravagance to a high pitch. Sancho lent him great attention and strove to register all those precepts in his mind, as intending to keep them, and thereby end the pregnancy of his government by a fair delivery.

“As to the government of thy person and family,” pursued Don Quixote, “my first injunction is cleanliness. Pare thy nails, nor let them grow as some do, whose folly persuades them that long nails add to the beauty of the hand; as if this excrement and addition that they leave on was nails, though it is more like the claws of the lizard-hunting kestrel: a foul and extraordinary abuse.

“Keep thy clothes tight about thee; for a slovenly dress is an argument of a careless mind; unless such a negligence, as was judged to be that of Julius Cæsar, be affected for some cunning design.

“Prudently examine what thy office may be worth: and if sufficient to afford thy servants liveries, let them be decent and lasting, rather than gaudy and for show; and divide them between thy servants and the poor. That is, if thou canst keep six footmen, clothe three, and three

other poor people. By that means thou wilt have attendants in Heaven as well as on earth, to which new way of providing livery our vainglorious ones have not attained.

"Lest thy breath betray thy peasantry, defile it not with onions and garlic. Eat little at thy dinner, and less at supper; for the stomach is the workshop where the health of the whole body is forged.

"Walk softly, speak with deliberation, yet not as if thou didst hearken to thy own words; for all affectation is evil.

"Drink moderately; for too much wine neither keeps a secret, nor observes a promise.

"Be careful not to chew on both sides, nor to eructate before anyone."

"Eructate?" quoth Sancho; "I do not understand that."—"To eructate," answered Don Quixote, "is as much as to say, to belch; but this being one of the most beastly words in our language, though very significant, the more polite borrow from the Latin, and instead of belching, say, eructating. Now, that some may not understand this matters not much, for use and custom will make it familiar. Thus are languages enriched, over which the multitude and custom rule."

"I' faith, sir," quoth Sancho, "of all your counsels, I will be sure not to forget this, for I am given to belching."—"Eructating, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "and not belching."—"Well," quoth Sancho, "be it as you say, eructate; I will be sure to remember."

"In the next place, Sancho," said the knight, "do not overlard your discourse with that glut of proverbs which you are wont to do; for though proverbs are concise judgments, yet as thou bringest them in by the head and shoulders,¹ they look more like absurdities than judgments."—"That Heaven alone can cure," quoth Sancho; "for I have more proverbs than will fill a book; and when I talk, they crowd so thick and fast to my mouth, that they quarrel which shall get out first; so that my tongue lays hold of the first that come, though nothing to my purpose. But henceforwards I will take care only to say such as shall befit the gravity of my place.

¹[Lit. *por los cabellos*, by the hair.]

For in a rich man's house, supper is soon laid. Who works by piece keeps the peace. He is safe who rings the bells. To give and to hold needs brains."

"Go on, go on, friend," said Don Quixote, "thrust in, patch on, string away proverb upon proverb, there is nobody to hinder thee. My mother whips me, and I spin on the more. I am warning thee to forego proverbs, and thou blunderest out a whole litany of them, as much to the purpose as snow in summer!¹ Observe me, Sancho, I say not that proverbs are bad when aptly used; but it is most certain, that such a confusion and hodge-podge of them as thou dost pile up and patch on makes conversation feeble and dull.

"When thou dost ride, cast not thy body all on the crupper, nor hold thy legs stiff down and straddling from the horse's belly; nor yet so loose, as if thou wert still on Dapple; for riding on horseback makes gentlemen of some and jackanapes of others.

"Sleep with moderation; for he that rises not with the sun enjoys not the day. And remember this, Sancho, that diligence is the mother of good fortune: sloth, on the contrary, never effected anything that sprang from a good intent.

"The advice which I shall conclude with, I would have thee be sure to fix in thy memory, though it relate not to the adorning of thy person; for, I am persuaded, it will be as much to thy advantage as any I have yet given thee. And this it is:

"Never undertake to dispute concerning families, at least to compare them together; since, in the comparison, one must be better than the other: for he that is lessened by thee will hate thee, and the other whom thou preferrest will in no wise be obliged to thee.

"As for thy dress, wear long hose, an ample coat, and a cloak a little larger. I do not advise thee to wear trunk-hose, for they become neither gentlemen nor governors.

"This is all the advice, Sancho, I have to give thee at present. Time will pass, and if thou takest care to let me hear from thee hereafter, I shall give thee more, according as occasion requires."—"Sir," said Sancho, "I see very

¹ [In the original *como por los cerros de Ubeda*, cf. above, p. 253.]

well that all you have told me is good, wholesome, and profitable. But what am I the better, if I cannot keep it in my head? I grant you, I shall not easily forget that about paring my nails, and marrying again, if I should have the chance. But for all that other gallimaufry and stuff, I shall remember no more of it than of last year's clouds. Therefore let me have it in black and white, I beseech you. It is true, I can neither write nor read, but I will give it to my confessor, that he may hammer it into me, and recall it as occasion serves."—"O sinner that I am," cried Don Quixote, "how scandalous it looks in a governor not to be able to read or write! I must needs tell thee, Sancho, that for a man to be so illiterate, or to be left-handed, implies that either his parents were very poor and mean, or that he was of so perverse and ill a nature, he could not receive the impressions of good example nor of good teaching. This is indeed a very great defect. I would have thee at least learn to write thy name."—"I can write my name well enough," quoth Sancho, "for when I was steward in our parish, I learned to scrawl a sort of letters, such as they mark bundles with, which they told me spelt my name. Besides, I can pretend my right hand is lame, and so another shall sign for me; for there is a remedy for all things but death. And since I have the power and the rod, I will do what I list; for he whose father is judge goes safe to his trial, and, as I am a governor, I am somewhat higher than a judge. Ay, ay, let them come as they will, and play at bo-peep. Let them backbite me to my face, I will bite-back the biters. Let them come for wool, and go home shorn. Whom God loves, his house knows. The rich man's follies pass for wise sayings in this world. So I, being rich, do you see, and a governor, and free-handed into the bargain, as I intend to be, I shall have no faults at all. It is so, daub yourself with honey, and you will never want flies. What a man has, so much he is worth, said my grandmother: and the man that has land will ne'er feel thy hand."

"Confound thee," cried Don Quixote, "threescore thousand Beelzebubs take thee and thy proverbs! Thou hast been this hour stringing them together, and rack-

ing¹ me with every one of them. I assure you these proverbs will one day bring thee to the gallows; they will make thy islanders pull thee down, or cause them to plot together against thee. Tell me, stupid, where dost thou get them? and who taught thee to apply them, fool? For it makes me sweat, as if I were delving, to speak but one, and apply it properly."

"'Fore heaven! my good master," quoth Sancho, "what a small matter puts you out! why the devil should you grudge me the use of my own goods and chattels? I have no other estate. Proverbs on proverbs are all my stock. And now I have four ready to pop out, as pat to the purpose as pears to a pannier; but I will not say them; silence is my name."²—"No," replied Don Quixote, "I should not say so, for thou art not silence, but all tittle-tattle and obstinacy. Yet, methinks, I would fain hear these four notable proverbs that come so pat to the purpose. I have a good memory, and yet I cannot call one to mind."—"What would you have better," quoth Sancho, "than these? 'Between two cheek-teeth never clap thy thumbs;' and 'To get out of my house; and what would you with my wife? there is no answer to be made:;' and again, 'Whether the pitcher hit the stone, or the stone the pitcher, it is bad for the pitcher;,' all of which fit to a hair. That is, let nobody meddle with his governor, or his betters, or he will rue for it, as he must expect who runs his finger between two cheek-teeth (and though they were not cheek-teeth, if they be but teeth, that is enough). And let the governor say what he will, there is no gainsaying him; no more than to, Get out of my house! What would you with my wife? and as for the stone and the pitcher, a blind man may see it. And so he that sees a mote in another man's eye must needs see the beam in his own; that people may not say, 'The dead woman was afraid of the

¹ [The original is, "giving me rack draughts." It alludes to a particular means of torture; namely, a thin piece of gauze, moistened and put to the lips of a person dying with thirst, who swallows it down by degrees, when it is pulled up again by the end which the executioner keeps in his hand.]

² [Lit., "to keep silence well is called Sancho." The proverb is, "to keep silence well is called (*santo*) holy:" for which word Sancho substitutes his own name.]

one whose head was cut off.' Besides, your worship knows, that a fool knows more in his own house than a wise body in another man's."—"That is a mistake, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "for the fool knows nothing, neither in his own house, nor in another man's; for no sensible house can be erected on a foundation of folly. But let us leave this. If thou dost not govern well, thine will be the fault, and the shame mine. However, this is my comfort, I have done my duty in giving thee the truest and wisest advice I could: and so Heaven direct and govern thee in thy government, and disappoint my fears for thy turning all that island upside down, which I might indeed prevent, by discovering to the duke who thou art, and telling him that all that fatness and that body of thine is nothing but a sackful of proverbs and knavery."

"Look you, sir," quoth Sancho, "if you think me not fit for this government, I will think no more on it. The least snip of my soul's nails is dearer to me than my old body; and I hope I can live plain Sancho still, upon bread and garlic, as contented as Governor Sancho upon capons and partridges; and while we are asleep we are all alike, rich and poor, high and low. Do but call to mind, you will find it was your own self that first put me on this whim of government; for, as for me, I know no more what belongs to governments of islands than a vulture. So if you fancy the devil will have me for being a governor, let me be plain Sancho, and go to heaven, rather than go as governor to hell."

"By heaven! Sancho," said Don Quixote, "in my opinion, these last words of thine prove thee worthy to govern a thousand islands. Thou hast a good disposition: without which all knowledge is vain. Recommend thyself to God, and strive not to err in the main intent; I mean, have still a firm purpose and design to be right in all the business that shall come before thee, for heaven always favours good desires. And so let us go to dinner, for I believe now the duke and duchess await us."

CHAPTER XLIV.

How Sancho Panza was carried to his Government, and of the strange Adventure that befel Don Quixote in the Castle.

It is said that in the real original of this history it says that when Cid Hamet came to write this chapter, his interpreter did not translate as he had written it, and it was a sort of grievance that the Moor had against himself, for undertaking so dry and limited a subject, which must oblige him to be ever speaking of Don Quixote and Sancho, without daring to launch into episodes and digressions that might be of more weight and entertainment. To have his fancy, his hand, and pen, bound up to a single design, and his sentiments confined to the mouths of so few persons, he urged as an unsupportable toil, and of small credit to the undertaker; so that, to avoid this inconveniency, he has introduced into the first part some novels, as *The Foolish Doubter*, and that of *The Captive Captain*,¹ which were in a manner distinct from the design, though the rest of the things related happened to Don Quixote himself, and of necessity claim a place in the work. It was his opinion likewise, as he told us, that the exploits of Don Quixote requiring the reader's attention, these novels must expect to be omitted either from haste or weariness without discovery

¹ The introduction of these two episodes, beautiful in themselves, but having nothing to do with the main fable, was not unjustly considered by the critics of the time as a blemish in the composition of the First Part of Don Quixote. The Man of the Hill, in *Tom Jones*, and the History of Lady Vane, in *Peregrine Pickle*, are defects of the same species. Yet who would wish such faults not to have been committed? Cervantes, however, most probably inserted his two stories not for the reason given in the text but for the purpose of feeling the pulse of the Spanish *reading public*, previous to the publication of his *Novelas Exemplares*; the greater part of which he is supposed to have written while he resided at Seville, during the last years of the reign of Philip II. The most of these little novels are most probably grounded, like that of Viedma, on the narration of incidents which Cervantes himself had witnessed during his residences in Italy and Africa; and, as such, independently of their literary merit, they must always be highly interesting compositions.

of their pleasant and artificial contexture; which must have been very obvious, had they been published by themselves without being associated with Don Quixote's madness, or Sancho's impertinence. He has therefore in this Second Part avoided either distinct or dependent stories, introducing only such as have the appearance of episodes that flow naturally from events which truth offers, and even these but seldom, and with as much brevity as they can be expressed with. Therefore, since he is held and tied within the narrow bounds of the narrative, though having understanding and parts capable of treating of the whole universe, he begs it may not disparage his work, and that he may be commended, not so much for what he has written, as for what he has forborne to write. And then he proceeds in his history as follows:

After dinner on the day that Don Quixote gave Sancho those instructions, the former gave him them in writing, in order that he might get somebody to read them to him. But the squire had no sooner got them, than he dropt them and they fell into the duke's hands, who, communicating the same to the duchess, they found a fresh occasion for admiring Don Quixote's extravagance and good sense; and so, carrying on the humour, they sent Sancho that afternoon, with an ample equipage, to the place which was to be an island to him.

It happened that the management of this affair was committed to a steward of the duke's, a man very discreet and of very facetious humour, for nothing can be truly agreeable without good sense. He had already personated the Countess Trifaldi with the good humour which has been related; and with this, and his master's instructions in relation to his behaviour towards Sancho, he discharged his trust to a wonder. Now, it fell out that Sancho no sooner cast his eyes on the steward, than he fancied he saw the very face of Trifaldi; and turning to his master, "The devil will fetch me, sir," quoth he, "from where I stand in justice and believing, if you don't own that this same steward of the duke's here has the same face as that of the Disconsolate Lady." Don Quixote looked very earnestly on the steward, and having so looked at him, "Sancho," said he, "thou needest not give thyself to the devil either in

justice or believing (though I know not what you mean) to confirm this matter; I see their faces are the very same. Yet for all that, the steward and the Disconsolate Lady cannot be the same person, for that would imply a very great contradiction, and might involve us in more abstruse and difficult doubts than we have conveniency now to discuss or examine. Believe me, friend, our devotion cannot be too earnest, that we may be delivered from evil wizards and wicked enchanters.”—“Sir,” quoth Sancho, “I am not in jest. I heard him speak just now, and I thought the very voice of Trifaldi sounded in my ears. But I say nothing, though I shall watch him, to find out whether I am right or wrong in my suspicion.”—“Well, do so,” said Don Quixote, “and fail not to acquaint me with all the discoveries thou canst make in this affair, and of all other occurrences in thy government.”

In fine, Sancho set out with a numerous train. He was dressed like a man of the long-robe, and wore over all a wide tawny-coloured gown, of watered camlet, and a cap of the same. He was mounted on a he-mule, and rode short, after the genet fashion.¹ Behind him by the duke’s order was led his Dapple, adorned like a horse of state, in gaudy trappings of silk, Sancho every now and then turning his head about to look upon his ass, in whose company he was so happy, that he would not have changed with the Emperor of Germany. He kissed the duke’s and duchess’s hands at parting, and received his master’s benediction, who gave it him with tears, while Sancho blubbered like a child.²

Now, reader, let the good Sancho depart in peace, and speed him well. His administration may make you laugh enough, when it comes to be known. But, in the mean time, let us observe the fortune of his master the same night, for though it do not make you laugh outright, it may chance to make you draw back your lips, like a

¹ The oriental mode of riding with high stuffed saddles, and very short stirrups, had been borrowed universally from the Moors by the Spanish peasantry, and was indeed adopted by people of all ranks, in long journeys, &c.

² Thus, in the *Carlo Magno*, we find that “Bolvio Regner a su hijo Oliveros y mesclando algunas palabras con muchas lagrinas le dio su benediction.”—L. I. c. 19.

monkey ; for Don Quixote's adventures must be celebrated with either surprise or merriment.

It is reported then, that immediately upon Sancho's departure, Don Quixote felt lonely and, had it been in his power, he would have revoked his authority, and deprived him of his commission. The duchess, perceiving his disquiet, enquired as to his melancholy ; and if it was Sancho's absence made him uneasy, she had squires, waiting-women, and damsels in her house, that should serve him to his satisfaction. "It is true, madam," answered Don Quixote, "I am concerned for the absence of Sancho ; but this is not the chief cause of my uneasiness, and among the obligations your grace offers me, I decline all but the good intention that they convey ; and for the rest I beg your grace's permission to be alone in my apartment, and to be my own servant."—"Truly, Sir Don Quixote," replied the duchess, "I cannot consent to this. I have four damsels, blooming as so many flowers, that shall attend you."—"They will be no flowers to me," returned Don Quixote, "but so many prickles to my soul ; and if they come into my chamber, they must fly in at the window. If your grace would continue the favours you have heaped on this worthless person, leave me alone and to wait upon myself within my own doors ; which I place as a bulwark between my desires and my chastity, and I shall not infringe my rule for all the bounty you would confer on me. In fine, rather than think of being undressed by any one, I would lie in my clothes."—"Enough, enough, sir," said the duchess ; "I desist, and will give orders that not so much as a fly, much less a damsel, shall enter your chamber. I am not one of those that would offend Don Quixote in point of decency ; for, as I have discerned, among his many virtues modesty is the most distinguishable. Dress, therefore, and undress by yourself, how you please, when you will, and nobody shall molest you. Nay, that you may not be obliged to open your doors upon the account of any natural necessity, care shall be taken that you find in your room whatever utensils are needed by one who sleeps with locked doors. And, may the great Dulcinea del Toboso live a thousand ages, and her fame be diffused all over the whole rotundity of the earth,

since she has merited the love of so valorous and so chaste a knight; and may the indulgent Heavens incline the heart of our governor, Sancho Panza, to put a speedy end to his discipline, that the beauty of so great a lady may again give joy to the world!"—"Madam," returned Don Quixote, "your grace has spoken like yourself; for in the mouth of virtuous ladies nothing evil can be. And Dulcinea will be more fortunate and famous in the world to have had your grace for her panegyrist, than if the most eloquent of the earth had set it forth."—"Well, Sir Don Quixote," said the duchess, "it is supper-time, and the duke must expect us. Come, then, let us to supper, that you may go to bed betimes, for you must needs be weary still with the long journey you took to Candaya yesterday."—"Indeed, madam," answered Don Quixote, "I feel no weariness; for I can swear to your grace that I never rode an easier beast, nor of better pace, than Clavileño. I cannot imagine what could induce Malambruno to part with so swift and gentle a horse, and then to burn him without more ado."—"It is to be supposed," said the duchess, "that being sorry for the harm he had done to the Countess Trifaldi and her attendants, and many others, and for the bad deeds which, as a wizard and a necromancer he had committed, he had a mind to destroy all the instruments of his art, and accordingly he burned Clavileño as the chief of them, and that which caused him most disquiet in roving all over the world; so that by his scorched ashes, and the inscription which he caused to be set up, the valour of the great Don Quixote should continue eternal."

Don Quixote returned his thanks to the duchess, and after supper retired to his chamber, not suffering anybody to enter, or attend him, so much he feared to meet some temptation that might endanger the fidelity which he kept for his lady Dulcinea, keeping always his mind fixed on the constancy of Amadis, the flower and mirror of knights-errant. He locked the door after him, and undressed by the light of two wax-candles. But oh! misfortune, unworthy of such a person! As he was taking off his hose, there fell—not sighs, or anything that might disgrace his decent cleanliness, but—about

four-and-twenty stitches of one of his stockings, which made it look like a lattice-window. The good knight was extremely afflicted, and would have given an ounce of silver for a drachm of green silk; green silk, I say, because his stockings were green.

Here Benengeli exclaimed, and writing, says, "O poverty! poverty! what could induce that great Cordovan poet ¹ to call thee a holy, unrepaid gift! Even I, that am a Moor, have learned by the converse I have had with Christians, that holiness consists in charity, in humility, in faith, in obedience, and in poverty. But I say, withal, that he who can be contented when poor, had need of much from God, unless the poverty be of that sort of which one of his greatest saints speaks: Have all these things as if ye had them not; and this is called poorness in spirit. But thou, second poverty, of which I am now speaking, why dost thou seek to molest gentlemen, and the well-born souls more than other people? Why dost thou reduce them to cobble their shoes, and wear some silk, some hair, and some glass buttons, on the same waistcoat, as if it were only to betray variety of wretchedness? Why for the most part must their ruffs be ever rumpled, and not full in shape?" (and by this you may see how ancient is the use of starch and full ruffs.) "How miserable," he continued "is a gentleman, who has to give sops to his honour, starves his person, fares sorrowfully with locked doors; then comes out into the street with his toothpick, though it is but hypocrisy, and he has eaten nothing that requires him to cleanse his teeth? Unhappy he, whose

¹ Cervantes alludes to Juan de Mena, commonly known by the name of the *Spanish Ennius*. He was born (of humble parents) at Cordova, in 1412: therefore very shortly after that city had been wrested from the hands of the Moors. This poet owed his chief fame to his having been the first who introduced into Castilian verse some of the refinements of Italian taste. He had studied with enthusiasm Dante and Petrarch; and what he learned from them enabled him to elevate the general strain of metrical composition, without taking from it the terseness of the old ballad-poetry, which he was too good a Spaniard not to admire. His most celebrated work is the *Labirinto*, called also, *Las Trecentas*; the main idea of which has evidently been suggested by the *Divina Comedia*.

The lines alluded to in the text are in one of his ballads:

O vida segura, la mansa pobreza!

Odadiva sancta desagradecida!—*Obras: Copla. 227.*

honour is in alarm, and thinks that, at a league's distance, every one discovers the patch in his shoe, the sweat soaked through his hat, the bareness of his clothes, and the hunger of his stomach ! ”

All these reflexions were renewed in Don Quixote's mind by the lapse of his stiches. However, for his consolation, he bethought himself that Sancho had left him a pair of travelling boots, which he designed to put on the next day.

In short, to bed he went, pensive and heavy, as much for the want of Sancho, as for the irreparable damage that his stocking had received. He would have darned it, though it had been with silk of another colour, one of the greatest tokens of want a gentleman can show, during the course of his tedious misery. He put out the lights ; but it was hot, and he could not sleep. Getting up, therefore, he opened a little the shutter of a barred window that looked into a fine garden, and was presently sensible that some people were walking and talking in the garden. He listened attentively, and as they raised their voices, he easily overheard their discourse.

“ Do not press me to sing, Emerencia ; you know that from the moment this stranger came to the castle, and my eyes gazed on him, I have known not how to sing, but only to weep ! Besides, the least thing wakens my lady, and I would not for the world she should find us here. But grant she slept and did not wake, my singing will be in vain, if this new Æneas, who is come to our habitation to leave me scorned, should be asleep, and not awake to hear me ? ” — “ Not so, dear Altisidora,” said the other ; “ for, without doubt, the duchess and everybody in the house are fast asleep, if it be not the lord of thy heart, and the alarum of thy soul. He is awake, without doubt, for I heard him open his window just now ; then sing, my poor grieving creature, in a tone low and sweet, to the sound of thine harp ; and if the duchess hear us, we will lay the blame on the heat. ” — “ It is not that, Emerencia,” Altisidora replied : “ I would not have my song betray my heart, for those that do not know the mighty force of love, will take me for a light and indiscreet damsel. But come what will, better is shame on the face than sorrow in the heart. ” This said, she began to touch her

harp sweetly. On hearing which, Don Quixote was struck motionless, for, at the same time, an infinite number of adventures of this nature, such as he had read of in books of knight-errantry, windows, grates, gardens, serenades, amorous meetings, and vanities, crowded into his imagination, and he presently fancied that one of the duchess's damsels was fallen in love with him, and that modesty obliged her to conceal her passion. He feared lest he should yield, but determined in his mind not to let himself be overcome, so recommending himself, with a great deal of fervency, to his Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, he resolved to hear the music; and, to give warning that he was there, he feigned a sneeze, which did not a little please the damsels, for the only thing they wanted was that Don Quixote should hear them. With that, Altisidora having tried and tuned her harp, began the following song.¹

“Wake, Sir Knight, now love’s invading,
Sleep in holland-sheets no more;
When a nymph is serenading,
Through the night time, wilt thou snore!

“Hear a damsel, tall and tender,
Honing in most rueful guise,
With heart almost burn’d to cinder,
By the sun-beams of thy eyes.

“To free damsels from disaster
Is, they say, your daily care:
Can you, then, deny a plaster
To a wounded virgin here?

“Tell me, doughty youth, who cursed thee
With such humours and ill-luck?
Was’t some sullen bear dry-nursed thee,
Or she-dragon gave thee suck?

“Dulcinea, that virago,
Well may brag of such a kid;
Now her name is up, and may go
From Toledo to Madrid.

“Would she but her prize surrender,
(Judge how on thy face I dote!)
In exchange I’d gladly send her
My best gown and petticoat.

¹ [The following translation is a fair, but somewhat condensed, version of the original, which consists of nineteen stanzas.]

- “Happy I, would fortune doom thee
But to have me near thy bed,
Stroke thee, pat thee, curry-comb thee,
And hunt o’er thy solid head !
- “But I ask too much sincerely,
And I doubt I ne’er must do’t;
I’d but kiss thy toe, and fairly
Get the length thus of thy foot.
- “How I’d rig thee, and what riches
Should be heap’d upon thy bones;
Caps and socks, and cloaks and breeches,
Matchless pearls, and precious stones.
- “Do not from above, like Nero,
See me burn, and slight my woe !¹
But, to quench my fires, my hero,
Cast a pitying eye below.
- “I’m a virgin-pullet, truly,
One more tender ne’er was seen,
A mere chicken, fledg’d but newly;
On my life I’m scarce fifteen.
- “Wind and limb, all’s tight about me,
My hair dangles to my feet;
I am straight, too; if you doubt me,
Trust your eyes, come down and see ’t.
- “I’ve a bob-nose has no fellow,
And a sparrow’s mouth as rare;
Teeth like topazes all yellow,
Yet I’m deem’d a beauty here.
- “You know what a rare musician
(If you’d hearken) courts your choice;
I can say my disposition
Is as taking as my voice.
- “These, and such like charms, I’ve plenty;
I’m a damsel of this place;
Let Altisidora tempt ye,
Or she’s in a woeful case.”

¹ Altisidora here alludes to, and indeed copies, the words of one of the oldest of the Spanish ballads, written upon what must seem an odd enough subject for old-ballad poetry,—the burning of Rome by Nero. The ballad is far from being worth translating. It begins,—

Mira Nero de Tarpeya
A Roma como se ardia.
Gritos dan niños y viejos
Y el de nada se dolia.

Here the sadly wounded Altisidora ended her song, and the terror of the courted knight began. "Why," said he to himself with a deep sigh, "why must I be so unhappy a knight, that no damsel can gaze on me without falling in love with me! Why must the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso be so unfortunate as not to be permitted the single enjoyment of my transcendent fidelity? Queens, what wish ye of her? Empresses, why do you persecute her? Damsels of fourteen or fifteen, why do you pursue her? Leave! oh! leave the unfortunate one to triumph, glory, and rejoice in what love has allotted her; in the quiet possession of my heart, and absolute sway over my soul. Away, crowd of enamoured ones; to Dulcinea alone I am dough and sugar-paste, for all the rest I am flint: for her I am honey, and for you aloes. To me beauty, prudence, modesty, gaiety, nobility are in Dulcinea alone; all others are deformed, silly, wanton, and base-born. To be hers and no other's, Nature brought me forth. Let Altisidora weep or sing; let the lady despair on whose account I received so many blows in the castle of the enchanted Moor; for Dulcinea I am boiled, or roasted, clean, well-nurtured and chaste, in spite of all the necromantic powers in the world." This said, he hastily clapped down the window, and flung himself into his bed with as much indignation and sorrow as if he had received some great affront. There let us leave him a while, since the great Sancho Panza calls us as he seeks to commence his famous government.

CHAPTER XLV.

How the great Sancho Panza took possession of his Island, and in what manner he began to govern.

O! THOU perpetual surveyor of the antipodes, luminary of the world, and eye of heaven, sweet stirrer of the wine vats, here Timbrius called, there Phœbus, in one place an archer, in another a physician! Parent of poesy, and inventor of music, who never risest, and though it would seem so, never settest! O, sun, by whose assistance man begets man, on thee I call to favour me, and illumine my gloomy

imagination, that my narration may keep pace with the great Sancho Panza's actions in his government; for, without thee, I feel myself lukewarm, dispirited, and confused.

I say, then, that Sancho, with all his attendants, came to a town that had about a thousand inhabitants, and was one of the best that the duke possessed. They gave him to understand that its name was the Island of Barataria¹ either because the town was called Baratario, or because the government cost him so cheap. As soon as he came to the gates of the town, which was walled, the chief officers of the people came out to receive him; the bells rang, and all the people gave demonstrations of the general joy, and carried him in mighty pomp to the great church, to give heaven thanks: and, after some ridiculous ceremonies, they delivered him the keys of the town, and received him as perpetual governor of the island of Barataria. The garb, the beard, the fatness and shortness of the new governor, made every one who knew nothing of the jest wonder; and even those who were privy to it, who were many.

In short, from the church they carried him to the court of justice; and when they had placed him in it, "My Lord Governor," said the duke's steward to him, "it is an ancient custom here, that he who takes possession of this famous island must answer to some difficult and intricate question that is propounded to him: and, by his answer, the town takes and feels the pulse of its new governor's understanding, and judges whether to rejoice or to be sorry for his coming."

While the steward was speaking thus to Sancho, he was staring on some large and numerous characters on the wall over against his seat; and, as he could not read, he asked what was the meaning of that which was painted there upon the wall?—"Sir," said they, "yonder is written and noted the day when your lordship took possession of this island; and the inscription runs thus: 'This day, being such a day of this month, in such a year, the

¹ Pellicer is at great pains to find out the true etymon of this word, which is, without doubt, given by Cervantes himself; *barato* meaning, in Spanish, *cheap*. Pellicer, who is determined to give to every incident in Don Quixote not only a name, but a local habitation, finds *Barataria* in *Alcalá de Ebro*, a village belonging to the Dukedom of Villa Hermosa.

Lord Don Sancho Panza took possession of this island, which may he long enjoy.'"—“And whom call they Don Sancho Panza?” asked Sancho.—“Your lordship,” answered the steward; “for no other Panza has entered this island but he who now sits in this chair.”—“Well, friend,” said Sancho, “take notice that Don does not belong to me, nor has it been borne by any of my family. Plain Sancho Panza is my name; my father was called Sancho, my grandfather Sancho, and all of us have been Panzas without any Don or Donna added to our name. Now do I guess Dons are as thick as stones in this island. But enough; Heaven knows my meaning; if my government lasts but four days I will clear the island of those swarms of Dons that must needs be as troublesome as flesh-flies.¹ Come, now for your question, Master Steward, and I will answer it as well as I can, whether the town be sorry or not.”

At the same instant two men came into the court, the one dressed like a country-fellow, the other like a tailor, with a pair of shears in his hand. “My lord governor,” cried the tailor, “I and this farmer here are come before your worship. This honest man came to my shop yesterday, for saving your presence, I am a licensed tailor, and showed me a piece of cloth. ‘Sir,’ quoth he, ‘will there be enough of this to make a cap?’ whereupon I measured the stuff and answered him, Yes. Now as I imagine, do you see, he could not but have imagined (and I imagined right enough), that without doubt I had a mind to steal some of his cloth, judging by his own measure and the ill-repute of us tailors. ‘Prithee,’ quoth he, ‘look if there be

¹ Don Juan Pellicer quotes a curious passage from an author who wrote on Spanish criminal law, in the beginning of the 17th century,—one Paton. “The cause of many of our increasing crimes and enormities may be found in the wicked custom of assuming the title of DON. There is hardly a son of the meanest functionary under government, who does not think himself called upon to qualify himself so: and from this it results, that being prevented from following such humble occupations as are incompatible with the style of Don, and not having wherewithal to support existence otherwise than by labour, these men fall every day into enormous offences, of which this court has abundant experience.” It has already been remarked, that Philip II. made many an ineffectual edict for restricting the assumption of the title *Don*. But “now-a-days,” says Pellicer, “the title has been so extended as to be no longer held incompatible with very mechanical employments.”

enough for two?’ Now I smelt him out, and told him there was. Whereupon my gentleman in his first cursed intention went on adding caps, and I adding ayes, till we got to five caps. Just now the man is come for his caps, which I gave him, but he will not even pay me for the making; he will have me give him his cloth again, or pay him for it.”—“Is this true, friend?” said Sancho to the farmer.—“Yes, if it please you,” answered the fellow; “but pray, let him show the five caps he has made me.”—“With all my heart,” cried the tailor; and with that, pulling his hand from under his cloak, he held up five caps, hanging upon his four fingers and thumb. “There,” quoth he, “you see the five caps this good gaffer asks for; and by God and my conscience I have not the least snip of his cloth left, let the inspectors of the trade judge.” The number of the caps, and the oddness of the cause, set all there a-laughing. Sancho sat considering a while, and then, “Methinks,” said he, “this suit here needs not belong depending, but may be decided on the spot by common justice; therefore, the judgment of the court is, that the tailor shall lose his making, and the countryman his cloth, and that the caps be given to the prisoners in gaol, and there be an end of it.”

If this sentence provoked the laughter of the whole court, another no less raised their admiration.¹ For after the governor’s order was executed, two old men appeared before him, one of them with a cane in his hand, which he used as a staff. “My lord,” said the other, who had none, “some time ago I lent this good man ten gold crowns to do him a kindness, which money he was to repay me on demand. I did not ask him for it again in a good while, lest it should prove a greater inconveniency to him to repay me than he laboured under when he borrowed it. However, perceiving that he took no care to pay me, I have asked him for them once and many times. But still he not only refuses to pay me again, but denies me, and says that I never lent him any such ten crowns, and that if I did, he returned it. I have no witnesses of the

¹ [The original, by an oversight of the author’s, here refers to the case of the grazier (see p. 331), as if it had been already related. The text therefore is not followed exactly.]

loan, nor of the payment, for he has not paid me. I beseech you to put him to his oath, and if he will swear he has paid me, I will forgive him here and before God.” —“What say you to this, old man with the staff?” asked Sancho.—“Sir,” answered the old man, “I own he lent me the gold; and since he requires my oath, I beg you will be pleased to hold down your rod, that I may swear upon it how I have honestly and truly returned him his money.” The governor held down his rod, and in the meantime the old man of the staff gave his staff to the other old man to hold while he swore, as if it hindered him, and then put his hands on the cross of the rod, and declared that it was true the other had lent him ten crowns, but that he had really returned him the same sum into his own hands; and that because he supposed the plaintiff had forgotten it, he was continually asking him for it. The great governor, hearing this, asked the creditor what he had to reply? He made answer, that his adversary must have spoken true; for he believed him to be a righteous man and a good Christian; and that perhaps he had forgotten how and when he had been repaid, and that henceforward he would ask for nothing. Then the defendant took his staff again, and having made obeisance, left the court. When Sancho perceived this, and that he was going without more ado, he, admiring the creditor’s patience, after he had studied a little while with his head leaning over his breast and his forefinger over his eyebrows and nose, on a sudden raised his head and ordered the old man with the staff to be called back. When he was returned, “Good man,” said Sancho, “let me see that staff a little, I have a use for it.” —“With all my heart,” answered the other; “sir, here it is,” and with that he gave it him. Sancho took it, and giving it to the other old man, “There,” said he, “go your ways, and Heaven be with you, for now you are paid.” —“How so, my lord?” cried the old man; “is this cane worth ten gold crowns?” —“Certainly,” said the governor, “or else I am the greatest dunce in the world. And now you shall see whether I have not a head fit to govern a whole kingdom;” and he ordered the cane to be broken and opened before all, which was no sooner done, than in the heart of it they

found the ten golden crowns.¹ All the spectators were amazed, and looked on their governor as a second Solomon. They asked him how he could conjecture that the ten crowns were in the staff? He told them, that having observed how the old man who swore gave it to his opponent while he took his oath, and then swore he had truly returned him the money, after which he turned to demand his staff again, it came into his head that the money asked for was within the staff; from whence may be learned that though sometimes those that govern are stupid, yet it often pleases God to direct them in their judgment. Besides, he had heard the curate of his parish tell of such another case, and he had so special a memory, that were it not that he forgot all he had a mind to remember, there could not be such a memory in the whole island. At last the one old man went away ashamed, and the other paid; and the beholders were astonished; insomuch, that the person who was to register Sancho's words and actions, and movements, was not able to determine whether he should hold and set him down a fool, or a wise man.

No sooner was this suit over, than in came a woman, hauling a man that looked like a rich grazier. "Justice, my lord govenor, justice!" cried she aloud; "and if I

¹ I believe this story is told, for the first time, in some of the Talmudic writings; but Cervantes, in all probability, took it from the *Legenda Aurea Jacobi de Voragine*, in which monkish collection it occurs in these words: 'Vir quidam ab uno Judæo quamdam summam pecuniæ mutuo accepit, jurans super altare Sancti Nicolai quod quam citius posset sibi redderet. Tenente autem illo diu pecuniam, Judæus expostulavit: sed eam sibi reddidisse affirmat. Trahit ergo eum ad judicem et juramentum indicitur debitori: Ille baculum cavatum quem auro minuto impleverat secum detulerat, ac si ejus adminiculo indigeret: Volens igitur facere juramentum Judæo baculum tradidit servandum. Juravit quod plus sibi reddiderat etiam quam debet; et facto juramento baculum repetiit. Et Judæus ignorans astutiæ eum sibi reddidit. Rediens autem qui fraudem fecerat in quodam bivio oppressus corrui somno: Currusque eum, cum impetu veniens, necuit, et baculum plenum auro fregit, et aurum effudit.' The conclusion of the story is, that the Jew, having received his money, was earnestly entreated to acknowledge his sense of the Divine interposition in his favour, by receiving baptism. He said he would do so if Saint Nicholas would, at his prayer, restore the dead man to life. The saint was, without much difficulty, induced to do this, and the Jew became an edifying specimen of conversion.—See the *Chapter de Sancto Nicolao*.

cannot have it on earth, I will go and seek it in Heaven ! Sweet lord governor, this wicked fellow met me in the middle of a field, and has had the use of my body as if it were an ill-washed rag. Woe is me, he has robbed me of that which I had kept more than three-and-twenty years, guarding it safe from Moors and Christians, natives and foreigners ! I have always been as tough as cork ; no salamander ever kept itself more entire in fire, nor wool among the briars, than did poor I, that this fine fellow should handle me with clean hands.”—“ Whether this gallant’s hands are clean or not, remains to be proved,” quoth Sancho. Then turning to the man, “ Well,” said he, “ what have you to say to this woman’s complaint ? ”—“ Masters,” answered he, frightened out of his wits, “ I am a poor drover, and deal in swine ; so this morning I was going out of this town after I had sold (under correction be it spoken) four hogs, and what with the duties and sharp tricks, I hardly took away anything. Now, as I was trudging home, I picked up by the way but this good madam here ; and the devil, who has a finger in every pie, being powerful, forced us to yoke together. I gave her enough, but she was not satisfied, and would never leave me till she had dragged me hither. She will tell you I ravished her ; but, by the oath I have taken, or mean to take, she lies, and this is every tittle true.”—“ Hast thou any silver about thee ? ” quoth Sancho to him.—“ Yes,” said he, “ I have some twenty ducats, in a leathern purse, in my bosom.” He ordered him to take it out, and give it the plaintiff, just as it was. The man, trembling, did so ; the woman took it, and dropped a thousand courtesies to all, praying God for the life and health of the good governor, who took such special care of needy orphans and virgins ; and then stepped out of court, holding the purse fast in both her hands, though first she took care to see whether it was silver that was there. Scarcely was she gone, when Sancho said to the grazier, who was shedding tears while his eyes and heart went after the purse, “ Friend, run and overtake the woman, and take the purse from her, whether she will or no, and bring it hither.” This was said neither to the deaf nor mad ; away he flew like lightning, and did as he was told. The whole court was in mighty expectation,

what could be the end of the matter. But a while after, the man and woman came back, more tied and bound than before; she with her petticoat tucked up, and the purse in her lap, and he struggling to get it from her; but it was to no purpose, so well the woman defended her prize. "Justice," cried she, "for Heaven's sake, justice! Look you, my lord governor, see the boldness of this impudent ruffian, that in the middle of the town and on the king's highway, would rob me of the purse you condemned him to give me."—"And has he got it from you?" asked the governor.—"Got it!" quoth the woman, "I will lose my life before I lose my purse. A pretty baby! you must set other dogs upon me¹ than this filthy wretch: pincers, hammers, mallets, and chisels shall not wrench it out of my clutches—no, not the claws of a lion; they shall sooner have my soul from the very middle of my body."—"She says the truth," said the fellow, "for I am quite spent: I am not strong enough to take it from her." The governor then called to the female. "Here," quoth he, "honourable and valiant madam, let me see the purse." She delivered it to him, and the governor returned it to the man. "Hark you, friend," said he to her, "had you shown yourself as stout and valiant to defend your body (nay, but half so much), as you have done to defend your purse, the strength of Hercules could not have forced you. Hence, for God's sake, and ill-luck go with you, and do not offer to stay in this island, nor within six leagues of it, on pain of two hundred lashes! Out, as fast as you can, you tricking, brazen-faced impostor, away!" The wench was terrified, and went away, hanging down her head ill-contented. "Now, friend," said the governor to the man, "get you home with your money, and Heaven be with you. But another time, if you have no mind to lose it, be sure you do not yoke with any one."² The man thanked

¹ [*Otros gatos me han de echar á las barbas.* Lit., you must throw other cats at my beard.]

² This specimen of Sancho's judicial sagacity is also borrowed. The very same story is told by Don Francisco de Ossuna, at p. 13 of his *Norte de Los Estados*, a book published in 1550. But indeed I have little doubt the story might be found in some collection of infinitely greater antiquity than even this.

him with an ill grace, and away he went, and all the people admired afresh their new governor's judgments and sentences; an account of which, taken by his historiographer, was forthwith transmitted to the duke, who expected it with impatience.

Now, let us leave honest Sancho here, for his master, excited by Altisidora's music, urgently requires our attendance.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Of the dreadful Alarm given to Don Quixote by the Bells and Cats, during the course of the captivated Altisidora's Amours.

WE left the great Don Quixote profoundly buried in the thoughts which the enamoured Altisidora's serenade had caused. He took them to his bed with him; but, like so many fleas, they allowed him no repose, and the misfortune of his torn stocking was added to them. But as time is swift, and no bar can stay his posting away on the hours, the morning came on apace; which being perceived by Don Quixote, he forsook his downy bed without tardiness, put on his shamois apparel, and, drawing on his walking boots, concealed in one of them the disaster of his hose. He threw his scarlet cloak over all, and clapped on his head his cap of green velvet edged with silver lace. Over his shoulder he hung the belt of his trusty executing sword. He took a great rosary, which he always carried about him; and with great state and deportment, he moved towards the antechamber, where the duke and duchess were ready dressed, and, in a manner, expecting his coming. As he went through a gallery, Altisidora and another damsel, her companion, waited for him; and no sooner did Altisidora espy Don Quixote, than she dissembled a swooning fit, and dropped into the arms of her friend, who presently began to unlace her bosom. Which Don Quixote perceiving, he approached, and said, "I know whence these accidents proceed."—"You know more than I do,"

answered the friend ; “ there is not a damsel in this house more healthy than Altisidora : I have never known her to breathe a sigh before. A vengeance seize all the knights-errant in the world, if they are all so ungrateful. Pray, my Lord Don Quixote, retire ; for this poor young creature will not come to herself while you are by.” — “ Madam,” answered Don Quixote, “ I beg that a lute may be left in my chamber this evening.¹ I will assuage this lady’s grief as well as I can ; for in the beginning of an amour, a speedy warning is wont to be the most effectual cure.” This said, he left them, that he might not be observed by those that might happen to go by. He was scarce gone when Altisidora’s fit was over ; and she said to her companion, “ By all means, let him have a lute ; for, without doubt, the knight has a mind to give us some music, and, being his, it will not be bad.” Then they went and acquainted the duchess with their proceeding, and Don Quixote’s desiring a lute ; and she, being overjoyed at the occasion, plotted with the duke and her women to have a jest that should be more pleasant than hurtful. After this they expected, with great content, the return of night, which came as fast as had done the day, which the duke and duchess passed in agreeable converse with Don Quixote. The same day the duchess really and truly despatched a page of hers, who had personated Dulcinea in the wood, to Teresa Panza, with her husband’s letter, and the bundle of clothes which he had left to be sent to her, charging him to bring her back a faithful account of all that passed between them.

At last, it being eleven o’clock at night, Don Quixote found a lute in his apartment ; he tuned it, opened the window, and, perceiving there was somebody walking in the garden, he ran over the strings of the instrument ; and, having tuned it as nicely as he could, he coughed again and cleared his throat, and then, with a voice somewhat

¹ We have already had occasion to see that Amadis de Gaul, the knight’s great model, was both a poet and a musician. Such accomplishments were not unfrequently exhibited by various of the knights-errant. Thus, “ *Un dia Palmerin demandó un laud y commenzo de cantar y de tanertan dulcemente que el Rey y sus hijos y la Infanta que lo estaban escuchando se maravillaron mucho.* ” — *P. de Oliva*, c. 135.

hoarse, yet not unmusical, he sang the following song, which he had composed himself that very day.

Love, a strong designing foe,
Careless hearts with ease deceives ;
Can thy breast resist his blow,
Which your sloth unguarded leaves ?

If you're idle, you're destroy'd,
All his art on you he tries ;
But be watchful and employ'd,
Straight the baffled tempter flies.

Maids for modest grace admired,
If they would their fortunes raise,
Must in silence live retired ;
'Tis their virtue speaks their praise.

Prudent men in this agree,
Whether arms or courts they use ;
They may trifle with the free,
But for wives the virtuous choose

Wanton loves, which, in their way,
Roving travellers put on,
In the morn are fresh and gay,
In the evening cold and gone.

Loves that come with eager haste,
Still with equal haste depart ;
For an image ill imprest
Soon is vanish'd from the heart.

On a picture fair and true
Who would paint another face ?
Sure no beauty can subdue,
While a greater holds the place.

The divine Tobosan fair,
Dulcinea, claims me whole ;
Nothing can her image tear ;
'Tis one substance with my soul.

Then let fortune smile or frown,
Nothing shall my faith remove ;
Constant truth, the lover's crown,
Can work miracles in love.

So far had Don Quixote come with his song, to which the duke, duchess, Altisidora, and almost all the people in the castle, listened all the while, when on a sudden, from an open gallery, that was directly over the knight's window, they

let straight down a rope, with at least a hundred little tinkling bells hanging about it. After that came down a great number of cats, poured out of a huge sack, all of them with smaller bells tied to their tails. The jangling of the bells and the squalling of the cats made such a noise that, though the duke and duchess were the contrivers of the jest, they themselves were scared for the present, and Don Quixote was strangely surprised and quite dismayed. At the same time, as fate would have it, two or three frightened cats leaped in through the bars of his chamber-window; as they ran up and down the room one would have thought a whole legion of devils had been flying about the chamber. They put out the candles that stood lighted there, and searched about to get out. Meanwhile the rope, with the bigger bells about it, was pulled up and down, and most of the people of the castle, who knew nothing of the contrivance, were greatly surprised. Don Quixote, rising to his feet, drew his sword, and laid about him at the window, crying aloud, "Avaunt, ye wicked enchanters! hence, infernal scoundrels! for I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, and all your evil devices cannot avail against me." And then, running after the cats as they frisked about the room, he cut at them furiously, while they rushed to the window to get out; but one of them, finding itself hard pressed by Don Quixote's strokes, flew in his face, and, laying hold of his nose with its claws and teeth, put him to such pain that he began to roar out as loud as he could. Which the duke and the duchess, hearing and imagining the cause, ran to his room immediately; and, having opened the door with a master-key, found the poor knight struggling with all his strength to tear the cat from his face. By the candles which they had with them, they saw the unequal combat. The duke ran to interpose, but Don Quixote cried aloud, "Let nobody take him off, let me alone, hand to hand, with this devil, this sorcerer, this necromancer! I will

¹ Shelton renders this much better,—"*Avaunt, haggish scum.*" The original words are *hechiceresca canalla*. "*Hexa-saga, venefica. Hispani hechisera vocant haud dubie inde ab eo tempore quo Gothi rerum apud eos potiebantur.*"—IHRE'S *Lexicon*. The modern German is *Hexe*, and our own *Hag* is evidently of the same descent.

make him know who is Don Quixote de la Mancha." But the cat, not minding his threats, growled on, and still held fast; till at length the duke tore it away and flung it out at the window. Don Quixote's face was scratched, and his nose in no good condition. And yet he was greatly vexed that they had not let him finish the battle with that villainous necromancer. Immediately some ointment was sent for, and Altisidora herself, with her own lily-white hands, applied plasters to each of his sores, and whispering in his ear, as she put them on, "Cruel hard-hearted knight," said she; "all these disasters are befallen thee, for the sin of thy stubbornness and disdain. May thy squire Sancho forget to whip himself, that thy darling Dulcinea may never be delivered from her enchantment, nor thou be ever blessed with her, at least so long as I, who adore thee, live." Don Quixote made no answer at all to this, but to heave a profound sigh, and presently lay down on his bed, after he had returned the duke and duchess thanks, not because he had feared that rascally crew of necromancing and jangling cats, but because he had seen their good intent in having come to help him. Then the duke and duchess left him, not a little troubled at the miscarriage of their jest, which they did not think would have proved so disastrous to Don Quixote, for it caused him to keep his chamber five days, during which time there happened to him another adventure, more pleasant than the last, which, however, cannot be now related; for the historian must return to Sancho Panza, who was very careful and no less pleasant in his government.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Wherein is continued the Account of Sancho Panza's behaviour in his Government.

THE history informs us, that Sancho was conducted from the court of justice to a sumptuous palace, where, in a spacious room, a neat and royal table was laid. As soon as he entered, the wind-music played, and four pages

waited on him, in order to the washing of his hands, which he did with a great deal of gravity. And the music ceasing, Sancho sat down at the upper end of the table, for there was no seat but there, and the cloth was only laid for one. A certain personage, who afterwards appeared to be a physician, came and stood at his elbow, with a whalebone wand in his hand. Then they took off a most rich white cloth that lay over the dishes on the table, and discovered fruits, and a great variety of other eatables. One that looked like a student said grace; a page put a laced bib under Sancho's chin and another, who did the office of sewer, set a dish of fruit before him. But he had hardly put one bit into his mouth, before he with the wand touched with it the dish, and then it was taken away by a page in an instant. Immediately the sewer brought another, with other meat; but Sancho no sooner offered to taste it, than it was touched by the wand, and a page took it away as fast as the fruit. Sancho was amazed, and, looking about him on the company, asked them, if he were to eat the dinner like a juggler?"¹—"My lord governor," answered the man of the wand; "you are to eat here no otherwise than according to the use and custom of other islands where there are governors. I am a doctor of physic,² my lord, and have a salary allowed me in this island for attending its governors, and I

¹ The original stands thus: "*Si se habia de comer aquella comida come juego de Maese Coral.*"—i.e. "If this viand were to be eaten after the fashion of the trickery of Master Coral." None of the English translators seem exactly to have understood the meaning of this passage; but Pellicer renders it sufficiently intelligible by informing us that of old the Spanish juggler, when about to commence the exhibition of his tricks, threw off his mantle, and appeared clothed in a tight dress, all over scarlet, whence he came to be known by the name of Master Coral.

² Old Olivier de la Marche, in his account of the ceremonial of the Court of Burgundy (much of which passed with the Austrian princes into the Court of Spain), informs us that "the Duke has six doctors of medicine who have appointment to visit his person, and examine into the health of the Prince; and when the Duke is at table, these stand behind him, and see what viands and dishes are served up to the Duke, and give him counsel according to their appearance, as to which of these are the most salutiferous." He tells a long story about a dispute which arose between Duke Philip and these worthies.

am more careful of their health than of my own, studying night and day the governor's constitution, that I may know what to prescribe when he falls sick. Now, the chief thing I do, is to attend at his meals, to let him eat what I think convenient for him, and to remove what I imagine to be prejudicial to him and offensive to his stomach. Therefore, I now ordered the fruit to be taken away, because it is much too moist; and the other dish, because it is as much too hot, and overseasoned with spices, which increase thirst; and he that drinks much destroys and consumes the radical moisture, of which the life consists." "So then," quoth Sancho; "this dish of roasted partridges, which seem properly seasoned, can do me no manner of harm."—"Hold," said the physician; "the lord governor shall not eat of them while I live."—"Why so?" cried Sancho.—"Because," answered the doctor, "our great master, Hippocrates, the pole star and luminary of physic, says in one of his aphorisms, *Omnis saturatio mala, perdicis autem pessima*; ¹ that is, 'All repletion is bad, but that of partridges is worst of all.'"—"If it be so," said Sancho; "let Mr. Doctor see which of all these dishes on the table will do me the most good and least harm, and let me eat of that, without having it whisked away. For by a governor's life, and may God let me enjoy it, I am ready to die with hunger; and not to allow me to eat my victuals (let Mr. Doctor say what he will) is the way to shorten my life, and not to lengthen it."—"Very true, my lord governor," replied the physician; "however, I

¹ The doctor of Tirtea-Fuera does not quote Hippocrates very accurately. The aphorism to which he alludes is, "Ὅπου ἂν τροφή παρὰ φύσιν πλείων ἐσέλθῃ τοῦτο νοῦσον ποιεῖται. The condemnation of the partridge is, therefore, purely an interpolation. Platina (de Tucenda Valetudine, L. Y., says of the bird, "*Perdicis caro bene ac facile concoquitur: nutrimenti multum in se habet. Cerebri vim anget, genituram facit, ac demortuam venerem excitat.*" I need scarcely say that in the middle ages no superstition was more universally received than that which ascribed immediate and particular influence over the human mind to particular species of food, both animal and vegetable. Those who wish to see *how far* such superstitions were carried may as well be referred at once to Albertus Magnus *de Mirabilibus*, and *de Virtutibus Herbarum*. Albertus, in treating of philtres, recommends, among many others, *the brain of a partridge roasted into powder, and swallowed in red wine.*

am of opinion you ought not to eat of the stewed rabbits there, as being a furry sort of food; that veal, if it were not roasted and pickled, might be tried; but as it is, it must not be.”—“Well, then,” said Sancho; “what think you of that huge dish yonder that smokes so? I take it to be an olla-podrida; and that being of so many sorts of victuals as are found in olla-podridas, I cannot but light upon something there that will be both toothsome and wholesome.”—“*Absit*,” cried the doctor; “far be such an ill thought from us; no diet in the world yields worse nutriment than those olla-podridas. No; leave olla-podridas to your prebendaries, your masters of colleges, and country weddings; but let them not incumber the tables of governors, where all beauty and all refinement should reign, and delicate unmixed viands, in their prime, ought to make their appearance. The reason is, that simple medicines are always and everywhere and by everyone allowed to be better than compounds; for in a composition there may happen a mistake by the unequal proportion of the ingredients, but simples are not subject to that accident. Therefore, what I would advise the governor to eat at present, for the preservation and maintenance of his health, is a hundred of small wafers and a few thin slices of quince, to strengthen his stomach and help digestion.” Sancho, hearing this, leaned back upon his chair, and, looking earnestly in the doctor’s face, very seriously asked him what his name was, and where he had studied? “My lord,” answered he; “I am called Doctor Pedro Recio de Agüero. The name of the place where I was born is Tirteafuera,¹ and lies between Caraquiel and Almodobar del Campo, on the right hand; and I took my degree of doctor in the University of Osuna.”—“Hark you,” said Sancho, in a mighty chafe; “Mr. Doctor Pedro Recio de Agüero, born at Tirteafuera, that lies between Caraquiel and Almodobar del Campo, on the right hand, and who took your degree of doctor at the University of Osuna, take yourself away this

¹ [The doctor’s name and birthplace are both fictitious. *Recio* means *rigid*; and *Tirteafuera*, *take yourself away*. *Agüero* also means omen, and in the original, Sancho amusingly transforms his name into *de mal Agüero*, of bad omen.]

moment, or, I swear by the sun, I'll get me a cudgel, and, beginning with you, will not leave a doctor in the whole island—I mean of those that I hold to be ignorant quacks; for, as for learned and wise physicians, I will make much of them, and honour them as divine persons. Once more, Pedro Recio, I say, get out of my presence, or I will take the chair I sit upon, and break it to pieces on your skull, and let me be called to an account about it when I give up my office; I will clear myself by saying I did the world good service, in slaying a bad physician, the plague of the commonwealth. Let me eat, or let them take their government; for an office that will not afford a man his victuals is not worth two horse-beans.” The physician was terrified, seeing the governor in such a heat, and would have slunk out of the room had not the sound of a post-horn in the street been heard that moment; whereupon the steward, looking out of the window, turned back, and said, “An express is come from my lord the duke, doubtless with some dispatch of importance.”

The messenger entered sweating and fearful, and, pulling a packet out of his bosom, delivered it to the governor. Sancho gave it to the steward, and ordered him to read the direction, which was this: “*To Don Sancho Panza, governor of the island of Barataria, to be delivered into his own hands, or those of his secretary.*”—“Who is my secretary?” cried Sancho.—“It is I, my lord.” answered one that was standing by; “for I can read and write, and am a Biscayner.”¹—“That addition is enough to make thee secretary to the emperor himself,” said Sancho. “Open the letter, then, and see what it says.” The new secretary did so, and, having read what it said, declared that it was a business that was to be told only in private. Sancho ordered every one to leave the room, except the steward and the carver; and all the others with the physician went out. The secretary then read the letter which said as follows:—

¹ This passage is supposed, by the Spanish commentators, to contain a sarcasm against some one or other of the many gentlemen of Biscay who filled offices about court during the reign of Charles V. and Philip II.; probably either Martín de Gatzelu, or Juan Idiaquez, or Antonio de Arotzegui.

"I have received information, my Lord Don Sancho Panza, that some enemies of mine and of this island intend to attack it with great fury one of these nights. You ought, therefore to be watchful, and stand upon your guard, that you may not be found unprovided. I have also had intelligence from faithful spies, that there are four men got into the town in disguise to murder you ; for they fear your ability. Look about you, take heed how you admit persons to speak with you, and eat nothing that is laid before you. I will take care to send you assistance, if you are in difficulty, and, in everything, you will act as may be expected of your prudence. From this place, the 16th of August, at four in the morning.¹

"Your friend,

"THE DUKE."

Sancho was astonished, and those that were with him were no less concerned. But, at last, turning to the steward, "I will tell you," said he ; " what is first to be done in this case, and that with all speed. Clap me that same Doctor Recio in a dungeon, for, if any body has a mind to kill me, it must be he, and that by an aggravating and most evil death as hunger is."—"However," said the carver ; " I am of opinion your honour ought not to eat any of the things on this table, for they were sent in by certain nuns ; and it is a common saying, The devil lurks behind the cross."—"I do not deny it." quoth Sancho ; " and, therefore, let me have for the present but a slice of bread, and some four pound of raisins ; there can be no poison in that. For, in short, I cannot live without eating ; and, if we must be in readiness against these battles that threaten us, we had need be well victualled ; for it is the belly keeps up the heart, and not the heart the belly. Meanwhile, secretary, do you send my lord duke an answer, and tell him his order

¹ The reader may have observed, that the letters introduced in Don Quixote are all of them dated just about the time when we may suppose them to have been penned by Cervantes himself. Those in the first part are dated 1603 ; those in the second, 1614. I have no doubt Cervantes affixed the date of the very day on which he happened to be writing.

shall be fulfilled as he orders. And give a greeting from me to my lady duchess, and beg of her not to forget to send a special post with my letter and bundle to my wife Teresa Panza, which I shall take as a special favour, and I will be mindful to repay it to the best of my power. And, by the way, you may crowd in a greeting to my master Don Quixote de la Mancha, that he may see I am grateful, and you may add anything you will and that is to the purpose, like a good secretary and a staunch Biscayner. Now, take away here, and bring me something to eat, that I may deal with all the spies, cut-throats and wizards that may meddle with me and my island."

At that time a page entering said, "My lord, there is a countryman, a dealer, without, desires to speak with your lordship about business which he says is of great consequence."—"It is a strange thing," cried Sancho; "about these dealers! Is it possible they should be such fools as not to understand this is not a time for dealing? Do they fancy that we governors and distributors of justice are not creatures of flesh and blood and have no need of time for rest, or would they have us made of marble? Well, before heaven, and on my conscience, if my government does but last, as I suspect it will not, I will get some of these dealers laid by the heels. Well, let the poor fellow come in; but, first, take heed he be not one of the spies or one that would murder me."—"No, my lord," said the page; "he looks like a simple creature;¹ and I know little if there is more harm in him than in good bread."—"There is no need to fear," said the steward; "since we are all here by you."—"But would it be possible, chief butler," quoth Sancho; "now Doctor Pedro Recio is gone, to eat something that has some substance in it, though it were but a piece of bread and an onion?"—"To-night," answered the sewer; "your honour shall have no cause to complain; supper shall make amends for the want of your dinner."—"Heaven grant it may," said Sancho.

Now the countryman came in, who was of very good presence, and it might be seen a thousand leagues off that

¹ [*Alma de cántero*: lit. "a soul like an urn." *Cántero* denotes the large narrow-mouthed wine flagons of simple shape, and also the electoral urn.]

he was an honest man and a good soul. As soon as he entered, "Which is my lord governor?" quoth he.—"Who but he that sits in the chair?" answered the secretary.—"I humble myself to his presence," quoth the fellow; and with that, falling on his knees, begged to kiss his hand, which Sancho refused, but bid him rise, and tell him what he had to say. The countryman then got up: "My lord," quoth he; "I am a husbandman, a native of Miguel Turra, a town some two leagues from Cuidad-Real."—"Here is another Tirteafuera," quoth Sancho; "well, go on, friend, I know Miguel Turra full well; it is not far from our town."—"My lord," said the countryman; "my business is this: I was married, by Heaven's mercy, in the face of our holy mother the Roman Catholic church, and I have two sons students; the youngest studies to become a bachelor, and the eldest to be a licentiate. I am a widower, because my wife died, or, to speak more truly, was killed by a damned doctor that gave her a purge when she was with child. Had it been Heaven's blessed will that she had been brought to bed of a boy, I would have sent him to study to have been a doctor, that he might have had no cause to envy his brothers the bachelor and licentiate."—"So, then," quoth Sancho; "had not your wife died, or had they not made her die, you had not been a widower."—"No, my lord," answered the man; "by no means."—"We are getting on," cried Sancho; "go on, friend, for it is rather time to sleep than to talk of business."—"Now, sir, I must tell you," continued the farmer, "that that son of mine, the bachelor of arts that is to be, fell in love with a maiden of our town, Clara Perlerina by name, the daughter of Andrew Perlerino, a very rich farmer; and Perlerino is not by inheritance or any lineage, but because the whole generation of them is paralytic, and to soften the name they go by that of Perlerino; and, to tell the truth the young woman is like an oriental pearl, and if you stand on her right side she looks like a flower of the field. But not so much on the left; for there she wants an eye, which she lost by the small-pox, and though she has many pits all over her face, those that wish her well say that those are not pits, but so many graves to bury her

lovers' hearts in. She is so cleanly that, because she will not soil her face, she carries her nostrils cocked up, as they say, appearing just as if they shunned her mouth, for her mouth is somewhat wide; and, for all that, she looks exceedingly well; and were it not for some ten or dozen of her front teeth and grinders which she wants, she might set up for one of the neatest lasses in the country. As for her lips, I do not know what to say of them, for they are so thin and so delicate that, were it the fashion to wind lips, one might make a skein of hers; besides, as they are of a different hue from ordinary lips, they being speckled with blue, green and lilac. My lord governor will pardon me for painting thus minutely the features of her that is one day to be my daughter, whom I love well and who seems not ill to me."—"Pr'ythee, paint as thou wilt," said Sancho; "I am mightily taken with this painting; and, if I had but dined, I would not desire a better dessert than thy picture."—"I keep it at your service," quoth the peasant; "since we may have time, if we have not now. But, sir, could I paint you her pretty carriage and her shape, you would admire. But that is not to be done; for she is so crooked and shrunk together, that her knees and her mouth meet; and yet any one may perceive that, if she could but stand upright, her head would touch the ceiling; and she would have given her hand in marriage to my son the bachelor before now, but that she is not able to stretch it forth, it being shrunk up. However, the broad-guttered nails may let you know what a good and well-made hand she has."

"So far good," said Sancho; "but let us suppose, friend, that you have drawn her from head to foot; what is it you would now? Come to the point, friend, without so many turnings or goings round about the bush or scraps or patches."—"Sir," said the farmer; "I would desire you to do me the kindness to give me a letter of accommodation to her father, beseeching him to be pleased to let the marriage be fulfilled, seeing we are not unlike either in the gifts of fortune or of nature, for, to tell you the truth, my lord governor, my son is bewitched, and there is not a day passes over his head but the evil spirit torments him

three or four times; and having once fallen into the fire, the skin of his face is shrivelled up like a piece of parchment, and his eyes are somewhat watery and full of rheum. But he has the temper of an angel; and, were he not apt to thump and belabour himself, he would be a saint."

"Have you anything else to ask, honest man?" said Sancho.—"Only one thing more," quoth the farmer; "but I am afraid to speak it, yet I cannot let it rot within my heart, be it pitched or not pitched. I would desire your worship to bestow on me some three hundred or six hundred ducats towards my bachelor's portion, only to help him to set up a house; for, in short, they would live by themselves without being subject to the impertinencies of their parents."—"Well," said Sancho; "see if you would have anything else; do not let fear or bashfulness hinder you from saying it."—"No, truly," quoth the farmer; and he had scarcely spoken the words, when the governor starting up, and laying hold of the chair he sat on, "I swear, Don clown, country booby that you are," cried he, "if you do not get out of my presence this moment, I will crack your skull with this chair! You whoreson, cunning painter for the devil, dost thou come, at this time of day, to ask me for six hundred ducats? Where should I have them, mangey cur? And if I had them, why should I give them thee, thou crafty fool? What care I for Miguel Turra, or all the generation of the Perlerinos? Away, I say or, by the life of my lord duke, I'll be as good as my word. Thou art no native of Miguel Turra, but some cozener sent by the devil to tempt my patience. Tell me, idiot, is it not a day and a half that I have been governor, and thou wouldst have me have six hundred ducats already, dunderheaded sot!"

The steward made signs to the farmer to withdraw, and he went out, hanging down his head, and to all appearance very much afraid lest the governor should make good his angry threats; for the cunning knave knew very well how to act his part. But let us leave Sancho in his angry mood, and let peace prevail while we return to Don Quixote, whom we left with his face plastered and under treatment for the scratches which he got from the cat, which were not cured in eight days; in

one of which there happened that to him, which Cid Hamet promised to relate with the same punctuality and veracity with which he is wont to relate the particulars of this history, how trivial soever they may be.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Of what happened to Don Quixote with Donna Rodriguez, the Duchess's woman ; as also other passages worthy of record and eternal remembrance.

DON QUIXOTE, thus badly hurt, was extremely sullen and melancholy, his face wrapped up and marked, not by the hand of God, but by the paws of a cat, misfortunes incident to knight-errantry. He was six days without appearing in public; and one night as he lay awake and watchful, reflecting on his misfortunes and Altisidora's importunities, he perceived somebody was opening his chamber door with a key, and presently imagined that the amorous damsel was coming to make an attempt on his chastity; and expose him to the danger of forfeiting that faith which he ought to keep for his Lady Dulcinea del Toboso. Prepossessed with that conceit, "No," said he, loud enough to be heard; "the greatest beauty in the universe shall never make me cease adoring her that is engraved and stamped in the very centre of my heart and the most secret recesses of my body. No, thou my mistress, whether transformed into a rank country wench, or into a nymph of the golden Tagus weaving cloth of silk and gold; whether Merlin or Montesinos detain thee where they please; be where thou wilt, thou art mine, and, wherever I shall be, I must be thine." Just as he ended his speech, the door opened. Up got he in the bed, wrapped from head to foot in a yellow satin quilt, with a close covering on his head, his face and his mustachios bound up; his face for the scratches, and his mustachios to keep them from hanging down, in which posture he looked like the strangest apparition that can be imagined. He fixed his eyes towards the door, and when he expected to have seen the yielding and smitten Altisidora, he beheld a most reverend matron approaching in a white veil, so long that it covered and

enwrapped her from head to foot. Betwixt her left-hand fingers she carried half a candle lighted, and held her right before it, to keep the light from her eyes, which were hidden by a huge pair of spectacles. She trod very softly, and moved at a slow pace. Don Quixote watched her from his elevated post, and, observing her garb and silence, took her for some witch or enchantress that came in that dress to practise some evil sorcery upon him, and began to cross himself as fast as he could. The vision advanced, and, being got to the middle of the chamber, lifted up its eyes, and saw the haste with which Don Quixote was thus making crosses. But if he were astonished at the sight of such a figure, she was affrighted at his: so that as soon as she spied him thus tall and yellow, bepatched and muffled up, "Jesu," cried she, in a loud voice; "what is this?" With the sudden fright she dropped the candle, and now, being in the dark, as she was running out, her fright made her stumble over her skirts, and down she fell in the middle of the chamber. Don Quixote in fear began to say, "Phantom, or whatsoever thou art, I conjure thee to tell me who thou art, and what thou requirest of me? If thou art a soul in torment, tell me, and I will endeavour thy ease to the utmost of my power; for I am a Catholic Christian, and love to do good to all mankind; for which reason I took upon me the order of knight-errantry, whose duties extend even to relieving souls in purgatory." The bewildered lady, hearing herself thus conjured, judged Don Quixote's fears by her own, and therefore, with a low and doleful voice, "My lord Don Quixote," said she; "(if so hap that you are Don Quixote), I am neither a phantom nor a ghost, nor a soul in purgatory, as you must have supposed, but Donna Rodriguez, my lady duchess's matron of honour, who comes to you about a certain grievance, such as those which you use to redress."—"Tell me, Donna Rodriguez," said Don Quixote; "are not you come to manage some love intrigue? If you are I would have you know that I am at the disposal of no one, thanks to the peerless beauty of my lady Dulcinea del Toboso. In a word, madam, provided you come not on some such embassy, you may go light your candle and return, and we will talk of anything you please to com-

mand or to like best ; saving, as I say, all amorous enticements." "What ! I a tool for any one !" cried the matron. "I find you do not know me, sir. I am not so old yet, to be reduced to such poor employments. I have flesh still about me, heaven be praised, and all my teeth in my head, except some few which the rheums, so rife in this country of Aragon, have robbed me of. But stay a little, I will go light my candle, and then return and tell my misfortunes as to him that sets right everything in the world." This said, away she went, without stopping for an answer.

Don Quixote awaited her a while quietly and thoughtfully, but he soon conceived a thousand chimeras concerning this new adventure, and he fancied that it was ill-done and worse thought of to put himself in danger of breaking his faith to his mistress. "Who knows," said he to himself, "but that the devil, who is subtle and cunning, is endeavouring to circumvent me with an old governante, though it has not been in his power to do it with empresses, queens, duchesses, marchionesses, nor countesses. I have often heard say, and that by many persons of judgment, that, if he can, he will rather tempt a man with a ugly object than with a beautiful one.¹ Who knows but this solitude, this occasion, this silence, may rouse my sleeping desires, and cause me in my latter age to fall where I never stumbled before ? In such cases it is better to fly than to face the battle. But yet I cannot be in my senses, to talk and think so foolishly ? Sure it is impossible that an antiquated waiting-matron, in a white veil, lank, and with a pair of spectacles, should create or waken an unchaste thought in the most abandoned heart in the world. Is there by chance on earth any of these duennas that is well favoured ? is there one perchance in the world that is not impertinent, affected and intolerable ? Avaunt, then, all ye idle crowd of female waiters, unfit for any human recreation ! How is that lady to be commended, who, they tell us, kept two stuffed waiting-matrons with their spectacles and cushions, as if they were working ! The state and decorum of her room was as well kept with those statues as it would have been

¹ [*Antes os la dara roma, que aguileña*, will rather give you a flat face than an aquiline one.]

with real duennas." So saying, he started from the bed, to lock the door, and shut out Donna Rodriguez; but, as he was shutting it, the lady Rodriguez returned with a wax-candle lighted; at which time, spying the knight nearer, wrapped in his quilt, with his bandages, head-covering or close cap, she was frightened again, and started two or three steps back. "Sir knight," said she; "am I safe? for I do not think it looks handsomely in you to come out of your bed."—"I ought to ask you the same question, madam," said Don Quixote; "and therefore tell me whether I shall be safe from being assaulted and ravished."—"Whom are you afraid of, sir knight?" cried she.—"Of you," replied Don Quixote; "for, in short, I am not made of marble, nor you of brass; neither is it now ten of the day, but midnight, and a little later too, if I am not mistaken; besides, we are in a place more close and private than must have been the cave where the false and presumptuous Æneas enjoyed the beautiful and tender-hearted Dido. However, give me your hand, madam; for I desire no greater security than that of my own continence and modesty, and that which the most respectful pledges offer." This said, he kissed his own hand, and with it took hold of hers, which she gave him with the same ceremony.

Here Cid Hamet, making a parenthesis, says that by Mahomet he would have given the best coat of two that he had, only to have seen the knight and the matron walk thus hand in hand from the chamber-door to the bed-side. In short Don Quixote went to bed again, and Donna Rodriguez sat down in a chair at some distance, without taking off her spectacles, or setting down the candle. Don Quixote crowded up together, and covered himself close, all but his face, and after they had both calmed themselves, the first that broke silence was the knight, "Now madam," said he; "you may unburden yourself of all that your anxious heart and grief-laden bowels hold, which shall be heard by chaste ears and relieved by compassionate deeds."—"I believe as much," said the matron; "and promised myself a no less Christian answer from a person of so graceful and pleasing a presence. The case then is, noble sir, that though you

see me sitting in this chair, in the middle of Aragon, in the habit of a decayed and persecuted duenna, I am a native of the Asturias of Oviedo, and of a family connected with the best in that province. But my hard fortune, and the neglect of my parents, who fell to decay too soon, I cannot tell how, brought me to the court at Madrid, where, for the sake of quiet and to escape greater misfortunes, they placed me with a great lady, to be her working-maid. And I would have you know that for all manner of plain work I was never outdone by any one in all my life. My father and mother left me at service, and returned home, and in some few years they went to heaven, I hope; for they were certainly good and religious Catholics. Then was I left an orphan, and wholly reduced to the wretched wages and small gifts of such court-servants. About the same time a squire of the household fell in love with me, without any occasion given by me. He was a man in years, had a fine beard and good person, and, above all, was as good a gentleman as the king, for he was of the mountains. We did not keep matters so close in our love but it came to my lady's ear; and so, to hinder people's tongues, without any more ado, she caused us to be married in the face of our holy mother the Roman Catholic Church, which matrimony produced a daughter, that made an end of my good fortune, if I had any. Not that I died in child-bed, for it came straight and in due time, but because my husband died a while after of a fright; and, had I but time to tell you how it happened, I know that you would wonder." Here she began to weep piteously. "Good Sir Don Quixote," cried she; "I must beg your pardon, for I cannot contain myself. As often as I think of my poor lost one, I cannot forbear shedding of tears. Heaven help me! With what stateliness he would ride, with my lady behind him, on a stout mule as black as jet, for coaches and chairs were not used then as they are nowadays, but the ladies rode behind their squires. I cannot help telling you this, at least, that you may see what a fine well-bred man my dear husband was.

"On entering the street of Santiago, at Madrid, which is somewhat narrow, he met a judge of the court, with

two officers before him ;¹ whereupon, as soon as my good squire saw him, he turned his mule's reins as if he designed to have waited on him. But my lady, who rode behind, whispering him in the ear, 'What do you mean,' said she, 'blockhead ! do not you know I am here ?' The judge, no less civil, stopping his horse, said, 'Pray keep your way, sir ; it becomes me rather to wait on my Lady Donna Casilda' (for that was my lady's name). However, my husband, with his hat in his hand, persisted in seeking to accompany the judge, seeing which my lady, being very angry, took a great pin, or rather, as I believe, a bodkin, out of her case, and ran it into his back ; upon which, my husband, crying out, twisted his body in such a way that he fell with his lady to the ground. Immediately two of her footmen ran to help her, and the judge and his two officers did the like. The gate of Guadalaxara² was

¹ The satire of this passage must have been richly merited, for the judges of Spain were amongst the foremost to adopt all the ridiculous ceremonials of the Austrian court. Pellicer gives the following story from the records of one of the law-courts of Madrid :—"Don Alvaro de Oca, judge of the Chancery of Granada, was passing through the town in a litter, along with Don Garcia de Salazar, another judge. They passed by a crowd of people, among whom was a clergyman of rank, a presbyter, and he doffed his bonnet to the judge, but without any great appearance of submission. It seemed to the judge that there was some lack of courtesy, and he desired him to bow lower ; to which the clergyman made answer, that for courtesy there was already sufficient. The judge said he was an impudent fellow ; the clergyman retorted. The judge descended from his litter, and his serjeant arrested the priest," &c.

² This was one of the chief entrances of Madrid, and its vicinity seems to have been in those days about the most scandalous in the whole city. In fact, close to it were situated the licensed brothels of the capital,—a species of nuisance which then, or not long before, existed in London, and indeed in every capital of Christendom. There exist in the Spanish records numerous royal edicts regulating the manner in which the unhappy tenants of these disgraceful abodes were to conduct themselves. They were ordered, for example, to be visited once a week by the physicians and surgeons who had charge of the hospitals. They were never to walk abroad at night, nor during the day, otherwise than in a peculiar dress,—viz. *a short scarlet mantle, without gloves, hat, or veil*. They were, above all, never to assume the dress of any religious order ; when they went to church (which they were to be compelled to do regularly during Lent and Passion Week), they were to have no page in attendance upon them there, and "to kneel upon the stone floor, without either hassock or carpet." These regulations were

presently in a hubbub (the idle people about the gate, I mean). In short, my lady returned home a-foot, and my husband went to a surgeon, complaining that he was pricked through the bowels. And now my husband's civility was talked of everywhere, insomuch that the boys ran after him in the streets. For which reason, and because he was somewhat short-sighted, my lady dismissed him, which he took so to heart, that, without any doubt, I consider it cost him his life. Now was I left a poor helpless widow, and with a daughter to keep, who still increased in beauty, like the foam of the sea. At length, as I had the name of an excellent work-woman, my lady duchess, who was newly married to my lord the duke, wished me to live with her here in Aragon, and my daughter as well as myself. As days went and came the girl grew up, and became the most accomplished creature in the world. She sings like a lark, dances like a thought,¹ trips like a mad one, reads and writes like

to be affixed to the gate of each of the *Mancebias*. These receptacles were abolished under Philip III. The doctor Suarez de Figueroa, in describing the idle life of the Madrid gallants of 1616, says,—“No one is ignorant of the occupation of him who passes now-a-days for your finest cavalier. To rise late—to hear a mass, I know not with how much attention—to lounge in the arcades of the Palace, or about the Gate of *Guadalaxara*—to dine late—to miss no new comedy,” &c. Cervantes himself says to the same effect, in the best of all his interludes, the *Juez de Los Divorcios*,—“The mornings are spent in hearing mass, in standing muttering about the gate of *Guadalaxara*, in inquiring after news, in repeating and listening to lies.”

¹ The translation does not distinguish, as is done with perfect accuracy in the original text, between the two great divisions of Spanish dances, which, in Cervantes' time, were always known by their separate names of *Danza* and *Bayle*. The *Danza* meant the grave and stately dances of the court, of which the most popular, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, were the *Turdion*, the *Pabana*, the *Madama Orleans*, the *Piedelgibao*, *El Rey Don Alonzo*, *El Caballero*, &c. The names of these were generally taken from the ballads to the music of which they were danced; as the *Rey Don Alonzo* from that beginning,—

El Rey Don Alonzo el bueno
Gloria de la Antigüedad, &c.

And *El Caballero*, from

Esta noche le mataron al Caballero, &c.

The *Pabana*, or Peacock-dance, took its name from the manner in

a schoolmaster, and casts accounts like an usurer. I say nothing of her neatness ; but certainly the spring water is not more cleanly ; and for her age, she is now, if I mistake not, sixteen years, five months, and three days old, one more or less. Now, there fell in love with this daughter of mine a very rich farmer's son, that lives in one of my lord duke's villages not far off ; and, indeed, I cannot tell how or how not, but they came together, and upon a promise of marriage he made a fool of my daughter, and now refuses to make his word good. The duke is no stranger to the business, for I have made complaint to him about it many and many times, and begged of him to enjoin the farmer to wed my daughter ; but he turns a deaf ear, and will scarcely hear me, because the young knave's father is rich and lends the duke money, and goes surety for all his pranks, so that he would by no means trouble or disoblige him in any way.

"Therefore, sir, I beseech you to take upon you the charge of undoing this wrong, either by entreaties or by arms, seeing everybody says you were sent into the world to undo them, to redress grievances, and assist those in adversity. Be pleased to set yourself in front of my daughter's orphan state, her beauty, her youth, and all her other good parts ; for, on my conscience, of all the damsels my lady has, there is not one can come up to her shoe's sole ; and as for her that is held to be the airiest and finest of them all, whom they call Altisidora, in comparison with my daughter she does not come within two leagues of her : for, let me tell you, sir, it is not all gold that glitters. This same young Altisidora has more vanity than beauty, and less modesty than confidence. Besides, she is not very healthy, for her breath is so sickly that one cannot stand near her for a moment. Nay, my lady duchess too—but I must say no more, for, as they say, walls have ears."—"On my life, what ails my lady duchess, Madame Donna Rodriguez ?" said Don Quixote.

which the lady held up her skirt during the performance. *Bayle*, on the other hand, was the generic name of all the dances used among the common people, and chiefly, as it seems, of Moorish invention. Of these the most famous were *La Sarabanda*, *La Chacona*, *Las Gambetas*, *El Hermano Bartolo*, &c.

"By all that is dear to you, Donna Rodriguez, tell me, I conjure you."—"On such entreaties," said the matron, "I cannot fail to tell you the whole truth. Do you observe, sir, that beauty of my lady's; that clearness of complexion, smooth and shining, like a polished sword; those cheeks all milk and vermillion, one of which is like to the moon, and the other to the sun; that air, when she treads, as if she disdained the ground, seeming like nought but diffusing health wherever she goes? Let me tell you, sir, she may thank Heaven for it in the first place, and next to that, two issues in both her legs, which carry off the ill humours with which the physicians say her body abounds."—"Blessed Virgin!" cried Don Quixote; "is it possible the duchess should have such drains! I should not have believed it though barefoot friars had told me; but since Madame Donna Rodriguez says so, it must be true. But yet, certainly from such issues in such places no ill humour can flow, but rather liquid amber. Well, I am now persuaded the making of such issues must be of importance to health."

Scarce had Don Quixote said these words, when at one blow the chamber door flew open; whereupon Donna Rodriguez was seized with such terror, that she let fall her candle, and the room was as dark as a wolf's mouth, as the saying is, and presently the poor duenna felt somebody hold her by the throat, so hard, that it was not in her power to cry out; and another, without saying a word, having pulled up her coats very quickly, so laid on her with a slipper, or some such thing, that it would have moved any one to pity. Don Quixote was not without compassion, yet he did not stir from the bed, but lay snug and silent all the while, not knowing what the meaning of this might be, and even fearing lest the tempest might also light upon him. And not without reason, for after the mute executioners had left the battered gentlewoman (who durst not cry out) they came to Don Quixote, and turning down the counterpane and sheet pinched him so hard and so long, that he could not forbear laying about him with his fists, and all this in astonishing silence. After the scuffle had lasted about half an hour, the invisible phantoms vanished. Donna Rodriguez set her coats to rights, and, lamenting her hard

fortune, left the room without speaking a word to Don Quixote, who remained alone, sorrowful, pinched, moody, and thoughtful. There we will leave him, anxious to know who this wicked enchanter should be that had used him in that manner. But we shall know that in its proper time, for Sancho Panza calls upon us, and the proper order of our history requires him.

CHAPTER XLIX.

Of what happened to Sancho Panza, as he went the rounds in his Island.

WE left the great governor much out of humour, and peevish with the painting knave of a countryman, who, according to the instructions he had received from the steward, and the steward from the duke, had played the fool with Sancho. Yet, ignorant, rude and lumpish as he was, he made his part good against them all. And, addressing himself to those about him, among whom was Dr. Pedro Recio, who had ventured into the room again, after the secret of the duke's letter was out: "Now," said he, "do I find in good earnest that judges and governors ought to be or must be made of brass, that they may be proof against the importunities of those dealers who, at all hours and at all seasons, would be heard and dispatched, without regard to any business but their own, come what will: and if a poor judge does not hear and dispatch them presently, either because he cannot, or because they do not come at a proper season for audience, then do they curse him or grumble, and give him their blessing backwards, and gnaw his bones and rake up the ashes of his forefathers. Stupid dealer, crackbrained dealer, wait a fit time and occasion for your dealings. Do not come at dinner-time or when a man is going to sleep, for we judges are flesh and blood, and must allow nature what she naturally requires; unless it be poor I, who am not to allow mine any food, thanks to my friend Mr. Doctor Pedro Recio Tirteafuera, here present, who is for starving me to death, and swears this death is my life. Heaven grant him such a life, and his like—that is to say, the

bad physicians! for the good ones deserve palms and laurels."

All that knew Sancho Panza wondered to hear him talk so sensibly, and knew not to what to attribute it, unless that offices and places of trust inspired some men with understanding as they stupified others. However, Doctor Pedro Recio Agüero de Tirteafuera promised him he should sup that night, though he trespassed against all the aphorisms of Hippocrates. This made the governor happy, and he waited with a mighty impatience for the evening and supper. And though, to his thinking, time stood still, without moving from one place, yet at last the wished-for moment came, and they served him up some spiced beef with onions, and some boiled calves' feet, somewhat stale. He fell to with more appetite than if they had given him Milan godwits, Roman pheasants, Sorrentum veal, Moron partridges, or Lavajos geese. And during supper, turning to the physician, "Look you," quoth he, "Mr. Doctor, hereafter never trouble yourself to get me dainties or tit-bits that would but take my stomach off the hinges, which has been used to kid, beef, bacon, hung meat, turnips and onions; and if by chance you give it other court-fare, it receives them squeamishly and sometimes with disgust. Master Butler should have a care to get me one of those olla podridas, and the more rotten stewed they are the better the smack; and there he can make a jumble of what he wills, so it be eatable; and I shall remember him, and make him amends one of these days. But let nobody make a fool of me; for either we are, or we are not. Let us all live and eat in peace and good fellowship; when God sends his light, he sends it to all. I will govern this island fair and square;¹ let every one keep his eye open and mind himself, for I would have them to know that the devil is in Cantillana, and that if they give me occasion they shall see wonders; make yourself honey, and the flies will eat you."—"Indeed, my lord governor," said the chief-butler, "your lordship is much in the right in all you have said: and I dare engage for the inhabitants of this island, that they will observe your commands with all punctuality, love,

¹ [*Sin perdonar derecho ni llevar cohecho*, without remitting justice or taking bribe.]

and goodwill, for your gentle way of governing, in the beginning of your administration, does not give them the least opportunity to act, or to design, anything to your lordship's disadvantage."—"I believe as much," answered Sancho, "and they would be fools should they offer to do or think otherwise. Let me repeat that you must take care of me and my Dapple, that we may both have our food, which is the most important thing and most material business. Next, let us go the rounds, when it is time, for I intend to clear this island of filth and vagabond, lazy and idle folk. For I would have you to know, my good friends, that your slothful lazy people in a commonwealth are like drones in a beehive, that devour the honey which the labouring bees gather. I design to encourage the husbandmen, preserve the privileges of the gentry, reward virtuous persons, and, above all things, reverence religion, and honour religious men. What think you of this, my good friends? Do I talk to the purpose, or do I talk idly?"—"You speak so well, my lord governor," answered the steward, "that I stand in admiration to hear a man so unlettered as you are (for I believe your lordship cannot read at all) utter such and so many things, full of judgment and wisdom, so far from what they who sent you hither, and they who are here present, ever expected from your understanding. Every day produces some new thing in the world; jests are turned into earnest, and mockers find themselves mocked."

It being now night, and the governor having supped, with Doctor Recio's leave, he prepared to walk the rounds, and set forward, attended by the steward, the secretary, the chief-butler, the historiographer, who was charged to register his acts, with serjeants and notaries, so many in number, that they made a moderate-sized battalion, in the middle of which the great Sancho marched with his rod of justice in his hand, a sight to see. They had not walked far in the town, before they heard the clashing of swords, which made them hasten to the place whence the noise came. Being come thither, they found only two men fighting, who gave over, perceiving the approach of justice. "How! God and the King," cried one of them at the same time, "do they suffer folks to be robbed in

public in this town, and be assaulted in the middle of the street?"—"Hold, honest man," said Sancho, "and let me know the occasion of this fray, for I am the governor."—"My lord," said the other party, "I will tell you in a few words. Your lordship must know that this gentleman, just now, at a gaming-house over the way, won above a thousand reals, Heaven knows how! I stood by, and gave judgment for him in more than one doubtful cast, quite against what my conscience told me. He carried off his winnings; and when I expected he would have given me a crown or so, as a gratuity,¹—as it is a claim among gentlemen of my fashion, who stand by to see to right and wrong, to defend bad cases, and to ward off quarrels,—nevertheless he put up his money and left the house. I ran after him, not very well pleased, and very civilly desired him to please to give me some eight reals, since he knew me to be a gentleman, without office or pension, my friends having brought me up to no employment, nor left me anything; but the stingy soul, a greater thief than Cacus, and a worse sharper than Andradilla, would give me but four reals. And now, my lord governor, you may see how little shame and conscience there is in him. But, in faith, had not your lordship come up, I would have made him disgorge his winnings, and taught him how to balance the scales."—"What say you to this?" cried Sancho to the other. The other made answer, that what his antagonist said was true, that he would give him but four reals, because he had given him money several times before; and they who expect gifts should be mannerly, and be thankful for what is given them, without haggling with those that have won, unless they know them to be cheats, and that what they won was not won fairly; and that to show he was an honest man, and no sharper, as the other said, there needed no better proof than his

¹ *Dar barata* means the payment of a gratuity commonly made by a successful gamester to the standers by. It is also said to mean the allowance given to the master of the house in which the game is played, for lights, &c. The custom of keeping gaming tables prevailed in Cervantes' time, even among families of the highest rank in Madrid; and it is easy to guess of what baleful consequences such a custom must have been productive.

refusal to give him anything, since the sharpers are always in fee with these lookers-on, who know them.—“That is true,” said the steward. “What would your lordship have us to do with these men?”—“What you must do is this,” said Sancho. “First, you that are the winner, whether good, bad or indifferent, give your bully-back here a hundred reals immediately, and thirty more for the poor prisoners; and you that have no office or pension, and were brought up to no employment, and go sharpening about in this island, pray take your hundred reals, and some time to-morrow get you out of this island, and not set foot in it again these ten years, unless you have a mind to finish the term in another life: for I will make you swing on a gibbet, or at least will bid the hangman do so. Let nobody offer to reply, or he will come under my hand.” The one disbursed, and the other received; the first went home, and the last went out of the island; and then the governor, going on, “Well, I am good for little,” said he, “or I will put down these gaming-houses; for I have a fancy they are highly prejudicial.”—“This house, at least,” said a notary, “you will not be able to put down, for it belongs to a person of quality, who without comparison loses a great deal more at the year’s end than he gets by his cards. You may show your authority against other gaming-houses of less note, that do more mischief, and harbour more vice than the houses of gentlemen and persons of quality, where your notorious sharpers dare not use their tricks. And since gaming is a vice that is become a common practice, it is better to play in good gentlemen’s houses than in those of under officers, where they catch a poor fellow at midnight and skin him alive.”—“Well, notary,” said Sancho: “I see there is a great deal to be said in this matter.” At the same time one of the officers came, holding a youth in custody. “My lord governor,” said he, “this young man was coming towards us, but as soon as he perceived it was the police, he turned round and set a-running like a stag—a sign he is no better than he should be. I ran after him, but had not he happened to stumble and fall, I had never come up with him.”—“What made you run away, fellow?” said Sancho.—“My lord,” answered the young man, “it was to avoid many

questions put by the watch.”—“What business do you follow?” asked Sancho.—“I am a weaver.”—“A weaver of what?”—“Of steel heads for lances, with your worship’s good leave.”—“Oho,” cried Sancho, “you are pleasant, and disposed to play off your jests upon us. Very well. And pray whither are you going now?”—“To take the air, my lord.”—“And where do they take the air in this island?”—“Where it blows.”—“Good! A very proper answer,” cried Sancho. “You are a clever youth. But pray make account that I am the air, or the wind, and that I blow in your poop, and drive you to the round-house—Here, take him and carry him away thither, that I may have him to sleep out of the air to-night.”—“By Heaven,” said the young man, “you shall as soon make me a king as make me sleep in jail.”—“Why, shall I not make you sleep in prison?” said Sancho. “Is it not in my power to arrest thee to prison, and discharge thee again, as often as it is my will and pleasure?”—“For all your power,” said the youth, “it is not enough to make me sleep in prison.”—“Say you so!” cried Sancho. “Here, away with him at once, and let him see with his own eyes who is mistaken; and lest the jail-governor should seek to treat with him from interested liberality, I will fine him in two thousand ducats if he let him stir a foot out of prison.”—“All that is ridiculous,” said the other; “the point is that all mankind will not make me sleep this night in a prison.”—“Tell me, devil,” said Sancho, “hast thou some angel to take off the irons which I will have thee clapped in, and get thee out?”—“Well, now, my lord governor,” said the young man very pleasantly, “let us talk reason, and come to the point. Suppose your lordship should send me to jail, and get me laid in the dungeon, shackled and manacled, and lay a heavy penalty on the jailer in case he let me out; and suppose your orders be strictly obeyed; yet for all that, if I have no mind to sleep, but will keep awake all night, without shutting an eyelid, pray can you, with all the power you have, make me sleep if I will not?”—“No, certainly,” said the secretary; “and the man has made out his meaning.”—“Provided,” said Sancho, “that you keep yourself awake, for no other reason but to please your own fancy, and not to thwart my will.”—“I should

not think of that, my lord," said the lad.--"Why, then, go in God's name," quoth Sancho, "and Heaven send thee good rest: I will not be thy hindrance. But I advise thee another time not to sport with justice: for you may meet with some in office that may chance to make sport of your head." The youth went his way, and the governor continued his rounds.

A while after came two of the officers bringing a person along with them, and they said, "My lord governor, this one that we have brought here seems to be a man and is no man, but a woman, and no ugly one, clothed in a man's dress." Thereupon they lifted up to her eyes two or three lanterns, and by their light discovered the face of a woman seemingly about sixteen years of age or a little more, with her hair put up in a network of gold and green silk, beautiful as a thousand pearls. They examined her from head to foot, and found that her stockings were of carnation silk, and her garters of white taffeta, fringed with gold and pearls. Her breeches were green with gold lace, and her coat or short gown of the same stuff; under which she wore a doublet of very fine stuff, gold and white. Her shoes were white, and made like men's. She had no sword, but only a very rich dagger, and many very costly rings on her fingers. In a word, the young creature seemed very lovely to them all, but not one of them knew her, and those who lived in the town said they could not imagine who she was; and those who were privy to the tricks that were to be put upon Sancho were most at a loss, for this discovery was not of their contriving, which put them in great expectation of the event. Sancho was astounded at the girl's beauty, and asked her who she was, whither she was going, and upon what account she had been moved to put on such a dress.--"Sir," said she, casting her eyes on the ground with a decent bashfulness, "I cannot tell you before so many people what I have so much reason to wish may be kept a secret. One thing I do assure you, I am no thief, nor evil-minded person, but an unhappy maid whom the force of jealousy has constrained to transgress the decorum that becomes good behaviour." The steward hearing this, said to Sancho, "My lord governor, be pleased to

order your attendants to retire, that the gentlewoman may more freely tell her mind." The governor so ordered, and all removed to a distance, except the steward, the chief-butler, and the secretary; and the young lady, seeing they were alone, thus proceeded to say:

"I am the daughter, sirs, of Pedro Perez Mazorca, farmer of the wool in this town, who comes very often to my father's house."—"This will hardly pass, madam," said the steward, "for I know Pedro Perez very well, and I am sure he has no child, neither son nor daughter; besides, you tell us he is your father, and at the same time add, that he comes very often to your father's house."—"I observed as much," said Sancho.—"Indeed, gentlemen," said the damsel, "I am now so troubled in mind, that I know not what I say; but the truth is, I am the daughter of Diego de la Llana, whom I suppose you all know."—"Now this may pass," said the steward, "for I know Diego de la Llana, who is a very considerable gentleman, of good estate, and has a son and a daughter. But since his wife died, nobody in this town can say he ever saw the face of his daughter, for he keeps her so close that he hardly suffers the sun to look on her; though indeed the report is, that she is of extraordinary beauty."—"You say very true, sir," replied the young lady; "and I am that daughter: as for my beauty, if fame has given you a wrong character of it or not, you will now be undeceived, since you have seen my face;" and with this she burst out pitifully into tears. The secretary, perceiving this, whispered the chief-butler in the ear: "Sure," said he, very softly, "some extraordinary matter must have happened to this poor young lady, since one of her quality comes out of doors in this dress, and at this unseasonable hour."—"That is without question," answered the other, "and her tears, too, confirm the suspicion." Sancho comforted her with the best reasons he could think on, and bade her not be afraid, but tell them what had befallen her, for they would all very truly do whatever lay in their power to make her easy.

"You must know, gentlemen," said she, "that it is now ten years that my father has kept me close, ever since the earth has taken my mother. We have a richly

adorned chapel in the house, where mass is said ; and in all that time I have seen nothing but the sun by day, and the moon and stars by night ; neither do I know what streets, market-places, and churches are—no, nor men, except my father, my brother, and that Pedro Perez, the wool-farmer, whom from his frequent coming to our house I thought of calling my father, that I might conceal my own. This confinement (for I was not allowed to stir abroad, though but to go to church) has made me sad these many days and months. I longed to see the world, or at least the town where I was born, which desire I thought was not contrary to the modesty which noble maidens ought to preserve. When I heard them talk of bull-fights, stick-playing, acting comedies, I asked my brother, who is a year younger than I, what they meant by those things, and a world of others which I have not seen ; and he informed me as well as he could ; but that made me but the more eager to see it. At last, to shorten the story of my downfall, I begged of my brother—oh that I had never begged or prayed such a thing !”—and here she relapsed into tears. “Come, madam,” said the steward, “pray proceed, and make an end of telling us what has happened to you ; for your words and your tears keep us all in suspense.”—“I have but few more to add,” answered the young lady, “but many tears to shed ; for all imprudent desires can bring with them no other result than these.”

The young lady's charms had sunk into the soul of the chief-butler, and he lifted up his lantern to look at her again ; and it seemed to him that they were not tears that she wept, but pearly drops, or dew of the fields, and they even exceeded that and became oriental pearls. This made him wish that the misfortune might not be so great as her sighs and tears bespoke. The governor stood fretting to hear the girl hang so long upon her story ; and therefore bade her keep them no longer in suspense, for it was late, and they had a great deal of the town to walk over yet. Thereupon, with broken sobs and half-fetched sighs, “Sir,” said she, “all my sorrow and my misfortune is, that I desired my brother to dress me in man's clothes with one of his suits, and that he would take me out some night or other to see all the town, while our father

was asleep. Importuned by my entreaties, he consented to my wish; and, having lent me his clothes, he put on mine (which fit him as if they had been made for him; for he has no beard at all, and seems but a most beautiful girl). And this very night, about an hour ago, more or less, we got out; and, being guided by our footboy and our own unruly desires, we have gone round the whole town; and as we were going home, we perceived a great number of people coming our way; whereupon said my brother, 'Sister, this is certainly the watch, quicken your feet, set wings to them, and follow me, for if we should be known, it will be the worse for us.' With that he turned and began—I say not to run, but to fly. I was so frightened that I fell down before I had gone half-a-dozen steps, and then the officer overtook me, and brought me before you, where for my evil longing I see myself shamed before so many people."—"In fact, madam, nothing has befallen you but this?" cried Sancho. "You talked at first of some jealousy, that had brought you from home."—"Nothing else, indeed, nor did jealousy bring me out, only the desire to see the world, and that too no farther than the streets of this town." All this was confirmed by her brother, who now was brought by some of the watch, one of whom had at last overtaken him, after he had left his sister. He had nothing on but a very rich petticoat, and a blue damask mantle with gold galloon; his head, without cap or ornament but his own hair, that being shining and curly, was so many rings of gold. The governor, the steward, and the chief-butler took him aside, and without his sister hearing, asked him, why he had put on that dress. He gave the same answer his sister had done, and with no less bashfulness and concern, much to the satisfaction of the enamoured chief-butler.

But the governor said to them: "Truly, gentlefolks," "here is a great piece of childish folly: and to give an account of this wild frolic and rashness, there needed not so much and so many of these sighs and tears. To have said, 'Our names are So-and-so, and we stole out of our father's house in this disguise only to satisfy our curiosity, without any other design,' and there had been an end of the story, without all this weeping and wailing and to-do."—"You

say very well," said the young damsel, "but you know that, in the trouble and fright I was in, I could not behave myself as I should have done."—"Well," said Sancho, "there is no harm done; come, and we will see you home to your father's; perhaps you may not yet be missed. But for the future be not such children, nor so anxious to see the world. An honest maid and a broken leg should be still at home. A hen and a woman are lost by rambling; and she that longs to see, longs also to be seen. I say no more."

The young gentleman thanked the governor for his civility in wishing to accompany them home; and thither they went, for it was not a great distance off. Being come to the house, the brother threw a little stone against one of the iron-barred windows; and presently a maid-servant, who sat up for them, came down, opened the door, and they went in, leaving all in wonder, as much at their genteel carriage and beauty as at the desire they had to see the world by night and without leaving the town, but all this they set down to their youthfulness.

The chief-butler was smitten to the heart, and he resolved to go the next day, and demand her of her father in marriage, not doubting but he would not be refused, as he was one of the duke's servants. And even Sancho had desires and plans to make a match between the young man and his daughter Sanchica; and he resolved to put it in hand as soon as possible, believing no husband too good for a governor's daughter. At last his round ended for that night, and his government two days after; by which all his designs were cut short and annihilated, as shall be seen hereafter.

CHAPTER L.

Wherein is declared who were the Enchanters and Executioners that whipped the Duenna, and pinched and scratched Don Quixote ; with the success which befell the Page that carried Sancho's Letter to Teresa Panza, wife of Sancho Panza.

CID HAMET, the most punctual inquirer into the minutest particles of this true history, relates that, when Donna Rodriguez was going out of her chamber to Don Quixote's apartment, another waiting-woman, that lay with her, perceived it ; and as all those waiting-women are fond of knowing, hearing, and running their noses into everything, she followed her so cautiously, that the good Rodriguez did not discover it ; so that no sooner did the duenna see her enter Don Quixote's chamber, than, lest she should forfeit her character of a tattling waiting-woman, she flew to tell the duchess in her ear, that Donna Rodriguez was in Don Quixote's chamber. The duchess told the duke ; and asked his leave to take Altisidora with her, and go to see what this waiting-woman wanted with Don Quixote. The duke gave it, and they very silently crept along till they came to the door of the room, and were close enough to overhear every word they said within ; so that when the duchess heard Rodriguez expose the fountains of her issues, she was not able to bear it ; and still less Altisidora. Full of rage and greedy of revenge, they rushed into the chamber, beat the duenna, and pinched Don Quixote, as has been related. For those affronting expressions that are levelled against the beauty of woman, or the good opinion of themselves, raise their anger to a high degree, and incense them to a desire of revenge.

The duchess diverted the duke with an account of what had passed ; and, having a desire to continue the sport and merriment which Don Quixote afforded them, the duchess sent the page that acted the part of Dulcinea in the plot of her enchantment, to Teresa Panza, with a

letter which Sancho, having his head full of his government, had quite forgotten, and, at the same time, the duchess sent another from herself, with a large string of costly coral as a present.

Now, the story tells us, that the page was very discreet and sharp; and, being very desirous to please his lord and lady, made the best of his way to Sancho's village. When he came near the place, he saw a company of females standing washing clothes at a brook, and asked them whether they could inform him if there lived in that town a woman whose name was Teresa Panza, wife to one Sancho Panza, squire to a knight called Don Quixote de la Mancha? At which question, a young wench, that was washing, stood up: "That Teresa Panza is my mother," quoth she; "that Sancho is my father; and that same knight our master."—"Well, then, damsel," said the page, "pray go along with me, and bring me to your mother, for I have a letter and a present here for her from that same father of yours."—"That I will with all my heart, sir," said the girl, who seemed to be about fourteen years of age, little more or less; and, with that, leaving the clothes she was washing to one of her companions, without staying to trim herself, or put on her shoes and stockings, for she was bare-legged, and with her hair about her ears, away she sprang before the page's horse. "Come along," quoth she; "our house is just as you come into the town, and my mother is at home, but brimful of sorrow, for she has not heard from my father for many a day."—"Well," said the page, "I bring her those tidings that will make her thank God." At last, what with leaping, running, and jumping, the girl being come to the village, "Mother Teresa," cried she, as loud as she could, before the door, "come out, come out! Here is a gentleman has brought letters and other things from my dear father." At that summons, her mother, Teresa Panza, came out, spinning a hank of flax, with a gray petticoat about her, so short that it looked as if it had been cut off for misconduct; a bodice of the same gray, and a low-necked shift. She was not very old, but looked somewhat turned of forty, strong, hale, vigorous, and sunburnt. "What is the matter, girl?" quoth she, seeing her daughter, with the page

on horseback ; “ what gentleman is that ? ” — “ A servant of my Lady Donna Teresa Panza,” answered the page ; and, with these words, alighting, and throwing himself on his knees before the Lady Teresa, with the most humble submission, “ My noble Lady Donna Teresa,” said he, “ give me your ladyship’s hand, as you are the legitimate and own wife of Lord Don Sancho Panza, proper governor of the island of Barataria.” — “ Alack-a-day, sir,” quoth Teresa, “ do not so ! I am none of your court-dames, but a poor country-body, a ploughman’s daughter, the wife of a squire-errant, and no governor.” — “ Your ladyship,” replied the page, “ is the most worshipful wife of an arch-worshipful governor ; and, for proof of what I say, be pleased to receive this letter, and this present.” With that he took out of his pocket a string of coral beads set in gold, and having put it about her neck, “ This letter,” said he, “ is from the lord governor ; and another that I have for you, together with these beads, is from my lady the duchess, who sends me now to your ladyship.”

Teresa stood amazed, and her daughter not less. “ Now I will be hanged,” quoth the wench, “ if our master, Don Quixote, be not at the bottom of this. He must have given father that same government or earldom he has promised him so many times.” — “ You say right,” answered the page ; “ it is for the Lord Don Quixote’s sake that the Lord Sancho is now governor of the island of Barataria, as the letter will inform you.” — “ Good sir,” quoth Teresa, “ read it me ; for, though I can spin, I cannot read a jot.” — “ Neither can I,” added Sanchica ; “ but do but stay a little, and I will go fetch one to read it ; either our parson himself, or the bachelor Samson Carrasco, who will come with all their hearts to hear news of my father.” — “ There is no occasion to call anyone,” said the page ; “ for, though I cannot spin, yet I can read : and I will read it to you.” With that he read all of it, which is now omitted, because it has been inserted before. That done, he pulled out another from the duchess, which ran as follows :—

“ FRIEND TERESA,

“ Your husband Sancho’s good parts, his wit, and honesty, moved and obliged me to desire the duke, my

husband, to bestow on him the government of an island, from the many he possesses. I am informed he is sharp as a hawk in his office, for which I am very glad, as is my lord the duke, in the result; and I return Heaven many thanks that I have not been deceived in making choice of him for that preferment. For you must know, Senora Teresa, it is a difficult thing to meet with a good governor in this world; and may Heaven be as good to me as Sancho is in his government!

"I have sent you, my dear friend, a string of coral beads, with gold clasps; I could wish they were Oriental pearls; but who gives thee a bone, does not wish thee dead.¹ The time will come when we shall be better acquainted, and converse together, and God knows what may come to pass. Commend me to your daughter Sanchica, and bid her, from me, to be in readiness, for I design to marry her greatly when she least thinks of it.

"I understand you have fine acorns in your town: pray send me a dozen or two of them; I shall set a great value upon them as coming from your hands. And let me have a long letter to let me know of your health and good estate; and if you have occasion for anything, it is but to open your mouth and it shall be filled. So Heaven preserve you. From this place.

"Your loving friend,

"THE DUCHESS."

"Bless me!" quoth Teresa, when she had heard the letter, "what a good lady! How simple and lowly! Let me be buried with such ladies, and not with such madams as we have in our town; who, because they are gentlefolks, forsooth, think the wind must not blow on them, but come flaunting to church as if they were queens, and seemingly think it scorn to look upon a poor country woman. But, here is a good lady, who, though she be a duchess, calls me her friend, and uses me as if I were as high as herself! May I see her as high as the highest steeple in La Mancha! As for the acorns, master of mine, I will send her ladyship a peck, and such big ones, that everybody

¹ [*Quien te da el hueso, no te querria ver muerta*; i.e. a scanty favour does not show enmity.]

shall come to wonder and admire them.—And now, Sanchica, see that the gentleman be made welcome. Take care of his horse. Get some eggs from the stable, cut plenty of bacon; he shall fare like a prince: the rare news he has brought me and his good looks deserve no less. Meanwhile, I will go among my neighbours, and tell them the news of our good fortune. Our good curate, too, shall know it, and Master Nicholas the barber; who have all along been such friends to thy father.”—“I will, mother,” said the daughter; “but, hark you, you must give me half the beads; for, I dare to say, my lady knows better things than to give them all to you.”—“It is all thy own, child,” cried the mother; “but, let me wear it a few days about my neck, for truly it seems to rejoice the heart of me.”—“It will rejoice more,” said the page, “when you see the bundle I have got in this portmanteau; a fine suit of green cloth, which the governor wore but one day a-hunting, the whole of which he has here sent to my lady Sanchica.”—“May he live a thousand years!” cried Sanchica, “and he that brings it me neither more nor less, or two thousand if need be.”

Presently, away ran Teresa, with the letters and the beads about her neck, all the while playing with her fingers on the papers, as if they had been a timbrel; and meeting, by chance, the curate and the bachelor Carrasco, she fell a-dancing and said, “Faith, there is no poor relation now! We have got a little government. Let the proudest lady meddle with me, and I will treat her like an upstart.”—“How now, Teresa?” said the curate; “what mad fit is this? what papers are those?”—“No mad fit at all; but that these are letters from duchesses and governors, and these beads about my neck are fine coral—for the Ave Marias, I mean; and the Pater Nosters are of beaten gold; and I am a governor’s wife.”—“By Heaven,” said the curate, “there is no understanding you, Teresa; we do not know what you mean.”—“You can see it there,” quoth Teresa; and with that she gave them the letters. Thereupon the curate having read them so that Samson Carrasco might hear, they looked on one another in wonder at what they had read. The bachelor asked who brought the letters. Teresa

told them they might go home with her and see the messenger, who was a sweet young man, as fine as gold, and that he had brought her another present worth twice as much. The curate took the string of beads from her neck, and viewed them several times over, and, finding that they were of good quality, he wondered at them again. "By the habit that I wear," cried he, "I cannot tell what to say, nor what to think of these letters and gifts. On the one hand, I see and feel that these beads are right coral, and, on the other, here is a duchess sends to beg a dozen or two of acorns."—"Crack that nut, if you can,"¹ said Samson Carrasco. "But come, let us go to see the bearer of this packet, and probably he will clear up our difficulties." Thereupon, going with Teresa, they found the page sifting a little corn for his horse, and Sanchica cutting a rasher of bacon, to be fried with eggs, for the page's dinner, whose mien and his garb they both liked. After the usual compliments, Samson desired him for news of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza; for, though they had read the letters from Sancho and from the duchess, they were altogether at a loss, nor could they imagine how Sancho should come by a government, especially of an island, well knowing that all the islands in the Mediterranean, or the greater part of them, were the king's.

"Gentlemen," answered the page, "it is a certain truth that Signor Sancho Panza is a governor, but whether it be of an island or not, I do not meddle with; it is enough that it is a town that has above a thousand inhabitants. And, as for my lady duchess's sending to a countrywoman for a few acorns, she is so free from pride that it is no wonder. I have known her send to borrow a comb of one of her neighbours. You must know, our ladies of Aragon, though they are as noble as those of Castile, do not stand so much upon formalities and punctilios, but treat people with more familiarity."

While they were thus discoursing, in came Sanchica skipping, with her lap full of eggs, and inquired of the page, "Pray, sir, tell me, does my father wear trunk-breeches now he is a governor?"—"Truly," said the page,

¹ [*Aderezame esas medidas*; lit. mend me those measures.]

"I never minded it, but without doubt he does."—"Goodness me!" cried Sanchica, "what would I not give to see my father in stuffed breeches! Is it not a strange thing, that ever since I can remember myself I have wished to see my father in trunk-breeches?"—"You will see such things as these," said the page, "if you live. Odsfish, if his government holds but two months, you will see him go with an umbrella¹ over his head."

The curate and the bachelor plainly perceived that the page did but laugh at them; but the costly string of beads, and the hunting suit sent by Sancho (which Teresa had let them see), undid all. They could not forbear smiling at Sanchica's fancy, and more when Teresa said, "Good master curate, do so much as inquire whether any of our neighbours are going to Madrid or Toledo. I would have them buy me a full farthingale; stiff and straight, of the best and newest fashion; for, indeed and indeed, I must credit my husband's government as much as I can; and if they vex me, I will hie me to that same court; and get a coach like all the rest: for she that is a governor's lady may very well afford to have one."—"O rare mother!" cried Sanchica; "would to Heaven it were to-day, rather than to-morrow; though when they saw me sitting in our coach by my mother, they should say: 'Look, look, there is the garlic-eater's daughter! How she sits, and goes lolling in her coach like a she-Pope!' But let them trudge on in the dirt, while I ride by in my coach, with my feet above the ground. Ill-luck go along with all your backbiters! If warm I rest, the folk may jest.—Am I not in the right, mother?"—"Ay, thou sayst well, child," quoth Teresa; "and indeed my good Sancho has told me beforehand that all these good things, and better, would come to pass; and thou shalt see, daughter, I will never rest till I get to be a countess. Good luck is all in the start, as I have heard it said by thy good father (who is also the father of proverbs). When a cow is given thee, run and take her with a halter. When they give thee a government, take it; when an earldom, catch it; and when they whistle to thee with a

¹ [*Caminar con papahigo*. Mr. Duffield translates "travel with his face in a mask;" in reference to which, see note above, vol. i. p. 382.]

good gift, snap at it. Nay, never lie asleep and answer not, when good luck and good words stand crying at the door.”—“Ay,” quoth Sanchica, “what is it to me? When they see me so haughty and fine, let them say, ‘See the cur in ragged breeches;’ and all the rest of it.”—“I cannot but think,” said the curate, hearing this, “but that the whole race of the Panzas came into the world with their bodies stuffed with proverbs. I never knew one of the name but threw them out at all times, let the discourse be what it would.”—“That is the truth,” said the page; “for the lord governor Sancho utters them at every turn,—many times, indeed, wide from the purpose; however, always to the satisfaction of the company, and with high applause from my lord and my lady.”—“Then, sir, you assure us still,” said Carrasco, “that Sancho is really a governor, and that a duchess sends these presents and letters upon his account; for, though we see the things and read the letters, we do not believe it, but think that it is one of our fellow-countryman Don Quixote’s affairs, who looks on all as the effect of some enchantment: so that I could almost say that I should like to feel and try whether you are a visionary messenger or a creature of flesh and blood.”

“For my part, gentlemen,” answered the page, “I know no more than that I am a real messenger; that the Lord Sancho Panza is an actual governor; and that the duke and the duchess, whom I serve, are able to give and have given him that government; where, I am credibly informed, he behaves himself most worthily. If there be any enchantment in it, or no, I leave you to settle between yourselves; for, by the life of my parents, the oath I use—for they are both alive, and I love them dearly—I know no more of the business.”—“That may be,” said the bachelor, “but yet *dubitat Augustinus*.”—“Doubt it who will,” replied the page, “but I have told you the truth, which will always prevail over falsehood, as oil over water. But if *operibus credite, et non verbis*, let one of you go along with me and you shall see with your eyes what you will not believe by the help of your ears.”—“That is a journey for me,” quoth Sanchica. “Take me on your horse behind ye, sir; I will go with

great delight to see my father.”—“The daughters of governors,” said the page, “must not travel unattended, but with coaches or litters, and with a handsome train of servants.”—“Egad!” quoth Sanchica, “I can go as well on an ass as in a coach. You would make me out to be squeamish.”—“Peace, girl,” quoth the mother, “thou dost not know what thou sayest; the gentleman is in the right; times are altered. When it was Sancho, it was Sanchica; but now he is a governor, it is my lady. I know not whether I am right.”—“My lady Teresa says more than she is aware of,” said the page. “But now,” continued he, “give me a mouthful to eat, and dispatch as soon as you can, for I intend to go back this afternoon.”—“Be pleased then, sir,” said the curate, “to go and do penance with me, for my lady Teresa is more willing than able to entertain so good a guest.” The page excused himself, but at last complied, being persuaded it would be much for the better; and the curate, on his side, was glad of his company, to have an opportunity to inform himself at large about Don Quixote and his proceedings. The bachelor proffered Teresa to write her answers to her letters, but, as she looked upon him to be somewhat waggish, she would not permit him to be of her counsel; so she gave a roll and a couple of eggs to a young attendant of the church who could write, and he wrote two letters for her: one to her husband, and the other to the duchess, all of her own inditing, and perhaps not the worst in this famous history, as hereafter may be seen.

CHAPTER LI.

Of the Continuation of Sancho Panza's Government, with other Passages, such as are good.

THE morning of that day arose which succeeded the governor's rounding night, which the chief-butler spent not in sleep, but occupied with thoughts of the face, the spirit and beauty of the disguised virgin; while the steward bestowed what remained of it in writing to his lord and

lady what Sancho did and said; wondering no less at his actions than at his expressions, both of which displayed an intermixture of discretion and simplicity.

At last the lord governor rose; and by Dr. Pedro Recio's order, they brought him for his breakfast a little conserve and four mouthfuls of cold water, which Sancho would have exchanged with all his heart for a piece of bread and a bunch of grapes; but seeing he could not help himself, he made the best of it, to the great grief of his soul and weariness of his appetite: for the doctor made him believe, that to eat but little, and that which was dainty, sharpened the wit, and consequently was most proper for persons in authority and weighty employments, wherein there is less need of the strength of the body than that of the mind. This sophistry served to famish Sancho with hunger, so that he cursed in his heart both the government and him that had given it him. However, hungry as he was, by aid of his conserve, he sat in judgment that day; and the first that came before him was a stranger, who put the following case to him, the steward and the rest of the attendants being present:—

“My lord,” said he, “a large river divides in two parts one and the same lordship. I beg your honour to lend me your attention, for it is a case of great importance and some difficulty.—Upon this river there is a bridge, and at the one end of it there stands a gallows, and a kind of court of justice, where four judges sit for the execution of a certain law made by the lord of the river, the bridge and the domain, which ran thus:—

“‘Whoever would pass this bridge, from one side to the other, must first, upon his oath, declare whither he goes, and what his business is. If he swear truth, he may go on; but if he swear false, he shall die without remission upon the gibbet at the end of the bridge.’

“This law and its rigorous condition being known, many people passed over, and, as it appeared they swore true, the judges permitted them to pass unmolested. It happened one day that a man being sworn declared that, by the oath he had taken, he was come to die upon that gallows, and nothing else.

“This oath put the judges to a nonplus; ‘for,’ said

they, 'if we let this man pass freely, he is forsworn, and, according to the law, he ought to die; if we hang him, he has sworn truth, seeing he swore he was to die on that gibbet; and by the same law he ought to pass free.'

"Now your lordship's judgment is desired what the judges ought to do with this man; for they are still doubtful and in suspense; and having been informed of your acute and high understanding, they sent me to beseech your lordship, in their names, to give your opinion in so intricate and knotty a case."

"Sure," answered Sancho, "those worshipful judges that sent you hither might have spared themselves the trouble; for I am more thick than sharp. However, let me hear your question once more, that I may thoroughly understand it, and maybe I shall hit the nail upon the head." The man repeated the question again and once again. "To my thinking," said Sancho, "this question may be presently answered, as thus: the man swore he came to die on the gibbet; and if he die there, he swore true, and, according to the law, he ought to be free and go over the bridge. On the other side, if you do not hang him, he swore false, and by the same law he ought to be hanged."—"It is as your lordship says," replied the stranger; "and as far as concerns the understanding of the case, there is no more to ask or doubt."—"I say then," said Sancho, "even let that part of the man that spoke true freely pass, and hang the other part of the man that swore false, and so the law will be fulfilled."—"But then, my lord," replied the stranger, "the man must needs be divided into two parts, which if we do, he certainly dies, and the law, which must be expressly observed, is fulfilled in nothing."

"Hark you me, honest man," said Sancho, "either I am a very dunce, or there is as much reason to put this same passenger you talk of to death, as to let him live and pass the bridge; for if the truth saves him, the lie equally condemns him. And this being so, as it is, I would have you tell those gentlemen that sent you to me, since there is as much reason to bring him off as to condemn him, that they even let him go free; for it is always more commendable to do good than hurt. And this I would

give you under my own hand if I could write. Nor do I speak in this case of myself; but I remember one precept, among many others, that my master Don Quixote gave me the night before I went to govern this island, which was, that when the scale of justice is even, or a case is doubtful, we should lean and incline to mercy; and it has pleased God I should call it to mind, for it fits this case like a glove.”¹—“So it does,” said the steward. “I believe Lycurgus himself, who gave the laws to the Lacedæmonians, could not have decided the matter better than the great Sancho has done. And now ends the audience for this morning; and I will give order that your excellency may dine to your own taste.”—“That is all I want, and a fair field,” cried Sancho. “Feed me well, and then heap cases and questions upon me. I will snuff them away to air.”

The steward was as good as his word, believing it would be a burden to his conscience to famish so wise a governor: besides, he intended that night to finish with him, by putting in practice the last trick which he had commission to pass upon him.

Now Sancho having plentifully dined that day, in spite of all the rules and aphorisms of Dr. Tirteafuera, when the cloth was removed, in came an express with a letter from Don Quixote to the governor. Sancho ordered the secretary to read it to himself, and, if there was nothing in it deserving secrecy, then to read it aloud. The secretary did so, and, having first run it over again, said, “That which Sir Don Quixote writes to you may not only be read aloud, but it deserves to be engraved and written in characters of gold; and thus it is:”

*Letter of Don Quixote de la Mancha to Sancho Panza,
Governor of the Island of Barataria.*

“When I expected to have had an account of thy carelessness and impertinences, friend Sancho, I have news of thy wise behaviour; for which I return particular thanks to Heaven, that can raise the poor from the dunghill and turn the fools into wise men. I hear thou governest as if thou wert a man; and that thou art a man even as if thou

¹ [*Como de molde*, like a mould.]

wert a dumb beast, with such humility dost thou bear thyself. But I desire thee to observe, Sancho, that it is many times very necessary and convenient to thwart the humility of the heart, for the better support of the authority of a place. For the ornament of a person that is advanced to an eminent post must be answerable to its demands, and not to the measure of that to which his humble rank inclines him. Let thy apparel be handsome; even a stake well dressed does not look like a stake. I would not have thee wear foppish gaudy things, nor, being a judge, dress like a soldier; but let thy dress be suitable to thy degree, so that it be always clean and decent.

“To gain the hearts of the people whom thou rulest, among other things you must do two: one is, to be courteous to all, though I have already told thee of that; and the other, to provide plenty of provisions, for nothing more afflicts the spirits of the poor than hunger and scarcity.

“Do not issue many new orders; and if thou dost put out any, see that they be good, and especially that they be strictly observed: for laws not well obeyed are the same as if they were not, and rather show that the prince who had the wisdom and authority to make them had not the resolution to see them executed; and laws that threaten, and are not executed, become like the log that was the frogs’ king, which they feared at first, but in time scorned and trampled on.

“Be a father to the virtues, but a stepfather to the vices. Be not always severe, nor always mild; choose a mean between these two extremes, for that is the point of discretion.

“Visit the prisons, the shambles, and the markets; for the governor’s presence is highly important in such places.

“Comfort the prisoners that await to be quickly dispatched.

“Be a terror to the butchers, that they may be fair in their weights; and keep huckster-women in awe, for the same reason.

“Shouldst thou happen to be inclined to be covetous (which I do not think), given to women, or a glutton, avoid showing it; for when the town, and those that come near thee, have discovered thy weakness, they will attack thee there, until they bring thee down to the depth of perdition.

"Mark and read over and over the admonitions and documents I gave thee in writing before thou wentest hence to thy government, and thou wilt see how thou findest in them, if thou keepest them, a haven of help to bear thee over those difficulties and emergencies that attend governors at every step.

"Write to thy lord and lady, and show thyself grateful: for ingratitude is the daughter of pride, and one of the worst of known sins; whereas he that is thankful to his benefactors gives a testimony that he will be so to God, who has done and continually does him so many benefits.

"The lady duchess dispatched a messenger on purpose to thy wife Teresa Panza with thy hunting suit, and another present. We expect his return every moment.

"I have been somewhat out of order by a certain cat-encounter, which turned out not much to the advantage of my nose; but that is nothing, for if there are necromancers that misuse me, there are some that defend me.

"Send me word whether the steward that is with thee had any hand in the business of the Countess Trifaldi, as thou wert once of opinion; and let me also have an account of whatever befalls thee, since the distance is so small; all the more as I have thoughts of leaving this idle life ere long, for I was not born for it.

"A business has offered that I believe will make me lose the duke and duchess's favour; but though it concerns me much, it does not make any difference: for, after all, I owe more to my profession than to their pleasure; conforming to the saying, *Amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas*.¹ I send thee this scrap of Latin, believing that, since thou camest to be a governor, thou mayest have learned it. Heaven be with thee, and keep thee above the pity of the world.

"Thy friend,

"DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA."

¹ This saying, commonly attributed to Aristotle, is a very free translation of an expression of his in the Nicomachean Ethics, where he is about to controvert some of his master's opinions—ἀμφοῖν ὄντοι φιλοῦν ὅσιον προτιμᾶν τὴν ἀλήθειαν.

Sancho gave great attention to the letter, and it was applauded, and pronounced wise by everybody that heard it. After that, he rose from table, and, calling the secretary, went and locked himself up with him in his chamber, and determined, without any further delay, to write an answer to his master Don Quixote. He ordered the scribe to set down, without adding or diminishing the least thing, what he dictated; which being done, this was the tenor of the letter in reply:—

Letter of Sancho Panza to Don Quixote de la Mancha.

“I am so taken up with my business, that I have not time to scratch my head, or even to pare my nails, which is the reason they are so long, God help them! I tell you this, dear master of mine, that you may not marvel why I have not yet let you know whether it goes well or ill with me in this same government, where I am more starved than when you and I wandered through woods and wildernesses.

“My lord duke wrote to me the other day, to inform me of certain spies that were got into this island to kill me; but as yet I have discovered none, but a certain doctor paid in this town to kill all the governors that come near it. They call him Dr. Pedro Recio, born at Tirteafuera, whence you may see whether his name is not enough to make me fear he will be the death of me. This same doctor says of himself, that he does not cure diseases when you have them, but that he keeps them from coming. The physics he uses are dieting and more dieting, till he turns a body to mere bones; as if leanness were not a worse ill than fever. In short, he starves me to death; and I see myself dying of spite, so that when I thought, as being a governor, to eat hot victuals and drink cool liquor, and to refresh my body in holland sheets and on feather beds, I am come to do penance like a hermit; and, as I do it not willingly, I am afraid the devil will have me at the very last.

“All this while I have not touched my due nor taken bribe; and how this comes to be I cannot imagine, for I have heard said here, that the governors who come to this

island are wont to have a good round sum given or lent them by the town before they enter; and that this is the usual custom, not only here, but with others going to governments.

"Last night, in going my rounds, I met with a very handsome damsel in boy's clothes, and a brother of hers in woman's apparel. My chief-butler fell in love with the girl, and has chosen her in his imagination for his wife, as he says; and I have pitched on the youth to be my son-in-law. To-day we both design to discourse with the father of the two, one Diego de la Llana, a gentleman and an old Christian as ever you could wish for.

"I visit the markets as you advised me, and yesterday found a huckster-woman selling hazel-nuts. It was proved that she had mixed a whole bushel of old, empty, rotten nuts among another of new. I judged them all to be given to the hospital-boys, who knew how to pick the good from the bad, and gave sentence against her that she should not come into the market for fifteen days; and people said I did well. What I can tell you is, that it is common report in this town that there is not a more rascally sort of people in the world than these market-women, for they are all shameless, ungodly, and impudent; and I believe them to be so by those I have seen in other places.

"I am well pleased that my lady duchess has written to my wife Teresa Panza, and sent her the present you mention. I will strive to show myself grateful one time or other. Pray give my service to her, and tell her she has not cast her gift in a broken sack, as my deeds shall show.

"If I had my wish, there should be no errors of ill-humour between your worship, my lord and lady; for, if you quarrel with them, it is clear that it must be to my loss. And, since you remind me of being grateful, it will not look well in you not to be so to those who have made so much of you and treated you so well at their castle.

"That cat affair I do not understand, only I fancy it must be some of the evil doings which the enchanters use to practise on you. I shall know when we meet.

"I would fain have sent you a token, but I do not

know what to send, unless it be some cane squirts, which they make in this island, and fix to bladders very curiously. But, if I stay in my place, by hook or by crook¹ I will find out something to send.

"If my wife Teresa Panza writes to me, pray pay the postage, and send me the letter; for I mightily long to hear how it is with my house and my wife and my children.

"So Heaven preserve you from ill-minded enchanters, and send me safe and sound out of this government, which I much doubt, for I expect to leave it with my life, by the way Dr. Pedro Recio treats me.

"Your servant,

"SANCHO PANZA THE GOVERNOR."

The secretary closed the letter, and immediately dispatched the express; and those who carried on the jest against Sancho, meeting together, consulted how to remove him from the government. And Sancho passed that afternoon in making several regulations for the good government of that which he imagined to be an island. He published an order against the hucksters of provisions in the commonwealth, and another to encourage the bringers-in of wines from any part whatever, provided the place whence they came should be declared, that they might be rated according to their value and goodness and repute; and that they who should mix it with water, or give it a wrong name, should be punished with death. He lowered the price of all kinds of foot-covering, and particularly of shoes, as thinking it exorbitant. He regulated servants' wages, that were increasing at a headlong pace. He laid the severest penalties upon those that should sing lewd and disorderly songs and ballads, either by night or by day, and also forbade all blind people the singing a miracle in rhyme,² unless they produced authentic

¹ [*De haldas ó de mangas*; lit, from skirts or sleeves; but Pellicer explains that the words have also the secondary meaning of 'fees' and 'gifts' receivable in his capacity of governor]

² Herrera, first physician to Philip III., in a formal address to the King, concerning the state of mendicity in Madrid, has these expressions:—"It appears to be highly necessary that some remedy or check should be devised in regard to the extortion of money by those who are,

testimony of its truth; for it appeared to him that most of those that the blind sing are false, and a disparagement to the true.

He made and appointed an officer of the poor, not to persecute, but to examine them whether they were truly such; for, under pretence of counterfeit lameness and artificial sores, strong arms are thieves, and good health sottish.

In short, he made such wholesome ordinances, that to this day they are observed in that place, and called, "the Constitutions of the great Governor Sancho Panza."

or who pretend to be, blind; who, placing themselves in the squares and principal streets of the chief cities of these realms, sing, with accompaniment of guitars or other instruments, printed ballads of apocryphal stories, all without authority, the greater part scandalous, and of tenour obscene. Some remedy should also be found for the practice of begging with cunning dogs, which are taught to leap through a ring, &c., all which things tend to disgrace order, and bring Christian almsgiving into disuse and contempt." It would be a very curious thing to compare with some of the late reports of the committees on mendicity of London, and in particular with the statements of the late Dr. Colquhoun, this old book, the *Amparo de Pobres*. I believe there is scarcely a trick now used in London, which Herrera does not mention as existing in Madrid at the beginning of the seventeenth century. Artificial and fictitious sores and mutilations of all kinds are described at great length; but some of the commonest tricks were such as certainly required the superstitious atmosphere of Madrid. For example, two mendicants go out of the same tavern, the one dressed as a Franciscan Friar, the other as a poor blind beggar. The Franciscan comes up, enters into conversation with the beggar, invokes his patron saint, and restores his sight to him. The surrounding crowd immediately collect a handsome sum, which they divide between the instrument and the object of such a rare interposition. In another page we find the history of a pretended Lazarus, who had thrown himself into a ditch, and being dragged out to all appearance quite dead, is immediately recovered by the touch of his pseudo-clerical associate.

CHAPTER LII.

Wherein is related the Adventures of the second Disconsolate or Distressed Lady, otherwise called Donna Rodriguez.

CID HAMET relates that Don Quixote's scratches being healed, he began to think the life he led in that castle contrary to the whole rule of knight-errantry which he professed; he resolved, therefore, to take leave of the duke and duchess, and set forwards for Saragossa, where, at the approaching tournament, he hoped to win the armour that was the prize at such festivals. Accordingly, as he sat at table with the lord and lady, he began to put in execution his design, and beg their leave, when behold two women suddenly entered the door of the great hall, clad in mourning from head to foot. One of them, approaching Don Quixote, threw herself at his feet, where, lying prostrate, with her mouth riveted to Don Quixote's feet, she fetched such sad, deep and doleful sighs that all those who were by were put into confusion. And, though the duke and duchess imagined it to be some jest that their servants sought to put upon Don Quixote, yet, perceiving with what earnestness the woman sighed, groaned and lamented, they were in doubt, and knew not what to think; till the compassionate Don Quixote, raising her from the ground, engaged her to discover herself and lift up the veil that hid her weeping face. She did so, and showed what they least expected, the face of Donna Rodriguez, the duenna of the family; and the other mourner proved to be her daughter, whom the rich farmer's son had deluded. All those that knew them were in great astonishment, the duke and duchess more than any; for, though they knew her simplicity and softness, they did not believe her so far gone in madness. At last, Donna Rodriguez, addressing herself to the duke and duchess, "May it please your Excellencies," said she, "to permit me to speak a little apart with this knight, for so it concerns me to get out of an unlucky business, into which

the impudence of a treacherous villain has brought us." With that the duke gave her leave to speak with Don Quixote as much as she would; then, applying her voice and face to Don Quixote, "It is not long," said she, "valorous knight, since I gave you an account how basely and treacherously a graceless farmer had used my much cherished and beloved child, the poor undone creature here present; and you then promised me to stand up for her, and right the wrong done to her; and now I have been given to understand you are about to leave this castle, in quest of the good adventures Heaven shall send you. And, therefore, before you are gone nobody knows whither, I would beg of you, that you challenge this sturdy clown, and make him marry my daughter according to the promise he gave her to be her husband before he was concerned with her. For to think my lord duke will ever see me righted is to look for pears on an elm, for the reason I told you in private. And so may Heaven preserve your worship, and not abandon us."—"Worthy matron," answered Don Quixote, with a great deal of gravity and solemn form, "moderate your tears, or to speak better, dry them up, and spare your sighs; for I take upon me to see your daughter's wrongs redressed; though she had done much better had she not been so ready to trust the protestations of lovers, who generally are quick to promise but slow to perform. Therefore, with my lord duke's permission, I will instantly depart to seek out this ungracious youth; and will find and challenge him, and kill him whensoever he shall decline to keep his promised word; for the chief end of my profession is to pardon the humble, and to chastise the proud; to relieve the miserable, and destroy the cruel."—"You need not," replied the duke, "give yourself the trouble of seeking the countryman of whom this good matron complains; nor need you ask my leave to challenge him; for I will grant him to be challenged, and will engage that he knows of the challenge and accepts it, and meets you in person to answer it in this my castle, where safe lists shall be set up for you both, observing all the conditions that are wont and ought to be kept in affairs of this kind, and doing each party justice, as all princes ought to do that give a free field to such as come

to fight within their territories.”—“Upon that assurance,” said Don Quixote, “with your grace’s leave, I, for this time, waive my gentility, and, levelling and adapting myself to the meanness of the offender, I hold myself equal with him, and qualify him to fight me; and so, though he be absent, I challenge and defy him as a villain, that has deluded this poor creature, that was a maid, and now, through his fault, is none; and he shall either perform his promise of making her his lawful wife, or die in the contest.” With that, pulling off his glove, he flung it down into the middle of the hall, and the duke took it up, declaring, as he already had done, that he accepted this challenge in the name of his vassal; fixing the time for combat to be six days after, and the place to be the court of that castle; the arms to be such as are usual among knights, as lance, shield, armour of mail, and all other pieces, without fraud, advantage, or any enchantment, after search and approval made by the judges of the field. “But, before all things, it is requisite that this good lady, and this false virgin, commit the justice of their cause into the hands of Sir Don Quixote, for otherwise there will be nothing done, and the said challenge cannot be duly executed.”—“I do,” answered the duenna.—“And so do I,” added the daughter, all tearful, ashamed, and in a sorry mood. This formality being adjusted, and the duke having resolved with himself what to do in the matter, the mourners went away, and the duchess ordered they should no longer be looked on as her servants, but as ladies-errant, that came to demand justice in her castle; and, accordingly, there was a separate lodging appointed for them, where they were served as strangers, to the amazement of the other servants, who could not imagine what would be the end of the folly and effrontery of Donna Rodriguez and her forsaken daughter.

Meanwhile, to complete their feast with mirth, and make a good end to the meal, into the hall came the page that had carried the letters and the presents to Teresa Panza, wife of Governor Sancho Panza. The duke and duchess were overjoyed to see him returned, having a great desire to know the success of his journey; and when they inquired of him he told them that the account

could not well be delivered so much in public, nor in few words; and therefore begged their graces would be pleased to leave it till they were alone, and, in the meantime, entertain themselves with those letters. With that, taking out two, he delivered them into the hands of the duchess. The superscription of one was, "A Letter for my Lady Duchess, of I know not where;" and of the other, "To my husband Sancho Panza, Governor of the Island Barataria, whom Heaven prosper for more years than me."

The duchess sat upon thorns¹ till she had read her letter; so, having opened it, and read it over to herself, finding that it could be read aloud, she read aloud, that the whole company might hear, what follows:—

Teresa Panza's Letter to the Duchess.

"The letter, my lady, which your greatness sent me, pleased me much; for, in truth, I heartily longed for it. The string of coral is a good thing, and my husband's hunting-suit comes up to it. All our town takes it mighty kindly that your honour has made Sancho my husband a governor, though nobody will believe it, especially our curate, Master Nicholas the barber, and Samson Carrasco the bachelor. But what care I whether they do or no? So it be true, as it is, let every one have their say. Though if truth must be told, I had not believed it either, but for the coral and the suit having come; for everybody in this place takes my husband to be a dolt, and cannot imagine what he can be fit to govern, unless it be a herd of goats. Well, Heaven be his guide, and speed him as He sees best for his children. As for me, lady of my soul, I am resolved, with your good liking, to make the most of this fine day, and go to court, to loll in a coach, and break the eyes of a thousand that envy me already. And, therefore, your Excellency, pray bid my husband send me store of money, and that it must be enough, for I believe it is dear living at court; bread there is sixpence and a pound of flesh thirty maravedis,² which would make one stand amazed. And if he is not for my coming, let him send me word in

¹ [Original, *No se le cocia el pan*; lit., her bread would not bake.]

² [About 5d.]

time, for my feet itch to be on the road ; for my gossips and neighbours tell me, that if I and my daughter go about the court showy and fine, my husband will be better known by me than I by him ; for many cannot choose but ask, What ladies are these in the coach ? with that one of my servants answers, ‘ The wife and daughter of Sancho Panza, governor of the island of Barataria ; ’ and thus shall my husband be known, and I honoured ; and so Rome for everything.

“ I am as troubled as I can be that we have gathered no acorns hereaway this year ; however, I send your highness about half-a-peck, which I went to the mountains to pick and choose one by one : and got the biggest there were. I wish they had been as big as ostrich eggs.

“ Let not your pomposity forget to write to me, and I will be sure to send you an answer, and let you know how I do, and send you all the news there is to tell of our village, where I remain praying the Lord to preserve your highness, and not to forget me. My daughter Sanchica, and my son, kiss your hands.

“ She that wishes rather to see you

“ than write to you,

“ Your servant, TERESA PANZA.”

This letter was very entertaining to all the company to hear, especially to the duke and duchess ; and the duchess asked Don Quixote whether it would be amiss to open the governor’s letter, which she imagined was a very good one ? Don Quixote told her, that, to please them, he would open it, which being done, he found what follows :—

Teresa Panza’s Letter to her Husband Sancho Panza.

“ I received thy letter, Sancho of my soul and I vow and swear to thee, as I am a Catholic Christian, I was within two fingers’ breadth of running mad for joy. Look you, my dear, when I heard thou wert made a governor, I thought I had like to have fallen down dead with mere gladness, for thou knowest sudden joy is said to kill as soon as great sorrow. As for thy daughter Sanchica, she knew not what she did for very pleasure. I had the

suit thou sentest me before my eyes, and the corals sent by my lady duchess about my neck and the letter in my hands, and him that brought them standing by me, and for all that I thought what I saw and felt was but a dream. For who could have thought a goatherd should ever come to be governor of islands? But you know, my dear, what said my mother, 'Who a great deal would see, a great while must live.' I speak this, because if I live longer I mean to see more; for I shall never be at rest till I see thee a farmer or receiver of the customs; for though they be offices such that the devil takes those that abuse them, for all that they always hold and handle money. My lady duchess will tell thee how I long to go to court. Pray think of it, and let me know thy mind; for I mean to credit thee there by going in a coach.

"The curate, the barber, the bachelor, and even the sexton, will not believe that thou art a governor; but say it is all juggling or enchantment, as all thy master Don Quixote's concerns are; and Samson says he must go and find thee out, and put this government out of thy pate, and Don Quixote's madness out of his skull. For my part, I do but laugh at them, and look upon my string of coral, and contrive how to fit up the suit thou sentest me into one for thy daughter.

"I have sent my lady the duchess some acorns; I would they were of gold. Send me some strings of pearl, if they be in fashion in thy island.

"The news of this village is, that Berrueca has married her daughter to a sorry painter, that came hither to paint anything that came to hand. The council set him to paint the king's arms over the door of the town hall: he asked them two ducats, which they paid him in advance; so he fell to work for eight days, but at the end had painted nothing, and said he could not manage to paint such trifles, and so gave them their money again. Yet for all this he married with the name of a good craftsman. The truth is, he has left his pencil and taken to the spade, and goes to the field like a gentleman. Pedro de Lobo's son has taken orders, and shaved his crown, meaning to be a priest. Minguilla, Mingo Salvato's granddaughter, heard of it, and has sued him upon a promise of marriage,

Ill tongues please to say she has been with child by him, but he stiffly denies it. We have no olives this year, nor is there a drop of vinegar in all this village. A company of soldiers went through this place, and carried along with them three wenches out of the town: I will not tell thee their names, for mayhaps they will come back and there will not want some that will marry them, with their faults good or bad. Sanchica makes bone-lace, and gets her eight maravedis a day clear, which she saves in a money-box towards her household-stuff. But now she is a governor's daughter, she has no need to work, for thou wilt give her a portion. The fountain in the market is dried up. A thunderbolt fell upon the pillory: there may they all light. I expect an answer to this, and thy resolution concerning my going to court. So Heaven send thee longer to live than myself, or as long; for I would not willingly leave thee without me in this world.

“THY WIFE, TERESA PANZA.”

These letters were praised, laughed at, well spoken of, and admired; and, to complete the matter, the express returned that brought Sancho's answer to Don Quixote, which was likewise publicly read, and made the governor's simplicity doubtful. The duchess withdrew, to know of the page what had passed in Sancho's village; of which he gave her a full account, without omitting to relate the least particular. He also brought her the acorns, and a cheese which Teresa had given him for a very good one, and better than those of Troncheon, and which the duchess accepted with the greatest pleasure. Now let us leave her, to tell the end of the government of great Sancho Panza, the flower and mirror of all island-governors.

CHAPTER LIII.

Of the toilsome End and Conclusion of Sancho Panza's Government.

To think the affairs of this life are always to remain in the same state, is an erroneous fancy. Rather does it seem continually to be in a state of involution,—I would say, of revolution. Spring precedes summer, summer the harvest, the harvest autumn, autumn winter, and winter spring.¹ So time proceeds in this perpetual round; only the life of man is ever hastening to its end, swifter than time, without hope of being renewed, unless in the next, which is unlimited and infinite. This says Cid Hamet, the Mahomedan philosopher. For only by the light of nature, and without that of faith, many have discovered the swiftness and instability of this present life, and the duration of the eternal life which is expected. But our author speaks here of the swiftness with which Sancho's government ended and was consumed and undone; how soon it vanished like shadow and smoke.

It was now the seventh night of the time of his government, when being in bed, sated not with bread and wine, but with hearing causes, pronouncing sentences, making statutes and proclamations, whilst sleep, in spite of hunger, was beginning to close his eyes, of a sudden, he heard a great noise of bells, and outcries, as if the whole island had been sinking. He sat up in bed, and listened with great attention, to try if he could learn what could be the cause of so great an uproar. But, not only could he not guess, but a great number of drums and trumpets being added to the noise of the bells and the cries, he grew more confused, and full of fear and terror.

¹ [In this unusual division of the year into five seasons, the author says *la primavera sigue* (follows) *al verano*, etc. Whether this is a slip of the pen, or a piece of humour on the part of Cervantes, as Mr. Duffield rather unwarrantably assumes, must be left to the reader's judgment.]

Up he leaped out of his bed, and put on his slippers, the ground being damp, and without putting on a dressing-gown or anything else of the sort, he went out of his chamber-door, at the moment when he saw about twenty men come running along the galleries with lighted links in their hands, and drawn swords, all crying out loudly, "Arm! my lord governor, arm! a world of enemies are got into the island, and we are undone, unless your activity and valour relieve us." With this riot, fury, and disorder, they got to where Sancho stood scared out of his senses at what he saw. "Arm this moment, my lord," cried one of them, when they got to him, "if you have not a mind to be lost with the whole island."—"What would you have me arm for?" quoth Sancho; "Do I know anything of arms or reliefs, think you? such matters are better left to Don Quixote, my master! he will dispatch them in a trice, and set them right. Alas! as I am a sinner to Heaven, I understand nothing of these assaults."—"Ah! my lord governor," said another; "what faint-heartedness is this? Arm yourself, we bring you here arms offensive and defensive. Take your place! be our leader and captain as you ought, being our governor."—"Why, then, arm me, and good luck attend me," quoth Sancho. With that, they brought him two large shields, which they had provided, and, without letting him put on his other clothes, clapped them over his shirt, and tied the one in front, and the other behind, having got his arms through some holes made on purpose. And so being fastened as hard as cords could bind them, he was cased up and immured as straight as a spindle, without being able so much as to bend his knees, or stir a step. Then, having put a lance into his hand for him to lean upon, and keep himself on his feet, they desired him to march, and lead them on, and put life into them all, telling him that they did not doubt of a good end to the business, he being their pole, their lantern and their morning-star. "March!" quoth Sancho, "how am I to do it, as miserable as I am? These boards stick so close and are so bound into my flesh, I cannot so much as bend the joints of my knees; you must even carry me in your arms, and lay me across or set me upright before some

passage, and I will guard it, either with this lance or my body.”—“Fie, my lord governor,” said another, “it is more your fear than the shields that hinder you from moving. Move, march on, it is late, the enemy increases, the voices grow stronger and the danger presses.” The poor governor, thus urged and upbraided, endeavoured to go forwards, when down he fell to the ground so heavily that he gave himself over for broken to pieces; and there he lay like a huge tortoise shut up and covered in his shell; or a fitch of bacon clapped between two boards, or like a boat over, keel upwards on the sand. Nor had those droll companions the least compassion upon him as they saw him lie; on the contrary having put out their lights, they turned to shouting again, renewed their call to arms with great force, and trampled upon poor Sancho and laid on furiously with their swords upon his shields, insomuch, that if he had not shrunk together and put his head into them for shelter, the poor governor had been in a woeful condition. Squeezed up in his narrow shell, and in a terrible sweat, he prayed to Heaven from the bottom of his heart for deliverance from this peril. Some stumbled, and others fell upon him, and one jumped full upon him, and thence, as from a watch-tower, for some time encouraged his soldiers, crying out in a loud voice, “There for us! the enemies charge on that side; make good that breach, secure that gate, down with those scaling ladders, fetch fire-balls, pitch, rosin, and kettles of scalding oil; get beds, and barricade the streets;” in short, he called with all eagerness for all the engines, instruments, and tools of war used for the defence of a city that is assaulted. Sancho lay sadly bruised; and while he heard and endured all, “Oh, that it would please the Lord,” quoth he to himself, “that this island were but taken, or that I were fairly dead, or out of this great trouble!” Heaven heard his prayers; and, when he least expected it, he heard them cry, “Victory! victory! the enemy is routed. Ho! my lord governor, rise, come and enjoy the fruits of conquest, and divide the spoils taken from the enemy, by the valour of that invincible arm.”—“Help me up,” cried poor Sancho, in a doleful tone. They helped him up, and when he was on his legs,

“Let the enemy I have routed,” quoth he, “be nailed to my forehead: I will divide no spoils of enemies: but if I have any friend, I only beg and pray that he give me a draught of wine for I am dry, and wipe off this sweat, for I am all over water.” Thereupon they wiped him, brought him wine, and took off his shields. And, as he sat upon his bed, what with his fear, the sudden fright, and his toil, he fell into a swoon, insomuch, that those who acted this scene began to repent they had carried it so far. But Sancho, recovering from his fit, they also recovered from the uneasiness his swoon had given them. He asked what it was o’clock; they answered, it was now break of day. He said nothing, but without any word, began to put on his clothes; and while he continued buried in silence, all were wondering, and waiting to see what could be the meaning of his being in such haste to put on his clothes. At last he made an end of dressing himself, and, step by step (for he was too much bruised to go along very fast), he got to the stable, followed by all the company, and, coming to Dapple, he embraced him, gave him a loving kiss on the forehead, and, with tears in his eyes, “Come hither,” said he, “my faithful companion, my friend, and fellow-sharer in my toils and miseries; when thou and I consorted together, and all my cares were but to mend thy furniture, and feed thy little carcase, then happy were my hours, my days, and my years. But since I forsook thee, and clambered up the towers of ambition and pride, a thousand woes, a thousand toils, and four thousand tribulations, have haunted my soul.” While he was talking thus, he fitted on his pack-saddle himself, nobody offering to say anything to him. Dapple being saddled, with a great deal of difficulty and pain he mounted upon him, and then, addressing his words and discourse to the steward, the secretary, the butler, and Doctor Pedro Recio, and many others that stood by,—“Make way, gentlemen,” said he, “and let me return to my former liberty. Let me go, that I may seek my past life and rise again from this present death. I was not born to be a governor, nor to defend islands nor cities from enemies that seek to break in upon them. I know better what belongs to ploughing, delving, pruning, and grafting of

vines, than how to make laws, and defend countries and kingdoms. St. Peter is very well at Rome; which is as much as to say, everyone is best following the calling he was born to. A reaping hook does better in my hand than a governor's truncheon; and I had rather fill my belly with a mess of plain porridge,¹ than lie at the mercy of a coxcomb physician that starves me to death. I had rather refresh myself under the shade of an oak in summer, and wrap myself in a couple of skins in winter, at my liberty, than lay me down, with the slavery of a government, between holland sheets, and clothe myself in sables. Heaven be with you, gentlefolks! and pray tell my lord duke from me, that naked I was born, and naked I am at present. I have neither won nor lost; which is as much as to say, without a penny I came to this government, and without a penny I leave it—quite contrary to what other governors of islands used to do when they left them. Clear the way, then, and let me pass; I must get myself plastered; for I do not think I have a sound rib left, thanks to the enemies that have walked over me this night.”—“This must not be, my lord governor,” said Dr. Recio, “for I will give you a drink, that is a specific against falls and bruises, and that will presently restore you to your former health and strength. And then, for your diet, I promise to take a new course, and to let you eat abundantly of whatsoever you please.”—“It is too late,” answered Sancho; “I would as soon turn Turk, as stay me from going. These tricks will not pass twice. By Heaven I shall as soon fly to heaven without wings, as stay here, or take another government, though it were served up to me betwixt two plates. I am of the blood of the Panzas, and we are all obstinate. If once we cry odd, it shall be odd, in spite of all mankind, though it be even. Let me leave behind me, in this stable, those ant's wings that lifted me up in the air, to be a prey to martlets and other birds. Let me now tread again on plain ground; though I may not wear pinked Cordovan pumps, I shall not want a pair of sandals² to

¹ [*Gazpacho*.—It is described as a compound of oil, vinegar, water, salt, and spice, with toasted bread; a sort of *soup maigre*.]

² [*Alpargatas toscas de cuerda*, coarse string sandals worn by peasants.]

my feet. Every sheep to her mate ; and let no one stretch his legs the more, however wide the sheet may be ; and so, let me go, for it is late.”—“ My lord governor,” said the steward, “ we will let you depart with goodwill, though it grieves us much to part with you, your sense and Christian behaviour engaging us to covet your company ; but you know, that every governor, before he leaves the place he has governed, is bound to give an account of his administration. Be pleased, therefore, to do so for the ten days¹ you have been among us, and then go in the peace of God.”—“ No man has power to call me to an account,” replied Sancho, “ unless it be one of my lord duke’s appointment. Now, to him it is that I am going, and to him I will give exact account ; the more so, as going away so bare as I do, there needs no other token that I have governed like an angel.”—“ By Heaven,” said Dr. Recio, “ the great Sancho is in the right ; and I am of opinion we let him go : for the duke will be very glad to see him.” To this they all agreed, and let him pass, offering to attend him, and supply him with whatever he might want for the comfort of his person and convenience of his journey. Sancho told them, that he desired no more than a little barley for Dapple, and half a cheese and half a loaf for himself, having occasion for no other provisions for so short a journey. They all embraced him, and he embraced them all with tears, leaving them in admiration as much at his discourse as at his resolute and wise determination.

CHAPTER LIV.

Which treats of Matters that relate to this History, and no other.

THE duke and duchess resolved that Don Quixote’s challenge against their vassal for the cause related should proceed ; and the young man being fled into Flanders, to avoid having Donna Rodriguez to his mother-in-law, they

¹ [There is either a designed or accidental discrepancy here, the time being given elsewhere as seven days. See p. 393.]

made choice of a Gascoin lackey, named Tosilos, to supply his place, and gave him instructions how to act his part. Two days after, the duke acquainted Don Quixote that within four days his antagonist would come and present himself in the lists, armed like a knight, to maintain that the damsel lied through half the beard and even through the whole beard, if she said that he had promised her marriage. Don Quixote was mightily pleased with this news, promising himself to do wonders on this occasion, and esteeming it an extraordinary happiness to have opportunity offered to show these nobles how extensive was the valour of his potent arm. Cheered and contented, he waited for the end of these four days, which his eagerness now made him reckon as four hundred ages.

Letting them pass, as we do other matters, let us a while attend Sancho, who, betwixt joy and sorrow, was now on his Dapple, making the best of his way to seek his master, whose company he valued more than the government of all the islands in the world. It happened that he had not gone far from the island of his government (he never troubled himself to examine whether it was island, city, town, or village that be governed), before he saw upon the road he was going six pilgrims, with their walking staves, foreigners such as beg alms, singing; who as they drew near him, placed themselves in a row, and lifting up their voices all together, fell a singing in their language, something that Sancho could not understand, unless it were one word, which plainly signified alms; by which he guessed that charity was the burthen of their song. Being exceeding charitable, as Cid Hamet reports him, he took from his wallet the half loaf and half cheese with which he came provided, and gave them these, making signs withal that he had nothing else to give them. They took the dole with a good will, and cried, "Güelte, güelte."¹—"Good people," quoth Sancho, "I do not understand what you would have." With that, one of them pulled out a purse from his bosom and showed it to Sancho, by which he understood that it was money they wanted. But he, putting his thumb on to his throat and extending his hand upwards, made a sign

¹ [*I.e.* German, *Geld*, money.]

that he had not a cross; and so clapping spurs to Dapple he began to make way through them; but, at the same time, one of them, who had been looking on him very earnestly, laid hold on him, and throwing his arms about his middle, "Bless me!" cried he aloud in very good Spanish, "what do I see? Is it possible I hold in my arms my dear friend, my good neighbour Sancho Panza? Yes, sure it must be he, for I am neither dreaming nor as yet drunk." Sancho, wondering to hear himself called by his name, and to see himself hugged by the foreign pilgrim, stared upon him with much attention without speaking a word; but could not guess who he was. The pilgrim observing his amazement, "What," said he, "is it possible, friend Sancho Panza, you do not know your neighbour, Ricote the Morisco, that kept a shop in your town?" Then Sancho, looking wistfully on him again, began to call him to mind; at last, he knew him again perfectly, and clasping him about the neck, without alighting from his beast, "Ricote," cried he, "who the devil could ever have known thee in this mumming dress! Prithee, who has frenchified thee then? And how durst thou offer to come again into Spain? where, shouldst thou be caught and known, it will go hard with thee."—"If thou dost not betray me, Sancho," said the pilgrim, "I am safe enough, for nobody will know me in this disguise. But let us get out of the road, and make to yonder poplar-grove; my comrades wish to eat and rest there, and thou shalt dine with them. They are very honest souls. There I shall have an opportunity to tell thee how I have passed my time, since I was forced to leave our village in obedience to the king's edict, which, as thou knowest, so severely threatened those of our unfortunate nation."

Sancho consented, and Ricote, having spoken to the rest of the pilgrims, they went all together to the grove which was visible, at a good distance from the high road. There they laid by their staves, and taking off their cloaks or pilgrims' weeds, remained in jackets; all of them young handsome fellows, except Ricote, who was somewhat stricken in years. Every one carried his wallet, which seemed well furnished, at least with high-seasoned bits, provocative to so-called two-leagued thirst. They

lay down on the ground, and making the grass their tablecloth, they set on it bread, salt, knives, nuts, crusts of cheese, and some clean-picked ham-bones, which, if they could not be eaten, at least might be sucked. They also had a kind of black meat called caviare, made of the roes of fish, a great inciter of the bottle. They also had olives, which, though dry and without any pickle, were savoury and refreshing; but the chief glory of the feast was six bottles of wine of which each took one from his wallet; even honest Ricote himself, now transformed from a Morisco to a German, took out his, which in size could compete with all the five. They began to eat with the greatest gusto, and very leisurely, relishing each mouthful, and taking but a little of everything at a time on the point of a knife. Then all at once they lifted up their arms, and applying their own mouths to the mouths of the bottles, and turning them up, they seemed to be taking aim in the air, with their eyes fixed on heaven: they remained in that posture a good while, shaking their heads as in rapture, to express the pleasure they received, and transfusing the heart's blood of the vessels into their stomachs. Sancho admired all this, and could not find the least fault with it; on the contrary, and to make good the proverb that he knew well enough. When thou art at Rome, do as you see, he desired Ricote to lend him his bottle, and took his aim as well as the rest, and with no less satisfaction. Four times did they occasion the bottles to be exalted, but there was no doing it the fifth, for they were quite exhausted, and drier than a rush, which turned the mirth hitherto shown into sorrow. Now and then one or other of the pilgrims took Sancho by the right hand and cried, "Spaniard and German all one, *bon campano*;" and Sancho answered, "*Bon campano*, perdie,"¹ and then burst out a-laughing

¹ It is impossible to read this chapter without being filled with indignation at the barbarous and short-sighted policy which deprived Spain of 600,000 of her most industrious inhabitants; and which, as a writer of that day expressed himself, may almost be said to have converted *Hispania Felix* into *Hispania Deserta*. Cervantes, however, if we may judge from the general strain of his writings, and in particular, from the bitter language he uses in his *Colloquio de Dos Perros*, was himself a violent anti-Morisco; and, indeed, if we consider the circumstances of his own life, we can scarcely wonder that it should

for an hour together, without the least concern for all that befell him in his government; for anxieties are wont to have but little power over the space and time that men spend in eating or drinking. In short, the finishing of the wine was the beginning of a sleep that fell on all, and they remained asleep upon their own tables and covers; only Sancho and Ricote, who had eaten more but drunk less, remained awake, and moving about, they sat down at the foot of a beech, leaving the pilgrims buried in sweet slumber, and Ricote, in good Spanish, without stumbling into his Moorish tongue, spoke to this purpose.

“Thou well knowest, neighbour and friend Sancho Panza, how the edict that his majesty caused to be published to those of my nation alarmed us all; at least, me it did; insomuch, that before the time limited for our going from Spain I thought the law was ready to be executed upon me and my children. Accordingly, I resolved, prudently as it seems to me (as a man does that knows his habitation will be taken away from him, and so secures another before he is obliged to remove)—I resolved, I say, to leave our town by myself, without my family, to seek some place beforehand, where I might convey them conveniently and without the hurry with which the rest went; for I saw, and all the wisest among us saw, that those proclamations were not only threats, as some said, but real edicts which would certainly take effect at the appointed time. I was forced to believe this, being conscious that our people had dangerous and mad designs; so that I could not but think that the king was inspired from Heaven to take so brave a resolution: not because we were all guilty, for there were some sound and real Christians among us; but their number was so small, that they could not oppose those that were otherwise, and it was not

have been so. The only plausible defence of that useless rigour is one, the grounds of which have never been authenticated,—the discoveries, namely, of a great conspiracy between the Moriscos of Spain, and the Corsairs of Barbary, for the restoration of the Moorish monarchy in the peninsula. The kindness with which the Morisco in the story, and Sancho Panza treat each other, may no doubt be considered as a fair specimen of the manner in which the last expulsion of the Moors was regarded by a very great proportion of the people of Spain.

well to nourish the snake in the bosom, and keep enemies within doors. In short, it was just that we should be visited with the penalty of banishment, which to some is a mild and pleasant fate, but to us the most dreadful that could befall us: wherever we are, we bewail Spain; for, after all, there we were born, and it is our native country. We find nowhere the entertainment our misfortune requires; and in Barbary, and all other parts of Africa, where we expected to meet with reception, welcome, and relief, we find the greatest opposition and ill-usage. We did not know happiness till we had lost it; and the desire which almost all of us have to return to Spain is such, that the greatest part of those that speak the tongue as I do, who are many, came back hither, and leave their wives and children in a forlorn condition; so strong is their love for her; and now I know by experience the truth of the saying, Sweet is the love of one's country. For my part, having left our town, I went into France, and though I was very well received there, yet I had a mind to see all; and so, I travelled into Italy, and thence into Germany, where methought one might live with more freedom, for the inhabitants do not show much inquisitiveness and everybody follows his own way; for there is liberty of conscience allowed in the greater part of the country. There, after I had taken a dwelling in a village near Augsburg, I joined company with these pilgrims, who make it their custom to go to Spain,¹ many of them every year, to visit the places of devotion, which they look upon as their Indies, their surest profit and well-known advantages. They travel almost the whole kingdom over; nor is there a village where they are not sure to get meat and drink, and a real at least in money. And at the end of their pilgrimage they come off with more than a hundred

¹ Herrera, in the work already more than once referred to, says of these pilgrims,—“How can we blame those Frenchmen and Germans who pass through these realms singing in quadrilles and dancing, and taking all our money from us, seeing that such constant success attends all those who take upon them the sacred character and habit of pilgrims? Indeed, I have heard that a man will offer a girl in France, by way of dower, whatever he shall be able to make in once going to, and returning from, St. James of Compostello, as if Spain were their Indies, where they are to exercise their inventions.”

crowns clear gain, which they change into gold, and hide either in the hollow of their staves, or patches of their cloaks, and thus, or with some device they know of, convey them out of the kingdom and into their own country, in spite of the guards at the posts and ports where they are registered. Now, Sancho, my design in returning hither is to fetch the treasure that I left buried, which I may do without danger, by reason it lies in a place out of the town, and then write or go over myself from Valencia to my daughter and wife, who I know are in Algiers, and find one way or other to get them over to some port in France, and from thence bring them into Germany, where we will stay, and see how Providence will dispose of us: for in point of fact, Sancho, I am sure my daughter Ricota and my wife Francisca Ricota are Catholic Christians; and though I cannot say I am as much as that, yet I have more of the Christian than of the Moor, and make it my constant prayer to God, to open the eyes of my understanding, and let me know how to serve Him. What I wonder at is that my wife and daughter should rather go to Barbary than to France, where they might have lived like Christians."

"Look you, Ricote," answered Sancho, "mayhap that was not their fault; for John Tiopieyo, thy wife's brother, took them along with him, and he, belike, being a rank Moor, would go where be none of the most active. And I must tell thee another thing, that I doubt thou wilt lose thy labour in going to look after what thou hast hidden, for the report was heard that thy brother-in-law and thy wife had a great many pearls, and a deal of money in gold, taken away from them, which they took to be registered."—"That may be," replied Ricote; "but I am sure, Sancho, they have not met with my hoard, for I did not tell them where I had hidden it, for fear of some misfortune; and therefore, if thou wilt go along with me, and help me to take it out and carry it off, I will give thee two hundred crowns, to help thee to meet thy necessities, for thou knowest I can tell thou hast many."—"I would do it," answered Sancho, "but I am not at all covetous. Were I so, this morning I quitted an employment from which I might have got enough

to have made the walls of my house of gold, and, before six months had been at an end, I might have eaten off silver. So that, as well for this reason as because I fancy it would be treason to the king, in abetting his enemies, I would not go with thee, though instead of the two hundred crowns you promised me, you were to count me down four hundred here.”—“And prithee, Sancho,” said Ricote, “what sort of employment is it thou hast left?”—“Why,” quoth Sancho, “I have left the government of an island, and such a one, if faith, as you will scarce meet with the like in haste, within three stone-throws.”—“And where is this island?” said Ricote.—“Where!” quoth Sancho, “why, some two leagues off, and it is called the island of Barataria.”—“Hold thy peace, Sancho,” replied Ricote; “islands lie in the sea; there are no islands in the mainland.”—“Why not?” quoth Sancho. “I tell thee, friend Ricote, I came from it but this morning; and yesterday I was there governing it at my will and pleasure, like an archer; yet, for all that, I even left it; for this same place of a governor seemed to me a perilous kind of office.”—“And what didst thou get by thy government?” asked Ricote.—“Why,” answered Sancho, “I have got to understand, that I am not fit to govern anything, unless it be a herd of cattle; and that the wealth that is got in these kinds of government is at the cost of rest and sleep and even of sustenance; for in your islands, governors must eat little, especially if they have physicians to look after their health.”—“I cannot understand thee, Sancho,” said Ricote; “it seems to me all madness that thou talkest, for who would give thee islands to govern! Was the world quite bare of abler men more suitable to be a governor? Say no more, Sancho, but come to thy senses, and consider whether thou wilt go along with me as I said to thee, and help me to carry off the treasure I left hidden, for in truth I may well call it a treasure, so large it is, and I will give thee wherewith to live, as I have told thee.”—“I have already told thee, Ricote,” answered Sancho, “that I will not. Let it suffice that I will not betray thee, and so, in God’s name, go thy way, and let me go mine; for full well I wot, that what is honestly got is lost, but what is ill got will perish, and the owner too.”—“Well, Sancho,”

said Ricote, "I will not press thee. Only prithee, tell me, wert thou in the village when my wife, daughter, and my brother-in-law went away?"—"I was," quoth Sancho, "and can tell you thy daughter looked so handsome, that everybody in the place came out to see her, and they all said she was the finest creature on earth. She wept all the way, poor thing, and embraced all her friends and acquaintance, and all that came to see her, and begged them all to commend her to God and to our Lady his mother, and that in so piteous a manner that she even made me shed tears, though I am not given to weeping. 'Faith, many there had a good mind to hide her, and to go and take her away; but the thoughts of the king's proclamation kept them off. But he that showed himself the most concerned was Don Pedro de Gregorio, that young rich heir that you know. They say he was much in love with her, and has never been seen again in the town since she went; and we all thought he was gone after her, to steal her away, but hitherto we have heard no more of it."—"I have all along had a jealousy," said Ricote, "that this gentleman loved my daughter: but, trusting to the honesty of my Ricota, it never troubled me to know that he wanted her; for thou must have heard say, Sancho, very few, or hardly any Moorish women marry with the old Christians for love; and my daughter, who, as I believe, minds more to be a Christian than to be in love, will but little regard this young heir's courtship."—"Heaven grant she may," quoth Sancho, "for else it would be the worse for them both. And now, friend Ricote, I must bid thee good-bye, for I have a mind to be with my master Don Quixote this evening."—"Then Heaven be with thee, brother Sancho," said Ricote; "my comrades are stirring and it is time we should be making our way." With that the two embraced, and Sancho mounted his Dapple, while Ricote leaned on his pilgrim's staff; and so they parted.

CHAPTER LV.

Of things that happened to Sancho by the way, and others which you have only to see.

SANCHO staid so long with Ricote, that he was not able to reach the duke's castle that day; and night, somewhat dark and over-clouded, overtook him within half a league of it. However, as it was summer-time, this did not give him much uneasiness, and so he went out of the road, with a design to stay there till the morning. But, as his scant and misguided luck would have it, while he was seeking some place where he might rest himself, he and Dapple tumbled into a deep and very dark hole which was among the ruins of some old buildings. As he was falling, he prayed with all his heart, fancying that he would not stop till he reached the depth of the lower regions; but it was not so, for at little more than three fathoms, Dapple made a stop at the bottom, and his rider found himself still on his back, without the least hurt in the world. He felt all about him and held his breath, to see if he was sound, or in any part pierced. Finding himself well, whole, and in the most veritable health, he thought he could never give Heaven sufficient thanks for its mercy rendered him; for he thought that without doubt he was broken into a thousand pieces. He likewise groped with his hands about the walls of the pit, to try if it were possible to get out without help; but he found them all smooth, and without the least hold, which grieved Sancho to the soul; especially when he heard Dapple raise his voice in a very piteous and doleful manner, nor did the poor beast make too much lamentation, or without reason, for, to say the truth, he was but in a woful condition. "Woe's me," cried Sancho Panza, "what sudden and unthought-of mischances at every foot befall us poor wretches that live in this miserable world! Who would have thought, that he who but yesterday saw himself seated on the throne of an island-governor, with servants and vassals at his beck, should to-day find himself buried in a pit

without the least soul to help him, or any servant or vassal to come to his relief! Here we are likely to perish with hunger, I and my ass, if we do not die before, he of his bruises and breakings, and I of grief and anguish. At least, I shall not be so lucky as was my master Don Quixote de la Mancha, when he went down into the cave of that enchanted Montesinos, where he found better fare than at his own house; the cloth was laid, and his bed made, and he saw nothing but beautiful and pleasant visions; but I am like to see toads and snakes. Unhappy creature that I am! What have my madness and whimsies brought me to? Whenever it is Heaven's will that my bones be found, they will be taken out of this place, bare, white, and smooth, and those of my poor Dapple with them; by which, perhaps, it will be seen whose they are, at least by those who shall have taken notice, that Sancho Panza never stirred from his ass, nor his ass from Sancho Panza. Unhappy creatures that we are, I say again! Why could not our scanty luck have allowed us to die at home among our friends! though our misfortune had missed of relief, we should not have wanted pity, and someone to close our eyes at the last gasp.—Oh! my dear companion and friend," said he to his ass, "how ill have I requited thy faithful services! Forgive me, and pray to fortune the best thou canst to deliver us out of this miserable plight in which we two are placed, and I promise thee to set a crown of laurel on thy head, that thou mayest be taken for no less than a poet-laureate, and thy allowance of provender shall be doubled." Thus Sancho lamented, and his ass hearkened to what he said, but answered not a word, so great was the grief and anguish which the poor creature endured.

At length, having spent the whole of that night in miserable complaints and lamentations, the day came on, by the clearness and light of which Sancho saw that it was utterly impossible to get out of that well without help, and he began to lament and make an outcry, to try whether anybody might hear him. But all his calling was as in the desert, for all around there was nobody within hearing; and therefore he gave himself over for dead. Dapple was lying nose upwards, and he contrived

to get him on his legs, on which the poor beast was hardly able to stand. Then he took a piece of bread out of his wallet, that had run the same fortune in their fall, and giving it to the ass, who took it not at all amiss, "Here," said Sancho, as if he understood him, "sorrow with food is sorrow good."¹ He now perceived on one side of the pit a great hole, wide enough for a man to creep through stooping. Sancho Panza drew to it, crawled through it on all-fours, and found that it was lofty and large within, which he could perceive because a ray of sun came in through what might be called the roof and made it all visible. He saw at the same time, that it widened and enlarged itself into another spacious cavity. Having made this discovery, he went back to his ass, and with a stone he began to remove the earth that was about the hole, in such a manner that he soon made a passage where the ass could easily pass through as he had done. Then taking him by the halter, he began to lead him along through the cavern, to try if he could not find any way to get out on the other side. Sometimes he went in the dark, and sometimes without light, but never without fear. "God Almighty defend me," said he to himself. "This now, which to me is a sad disaster, to my master Don Quixote would be a rare adventure. He would look upon those caves and dungeons as flowery gardens and glorious palaces,² and hope to be led out of these dark narrow ways into some flowery meadow; while I, luckless, helpless, heartless wretch that I am, every step I take, expect some deeper pit than this to open suddenly under my feet, and swallow me up. Welcome ill luck when it comes alone." In this manner and with these thoughts, it seemed to him that he had gone somewhat more than half a league, when, at last, he perceived a confused light, seeming like that of day, breaking in at

¹ [*Todos los duelos con pan son buenos*; or as the proverb otherwise runs, *son menos*, "are less."]

² In the original it is *Galiana's palaces*. Galiana was the name of a Moorish princess, daughter to King Gadalfé of Toledo, who built for her a palace of great extent, by the side of the Tagus, the ruins of which had not entirely disappeared in the age of Sancho Panza. The palaces of Galiana were as proverbial in Spain as the hanging gardens of Semiramis in Assyria.

some place, which gave a prospect of some final opening leading, as he thought, to another life.

Here Cid Hamet Benengeli leaves him awhile, and returns to tell of Don Quixote, who entertained and pleased himself with the hopes of the appointed combat between him and the dishonourer of Donna Rodriguez's daughter, whose wrongs and injury foully done to her he designed to redress.

It happened one morning, as he was riding out to prepare and exercise himself in what he had to do in the peril in which he expected to be on the morrow, giving Rozinante a jerk or start, he pitched his feet so near the brink of a cave, that if he had not drawn rein strongly he must infallibly have tumbled into it. But he held him in, and did not fall; and coming somewhat nearer, looked into the cave without alighting, and while he stood gazing he heard a loud noise within, and listening intently, could distinguish and understand these words: "Ho! above there! is there no Christian that hears me, no charitable knight, that will take pity on a sinner buried alive, a miserable governor without a government!" Don Quixote fancied he heard Sancho Panza's voice, which puzzled and surprised him; and raising his voice as much as he could, "Who is that below?" cried he; "Who is it that complains?"—"Who should it be, or who should complain," was the answer, "but the most wretched Sancho Panza, governor, for his sins and for his unlucky errantry, of the island of Barataria, formerly squire to the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha?" To hear this doubled Don Quixote's wonder, and increased his amazement; for he presently imagined that Sancho Panza must be dead, and that his soul was there doing penance. Possessed with that fancy, "I conjure thee," said he, "by all that I can conjure thee, as a Catholic Christian, to tell me who thou art. And, if thou art a soul in pain, let me know what thou wouldst have me do for thee. For since my profession is to assist and succour the afflicted in this world, it shall also be so to assist and succour those who are in need in the other, and who cannot help themselves."—"Surely, sir," was the answer, "you that speak to me should be my master Don

Quixote : by the tone of the voice it can certainly be no man else.”—“I am Don Quixote,” replied Don Quixote, “whose duty it is to assist the living and the dead in their necessities. Tell me then who thou art, for thou fillest me with astonishment: for if thou art my squire Sancho Panza, and art dead, if the devils have not got thee, and through Heaven’s mercy thou art in purgatory, our holy mother, the Roman Catholic church, hath sufficient suffrages to redeem thee from the pains in which thou art, and I myself will solicit her, as far as my estate will go; therefore declare thyself at once, and tell me who thou art.—I swear,” replied he, “and by whosoever’s nativity you will, Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, I make oath that I am Sancho Panza your squire, and that I never was dead yet in all the days of my life. But having left my government, for reasons and causes which I have not leisure yet to tell, last night I fell into this cave, where I am still, and Dapple with me, that will not let me tell a lie; since for more tokens he is here.” Now, what is more, the ass, as if for all the world he had understood what Sancho said, at the very moment fell a-braying so obstreperously, that the whole cavern rang again. “A famous witness,” cried Don Quixote; “I know his bray, as if I were the parent of him; and I know thy voice too, my Sancho. Wait for me till I go to the duke’s castle, which is hard by, and fetch some to help thee out of this pit into which thy sins must have thrown thee.”—“Go and return quickly, sir, for heaven’s sake,” quoth Sancho, “for I can no longer endure to be here buried alive, and I am dying with fear.”

Don Quixote left him and went with all speed to the castle, and gave the duke and duchess an account of Sancho Panza’s accident, at which they did not a little wonder, though they conceived he must have fallen through the connected portion of the cave, which had been there time out of mind. But they could not think how he had abdicated his government without advising them of his coming away.

In fine, as they say, they sent cords and ropes, and at the cost of many people and much labour they dragged Dapple and Sancho Panza from that gloomy pit to the light of the

sun. A certain scholar seeing him, "Just so," said he, "should all bad governors come out of their governments; just as this sinner is dragged out of this profound abyss, half starved, pale, and, as I believe, without a cross in his pocket." Sancho heard him, and said, "It is now eight or ten days, friend Slander, since I began to govern the island that was given me, and in all that time I never had my bellyful but once; physicians have persecuted me, enemies have trampled over my bones, and I have had neither leisure to take bribes, nor to receive my just dues. Now, all this being so, in my opinion I did not deserve to come out in this fashion. But man proposes, and God disposes. Heaven knows best and what is good for us all, and as the time such the trial. Let no man say, I will not drink of this water; and where one looks for flitches there are no hooks. Heaven knows my mind, and I say no more, though I might."—"Never trouble thyself, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "nor mind what thou shalt hear, for so thou wilt never have done. So thy conscience be clear, let them say what they will say. One may as well put doors to a field, as seek to tie the tongues of slanderers. If a governor returns rich from his government, they say he has robbed; if poor, then they call him a do-little and a fool."—"Nothing so sure then," quoth Sancho, "but this bout they will rather call me an idiot than a robber."

Thus discoursing, with a rabble of boys and many other people about them, they got to the castle, where the duke and duchess waited in a gallery for Don Quixote and Sancho. The latter would not go up to see the duke till he had first put up Dapple in the stable; for he said that he had but sorry entertainment in his last night's lodging. This done, away he went to wait on his lord and lady; and, throwing himself on his knees before them, "My lord and lady," said he, "I went to govern your island of Barataria, such being your highnesses' will, though it was more than my desert. Naked I entered into it, and naked I came away. I neither lost nor won. Whether I governed well or ill, there were witnesses who will say what they please. I have resolved doubtful cases, determined lawsuits, and all the while ready to die

for hunger; such having been the pleasure of Doctor Pedro Recio, native of Tirteafuera, insular and gubernorial physician. Enemies set upon us in the night, and after they had put us in great danger, the people of the island say they were delivered, and had the victory by the strength of my arm; and may Heaven prosper them as they speak truth. In short, in that time I have measured all the burdens and obligations this trade of governing brings along with it, and by my account I found them too heavy for my shoulders. They are not the weight for my ribs, nor arrows for my quiver; and so, before the government left me, I even resolved to leave the government. Yesterday morning I quitted the island as I found it, with the same streets, the same houses and roofs that it had when I came to it. I have asked for nothing by way of loan, nor meddled with making profits. I designed, indeed, to have issued out several wholesome orders, but did not, for fear they should not be kept; in which case, it is the same to make them and to make them not. So, as I said, I came away from the island without any company but my Dapple: I fell into a cavern and went through it, till this morning by the light of the sun, I spied the way out; yet not so easily but that had not Heaven sent my master Don Quixote to help me, there I might have staid till doomsday. And now, my lord duke, and my lady duchess, here is your governor Sancho Panza again, who, by only ten days' government, has picked up so much experience as to know he would not give a straw to be a governor, not only of an island, but of all the world. This being allowed, kissing your honours' hands, and doing like the boys, when they play, who cry, 'Leap you, and then let me leap;' so I leap from the government and pass into the service of my master Don Quixote, in which, after all, though I eat my bread with bodily fear, at least I fill my belly; and, for my part, so I have but my fill, it is no matter whether it be with carrots or partridges."

Thus Sancho concluded his long speech, and Don Quixote, who all the while dreaded he would have said a thousand impertinencies, thanked Heaven in his heart, finding him end with so few. The duke embraced Sancho, and

told him it grieved his soul that he had quitted the government so soon ; but that he would manage so as to give him some other employment on his estate that should be less burdensome, and more profitable. The duchess likewise embraced him, giving orders he should be entertained, for he gave tokens of being sadly bruised and worse provided.

CHAPTER LVI.

Of the extraordinary and unheard-of Combat which took place between Don Quixote de la Mancha, and the Lackey Tosilos, in the defence of the Lady Donna Rodriguez's Daughter.

THE duke and duchess were not sorry for the jest played on Sancho Panza, in the government they had given him, especially when the steward, who came that very day, gave them, point for point, an account of almost everything the governor had said and done during those days, concluding with an exaggerated description of the storming of the island, and Sancho's fear and abdication, from which they received no small entertainment.

After this the history relates, that the day for the appointed combat was come, and the duke having once and many times given his lackey, Tosilos, instructions how to vanquish Don Quixote, and yet neither kill nor wound him, gave orders that the steel heads of their lances should be taken off, telling Don Quixote that Christianity, for which he had so great a veneration, did not admit that this conflict should cause so much risk and danger to the lives of the combatants, and that it was enough he granted him free lists in his territories, though it was against the decree of the holy council, which forbids such challenges ; and he desired not to push the hazard so urgently to the utmost rigour. Don Quixote replied, that his grace should have the disposal of matters in this affair as he liked best, and that he would obey him in everything.

And now, the dreadful day being come, the duke caused a spacious scaffold to be erected in the castle-yard where the judges of the field of battle, and the ladies, mother and daughter, the plaintiffs, should stand.

An infinite number of people flocked from all the neighbouring towns and villages to behold the new kind of combat, the like of which had never been seen, or so much as heard of, in these parts, either by the living or the dead. The first that made his entrance to the field and the lists was the master of the ceremonies, who surveyed the ground, and rode all over it, that there might be no foul play, nor other hidden contrivance to make one stumble or fall. As soon as the ladies entered and seated themselves in their places, with their veils over their eyes, and even over their breasts, with demonstrations of no small sorrow, Don Quixote presented himself in the lists. A while after, the grand lacky, Tosilos, attended with a great number of trumpets, entered at one side of the square mounted on a mighty steed that shook the whole place—the vizard of his helmet encased down, and in shining armour of proof. His charger seemed of Friesland breed, broad, and of grizzly colour, and had a quantity of wool about each of his fetlocks. The valorous combatant came on, well tutored by the duke, his master, how to behave himself towards the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, being warned by no means to kill him; and therefore manage to avoid a shock in his first career, and escape the danger of his death, that was certain should he encounter him directly. He paced the square, and coming to where the two women stood, he gazed some time upon her that had demanded him in marriage. Then the marshal of the field called to Don Quixote, who had already presented himself in the lists, and, in presence of Tosilos, spoke to the ladies and asked them whether they consented that Don Quixote de la Mancha should vindicate their right. They said they did, and whatever he should do in their behalf, they would abide by as good and valid. The duke and duchess by this time, were seated in a gallery that was over the barriers, all which were surrounded by a vast throng waiting to see the vigorous and never-before-seen conflict. The conditions of the combat were, that if Don Quixote were the conqueror, his opponent should marry Donna Rodriguez's daughter; but if he were overcome, then the victor should be discharged from the promise claimed of him, without

giving any other satisfaction. Then the marshal of the field placed each of them on the spot whence he should start, dividing the sun equally between them. And now the drums beat and the sound of the trumpets filled the air; the earth shook under their feet, and the hearts of the gazing crowd were in suspense,—some fearing, others expecting, the good or bad issue of this battle. Finally Don Quixote, recommending himself with all his soul to Heaven, and his Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, stood expecting when the precise signal for the onset should be given. But our lackey's mind was otherwise employed, and all his thoughts were upon what I am going to tell you.

It seems, as he stood looking on his fair enemy, she appeared to him the most beautiful woman he had ever seen in his whole life; which being perceived by the little blind boy, who in these nooks is ordinarily called Love, he improving the occasion that offered, to triumph over the soul of a lackey, and set it on the list of his trophies, came to him softly, without being perceived by any one, and shot an arrow two yards long into the poor footman's left side, so that his heart was pierced through and through—a thing which he could easily do; for Love is invisible, and has free ingress or egress where he pleases, without any one calling him to account for his doings. You must know then, that when the signal for the onset was given, our lackey stood transported with the thoughts of the beauty of her whom he had made mistress of his liberty, insomuch that he took no notice of the trumpet's sound, as did Don Quixote, who no sooner heard it than he charged and made towards the enemy with Rozinante's best speed. His good squire Sancho Panza, seeing him start, "Heaven be thy guide," cried he aloud, "thou cream and flower of knights errant! Heaven give thee the victory, since thou hast right on thy side." And though Tosilos saw Don Quixote come towards him, he moved not a step from his place; instead he called as loud as he could to the marshal of the field, to whom when he had come to see what he would have—"Sir," said he, "is not this duel to be fought, as to whether I marry or do not marry yonder young lady?"—"Yes," answered the other.—"Why, then," said the lackey, "I feel a burden upon my conscience, and am sensible I

should have a great deal to answer for, should this combat proceed any farther; and therefore I yield myself vanquished, and desire I may marry the lady this moment." The marshal of the field was surprised at the speech of Tosilos; and, as he was one of those who were privy to the contrivance of that business, he knew not what to answer. Don Quixote stopped in the middle of his career, seeing his adversary did not come to meet him. The duke could not imagine why the combat did not go on; but the marshal having told him what Tosilos said, he was amazed, and in a great passion. In the meantime, Tosilos, coming to where Donna Rodriguez was, "Madam," cried he in a loud voice, "I am willing to marry your daughter; and wish not to gain by lawsuits or combats what can be gained peaceably, and without the hazard of death." The valorous Don Quixote, hearing this, said, "Since this is so, I am free and discharged of my promise; let them marry and welcome, and since Heaven has given her, let St. Peter bless her." The duke, coming down to the castle square, and applying himself to Tosilos, "Tell me, knight," said he, "is it true that you yield without fighting, and that, at the instigation of your timorous conscience, you wish to marry this damsel?"—"Yes, my lord," answered Tosilos.—"He does very well," quoth Sancho; "for what you would give to the mouse give it to the cat, and keep thyself out of trouble." Tosilos began to unlace his helmet, and called out that somebody might help him off with it quickly, for his breath was failing him, and he could not endure being enclosed so long in such narrow room. They took it off him with all speed, and then the lackey's face was plainly discovered. Donna Rodriguez and her daughter, perceiving it presently, "A cheat! a cheat!" cried they; "they have put Tosilos, my lord duke's lackey, in place of my lawful husband; justice of Heaven and the king on such malice, not to say knavery."—"Ladies," said Don Quixote, "do not vex yourselves; there is neither malice nor knavery in the case; or, if there be, the duke is not the cause, but the evil-minded necromancers that persecute me, who, envying the glory I should have got by this combat, have transformed the face of your husband into this, which you say is the

duke's lackey. But, take my advice, and, in spite of the malice of my enemies, marry him ; for without doubt it is the very man you claim as your husband." The duke was like to lose all his indignation in laughter, and said, "So extraordinary are the accidents that befall the noble Don Quixote, that I am inclinable to believe this is not my lackey. But, let us adopt this stratagem and plan ; we will defer the marriage a fortnight or so, and keep in close custody this person that has put us into this confusion ; by which time it may be that he will resume his former looks ; for the malice of those magicians against the noble Don Quixote cannot last so long, especially when these tricks and transformations are of so little avail to them."—"Alack! sir," quoth Sancho, "it is a common usage of these rascals to change this into that, and that into the other, where my master is concerned. A knight whom he overcame but a little while ago, called the Knight of the Mirrors, they changed into the shape of the bachelor Samson Carrasco, a native of our village, and a special acquaintance of ours ; and my lady Dulcinea del Toboso they have turned into a country-wench ; and so I think this lackey here is like to die and live a lackey all the days of his life."—"Well," cried Rodriguez's daughter, "let him be what he will who asks me in marriage, I thank him for it, for I had rather be a lackey's lawful wife than a gentleman's cast-off mistress ; though he that deluded me is no gentleman either." To be short, the sum of these tales and doings was that Tosilos should be confined, to see what his transformation would come to. Don Quixote was proclaimed victor, by general consent ; and most of the people went away sad and melancholy to find that the eagerly expected combatants had not cut one another to pieces, according to the custom of the young rabble to be sorry when the man they expected to be hanged does not appear because he is pardoned, either by the party he has wronged or by the judge. The crowd being dispersed, the duke and duchess and Don Quixote returned to the castle ; Tosilos was kept secured. Donna Rodriguez and her daughter were very well pleased to see, one way or another, that the business would end in marriage ; and Tosilos expected no less.

CHAPTER LVII.

Which tells how Don Quixote took his leave of the Duke, and what passed between him and the witty and wanton Altisidora, the Duchess's Damsel.

DON QUIXOTE thought it now time to leave so idle a life as he had led in the castle, believing it a mighty fault thus to shut himself up, and remain indolent among the infinite dainties and delights which the lord and lady of the place provided for him as a knight-errant; and he thought he had to give a strict account to Heaven for such indolence and recusance. Accordingly, one day he begged leave of the duke and duchess to depart. They gave it him with tokens of great regret that he should leave them. The duchess gave Sancho Panza his wife's letters, which he wept over, saying, "Who would have thought that all the mighty hopes which were begotten in my wife's breast, by the news of my government, should end in my returning to the dragged-out adventures of my master Don Quixote de la Mancha! However, I am glad to see my Teresa was like herself, in sending the duchess the acorns, for if she had not sent them, she had showed herself ungrateful, and I should have been sorry. My comfort is, that no man can say this present was a bribe, for I had my government when she sent it; and it is fit those who have a kindness done them should show themselves grateful, though it be in small matters. In short, naked I came into the government, and naked I went out of it; and so I may say with a safe conscience, which is not a little thing. Naked I came into the world, and naked I am still; I neither lose nor win." Thus said Sancho to himself on the day of his departure.

Don Quixote, having taken his leave of the duke and duchess over-night, sallying forth in the morning, appeared in his armour in the courtyard. From the galleries all the people of the house were watching him; the duke and duchess themselves being come out to see him.

Sancho was upon his Dapple, with his wallet, cloak-bag, and provision, very cheerful; for the duke's steward that acted the part of Trifaldi had given him a purse, with two hundred crowns in gold, to supply the necessities of the road, which even Don Quixote did not know of. And now, when everybody was looking at him, as has been said, on a sudden, from the rest of the duchess's damsels and attendants who were looking on, the arch and witty Altisidora raised her voice, and, in a doleful tone, said—

Listen, wicked cavalier,
 Hold thou back thy reins a little,
 Do not so the flanks belabour
 Of thine ill-conducted charger.
 Look you, false one, thou art fleeing,
 Not from any savage serpent,
 But a young and fleecy lambkin,
 From a full-grown sheep far distant.
 Thou hast cheated, horrid monster,
 Loveliest damsel that Diana
 E'er beheld upon her mountains,
 Or within her groves saw Venus.

Hard-hearted Bireno, Æneas the deserter,
 Barabbas attend thee. Go thy way unto them.*

Thou art stealing (theft unholy!)—
 In thy talons thou art grasping
 Heart-strings of a lowly maiden,
 Tender as she is enamoured.
 Kerchiefs three thou art purloining,
 And from legs a pair of garters,
 Legs in smoothness like to marble
 Pure, in whiteness or in blackness.
 Thou art taking sighs two thousand,
 Which, were they of fire composed,
 Could two thousand Troys have burnt down
 If two thousand Troys existed.

*Hard-hearted Bireno, Æneas the deserter,
 Barabbas attend thee. Go thy way unto them.*

As to Sancho, who thy squire is,
 Let his heart be so obdurate
 And so hard that Dulcinea
 Ne'er escape from her enchantment,

¹ [See 'Orlando Furioso,' canto X. He is the lover and husband of Olimpia, whom he abandons on an island.]

For the crime that thou committest
 Dolefully let her do penance ;
 Very often do the righteous
 In my country pay for sinners.
 May thy choicest undertakings
 Into misadventures turn them ;
 Into fleeting dreams thy pastimes,
 And thy deeds into oblivion.

*Hard-hearted Bireno, Æneas the deserter,
 Barabbas attend thee. Go thy way unto them.*

May'st thou for forsworn be reckoned
 From Seville unto Marchena,
 From Granada unto Loja,
 And from London unto England.
 When thou playest at reynado,
 At piquet or at primera,
 May the kings remain far from thee,
 Nor may seven or ace be dealt thee.
 If perchance thy corns thou trimmest,
 May'st thou cut them till they're bloody,
 And if thou hast teeth extracted,
 May the stumps remain imbedded.

*Hard-hearted Bireno, Æneas the deserter,
 Barabbas attend thee. Go thy way unto them.*

Whilst the smitten Altisidora complained in the above style, Don Quixote, who looked on her seriously all the while, did not answer a word ; but, turning to Sancho, "Dear Sancho," said he, "by the memory of thy forefathers, I conjure thee to tell me the truth : say, hast thou perchance the three kerchiefs and the garters, as this love-sick damsel says ?"—"The three kerchiefs I have," quoth Sancho ; "but, as for the garters, I know no more of them than the man in the moon."¹ The duchess was amazed at Altisidora's impudence, for though she knew her to be bold, merry, and free, it was not to such a degree as to venture on such freedoms as this, and as she had not been warned of this jest, her wonder was all the greater. But the duke resolved to carry it on. "Sir Knight," said he, "I do not take it kindly, that, after such civil entertainment as you have had here in my castle, you should have ventured to carry away three kerchiefs at least, if not a pair of garters of this damsel of mine. This is the sign

¹ [The original says, *como por los cerros de Ubeda*, equivalent to "no more than there are hills in Ubeda."]

of a bad heart, and does not correspond to your reputation. Restore her garters, or I challenge you to a mortal combat, without being afraid that your evil-minded enchanters should change or alter my face, as they did that of Tosilos my footman who engaged to fight you.”—“Heaven forbid,” said Don Quixote, “that I should draw my sword against your most illustrious person, from whom I have received so many favours. The kerchiefs will be restored, for Sancho tells me he has them; but, as for the garters, it is impossible, for neither I nor he had them; and, if this damsel of yours will look carefully among her hiding-places, I warrant she will find them. I never was a thief, my lord; and, while Heaven forsakes me not, I never think to be one in my life. This damsel, as she says, talks like one that is in love, and accuses me of that whereof I am innocent; so that there is nothing I have need to ask pardon for either of her or your excellency, whom I beg to entertain a better opinion of me, and once more permit me to pursue my journey.”—“May Providence so bless you, noble Don Quixote,” said the duchess, “that we may always hear good news of your exploits; and so Heaven be with you, for the longer you stay the more you increase the flames in the hearts of the damsels that gaze on you. As for this one of mine, I will take her to task so severely, she shall not misbehave herself in look or word for the future.”—“One word more, I beseech you to hear, O valorous Don Quixote!” cried Altisidora; “it is that I beg your pardon for saying you had stolen my garters, for by Heaven and on my conscience, I have them on: but I fell into the same perplexity as he who looked for his ass while he was mounted on his back.”—“Did I not say so!” cried Sancho. “A likely concealer of stolen goods am I! I had an opportunity of doing them by the shovelful if I had wanted, in my government.”

Don Quixote bowed his head, and made obeisance to the duke, the duchess, and all the company, and turning about with Rozinante, Sancho following him on Dapple, he left the castle, and took the road for Saragossa.

CHAPTER LVIII.

Which tells how Adventures crowded so thick on Don Quixote, that they trod upon one another's heels.

DON QUIXOTE no sooner found himself in the open field, free and disembarrassed from Altisidora's amorous importunities, than he seemed to be in his element, and renewed in spirit to prosecute the business of his knight-errantry apace ; and turning to Sancho, "Liberty," said he, "friend Sancho, is one of the most precious gifts that Heaven has bestowed upon mankind. Not all the treasures concealed in the bowels of the earth, nor those in the bosom of the sea, can be compared with it. For liberty a man can and ought to hazard his life, as for honour, and on the other hand, captivity is the greatest misery that can befall man. tell thee this, my Sancho, because thou wert a witness of the good cheer and plenty which we met with in this castle that we are leaving ; yet, in the midst of those delicious feasts, among those liquors cooled with snow, methought I suffered the pangs of hunger, because I did not enjoy them with the same freedom as if they had been my own ; for the obligations that lie upon us to make return for kindnesses and gifts received, are ties that will not let a generous mind be free. Happy the man whom Heaven has given a crust of bread without the obligation to thank any but Heaven itself!"—"For all this that you have said to me," quoth Sancho, "it is not proper for us to be unthankful for two good hundred crowns in gold, which the duke's steward gave me in a little purse, which I have here, next my heart, as a relic against necessity and a comforting cordial against all accidents ; for we are not like always to meet with castles where we shall be made much of. We are more likely to meet with inns where we shall be cudgelled."

As the wandering knight and squire went discoursing of this and other matters, they had not ridden more than a league ere they espied about a dozen men, clad like country-fellows, sitting at their victuals, with their cloaks

under them, on the grass in a green meadow. Near them they saw several white sheets, covering something that stood upright. They stood tapering upwards and in a row, at a little distance from each other. Don Quixote rode up to the people eating, and, after he had civilly saluted them, asked what they had got under that linen. "Sir," answered one of them, "under those cloths are some carved images that are to be used in a shrine we are erecting in our town. We carry them covered up lest they should be sullied, and on our shoulders for fear they should be broken."—"If you please," said Don Quixote, "I should be glad to see them; for, considering the care you take of them, they must without doubt be good."—"Ay, marry are they," quoth another, "by what they cost; for there is in truth not one among them less than fifty ducats; and, that you may know I am no liar, do but stay, and you shall see with your own eyes." With that, getting up and leaving his victuals, he went and took off the cover from the first figure, that proved to be St. George on horseback, and under his feet a serpent coiled up, his throat transfix'd with a lance, with the fierceness with which it is commonly represented; the whole image seeming to be ablaze, as they say, with gold. Don Quixote having seen it, "This," said he, "was one of the best knights-errant the church-militant ever had; his name was Don St. George, and he was moreover a protector of damsels. Let us see the next." The fellow having uncovered it, it appeared to be that of St. Martin on horseback, dividing his cloak with a poor man. "This knight, too," said Don Quixote at the first sight, "was one of the Christian adventurers, and I believe he was more liberal than valiant; and thou mayest perceive it, Sancho, by his dividing his cloak with a poor man, and giving him half; and doubtless it was winter-time, or else he would have given it him whole, he was so charitable."—"Not so either, I fancy," quoth Sancho; "but I guess he held to the proverb, To keep and be quit has need of wit." Don Quixote smiled, and desired them to take off another cloth, under which was discovered the image of the Patron of Spain on horseback, with his sword bloody, trampling down Moors, and treading upon heads. Don Quixote when he saw it cried, "Ay, this is a knight of

the squadrons of Christ; he is called Don St. James the Moor-killer,¹ one of the most valorous saints and knights that the earth has held, and heaven now holds." Then they took off another cloth, which showed St. Paul falling from his horse, with all the circumstances usually expressed in the picture of his conversion. When he saw him represented so to the life, that one might say Christ was speaking to him, and Paul answering, "This," said Don Quixote, "was the greatest enemy the church of God had in his time, and the greatest defender it will ever have. In his life a true knight-errant, and in death a steadfast saint; an indefatigable labourer in the vineyard of the Lord, a teacher of the Gentiles, who had Heaven for his school, and Jesus Christ himself for his master and instructor." There were no more images, so Don Quixote desired them to cover them up again. "And now, my good friends," said he to those who carried them, "I esteem the sight that I have seen as a happy omen; for these saints and knights professed what I profess, the exercise of arms: the only difference between me and them is, that they were saints, and fought according to holy discipline; and I am a sinner, and fight after the manner of men. They conquered heaven by force, for heaven is taken by strength; but I know not yet what I gain by the force of my labours. Yet, were my Dulcinea del Toboso but free

¹ The popular belief of the middle ages was, that Christianity had been first preached in Spain, by St. James (the Greater), who was ever held the patron saint of that country; and one of the most warlike saints in the whole calendar he was. About four miles from Compostello, at a village called *Padron*, they used to show a large square stone, which was venerated as having been *the boat* in which St. James passed the sea from Palestine to Spain, and ascended so far on his way to Compostello, the two small streams of the Roxa and the Tambre. The body of the patron saint was discovered to the Bishop Theodomirus, by a divine revelation, anno 840; King Alphonso built the church of Compostello for its reception, and Charlemagne prevailed on Pope Leo III. to erect the place into an episcopal see. When Almanzor, King of Seville, penetrated into Galicia in the 13th century, he took, without difficulty, the city of Compostello; but a fearful storm of thunder and lightning defended the Cathedral of St. James. The Moors, indeed, did venture on removing the clocks of the church, but a terrible dysentery forthwith appeared in their army, and they found it impossible to avert the progress of the disorder, otherwise than by restoring his clocks and bells to St. James. See Additional Note, x.

from what she suffers, by a happy change in my fortune, and an improvement in my understanding, it might be that my steps would pursue a better road than I now take."—"May God hear it and the devil be deaf," quoth Sancho at this point.

The men wondered at Don Quixote's figure, as much as at his discourse, but could not understand one-half of what he would say to them. They made an end of their dinner, got up their images, and taking their leave of Don Quixote, continued their journey.

Sancho remained full of admiration at his knowledge, as if he had never known his master; for it seemed to him that there was no story in the world, or no event but he had it at his fingers' ends, and riveted in his memory. "'Faith and troth, master of mine," quoth he, "if what has happened to us to-day may be called an adventure, it is one of the sweetest and most pleasant we have met with in the whole course of our peregrinations; for we are come off without a basting, or the least bodily fear. We have not laid hands upon our weapons, nor beaten the earth with our bodies; nor are we left a-hungry. Heaven be praised that let me see all this with my own eyes!"—"Thou sayest well, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "but you must know that seasons and times are not all the same, nor run the same course; and what the vulgar are commonly wont to call omens, for which there are no rational grounds in nature, ought only to be esteemed and judged happy accidents by the wise. One of these superstitious folk roaming and going out of his house betimes in the morning, meets a friar of the blessed order of St. Francis, and, as if he had met a griffin, turns back, and goes home again. Another Mendoza throws down the salt on the table-cloth, and thereupon is sadly cast down himself, as if nature were obliged to give tokens of ensuing disasters by things of such little moment as these. A wise and Christian man ought never to pry into details to find out the will of Heaven. Scipio, landing in Africa, fell down as he leaped ashore: his soldiers took this for an ill omen; but he, embracing the earth, cried, "Thou shalt not escape me, Africa: I have thee fast between my arms." In this manner, Sancho, I think it a very happy accident that I met these images."—"I

think so, too," quoth Sancho; "but I would fain know the reason for what the Spaniards say when they are going to give battle, calling upon that same St. James the Moor-killer; St. James, and close Spain.¹ Pray, is Spain open, that it wants to be closed up? What do you make of that ceremony?"—"Thou art a very simple fellow, Sancho," answered Don Quixote. "Thou must know, that this great knight of the Red Cross, Heaven hath given to Spain for its patron and protector, especially in the desperate engagements which the Spaniards had with the Moors; and therefore they invoke and call upon him as their protector in all their martial encounters; and many times he has been visibly seen overthrowing, trampling, destroying, and slaying the Hagarene² squadrons; of which I could give thee many examples, related in authentic Spanish histories."

Here Sancho changing the discourse, "Sir," quoth he, "I cannot but marvel at the impudence of Altisidora, the duchess's damsel. He they call Love must have mauled her, and run her through bravely. They say he is a little blind urchin, and yet though he is blear-eyed, or, to speak more truly, without sight, if he shoot at a heart straight, little as he is, he will hit it and bore it through with his dart, from one side to the other. Moreover I have heard say, that the shafts of love are blunted and beaten back by the modest and sober carriage of young maidens. But, upon this Altisidora, they seem rather to be whetted than made blunt."—"You must observe, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that Love neither stands on ceremony nor keeps the limits of reason in his proceedings. He has the same conditions as death, and equally assaults the lofty palaces of kings, and the lowly cottages of shepherds. Wherever he takes entire possession of a soul, the first thing he does is to banish thence all timidity and shame. So Altisidora lacking them, discovered her desires, which begat in my breast rather confusion than pity."—"A notorious cruelty!" quoth Sancho, "unheard of ingratitude! For my part I dare say I should have come to, and have been at her

¹ Cf. above, p. 38. *Note.*

² [*I.e.* Moorish, from the tradition that the Arabs are descended from Hagar.]

service at the least amorous word from her. Whoreson! what a heart of marble, bowels of brass, and soul of cement! But I cannot imagine what this damsel saw in your worship, to make her dote on you, and so give herself away! Where was the sparkling appearance, the briskness, the pleasant manner, the face, any one of these or all together, that bewitched her? Indeed, and indeed, as often as I survey your worship, from the tip of your toe to the topmost hair on your crown, I see more things to scare one than to make one fall in love. I have heard say that beauty is the first and chief thing that begets love; and you not having any, I cannot tell what the poor soul was smitten with.”—“Take notice, Sancho,” answered Don Quixote, “that there are two sorts of beauty; the one of the soul, and the one of the body. That of the soul excels, and displays itself in the understanding, in honour and in a handsome behaviour, in generosity and good-breeding; all which qualities may be found in an ill-favoured person. And when this beauty, and not that of the body, is the object, then the assaults of love are more fierce and effectual. I well know, Sancho, I am not handsome, but I know at the same time I am not deformed; and provided an honest man be possessed of the endowments of the mind which I mentioned, it is enough that he be not a monster for him to be well loved.”

Thus arguing and discoursing, they got into a wood quite out of the road; and on a sudden Don Quixote, before he knew it, found himself entangled in some nets of green thread that were spread across from tree to tree. Not being able to imagine what it was, he said to Sancho, “Certainly, Sancho, this adventure of the nets must be one of the strangest that can be imagined. Let me die now if the evil-minded necromancers that persecute me seek not to entangle me so that I may not proceed, to revenge my severity towards Altisidora’s addresses. But I bid them know that though these nets, as they are made of green thread, were of the hardest adamant, and stronger than that in which the jealous god of blacksmiths caught Venus and Mars, I would break them as if they were rushes of the shore or cotton-yarn.” With that, seeking to put forwards and break through all, suddenly there appeared before him,

coming out between the trees, two most beautiful shepherdesses; at least they appeared to be so by their habits, but that their furred garments and skirts were of brocade: I mean that their skirts were most handsome petticoats of gold tabby. They wore their hair loose about their shoulders; in brightness it might compete with the sun's own rays, circled with garlands of green bays and red-flower-gentle¹ interwoven. As for their age, it seemed not less than fifteen, nor more than eighteen years. This vision amazed Sancho, puzzled Don Quixote, made the sun stop short in his career to see it, and held both parties in suspense and silence; till at last one of the shepherdesses was the first to speak. "Hold, Sir Knight," she said to Don Quixote "do not tear those nets which we have spread here; not to injure you, but to divert ourselves: and because it is likely you will inquire why they are spread here, and who we are, I will tell you in few words.

"About two leagues from this place is a village, where there are many people of quality, and gentry and folks of good estate; among these several of us have made up a company of friends and relations, with their sons and daughters, neighbours, friends and kindred, to come and enjoy this place, which is one of the most delightful in these parts, and to set up amongst us all a new and pastoral Arcadia. The young ladies have put on the habit of shepherdesses, and men the dress of shepherds. We have got two eclogues by heart; one of the famous poet Garcilasso, and the other of the most excellent Camoens in his own Portuguese tongue; though, we have not yet repeated them, for yesterday was but the first day of our coming hither. We have pitched some tents, said to be called field-tents, by the banks of a large brook that waters all these meadows. And last night we spread these tree-nets, to catch such simple birds as our calls should allure into them. If you please, sir, to be our guest you shall be made welcome liberally and courteously; for we are disposed for the present to banish sorrow and melancholy from this place."—"Truly, fairest lady," answered Don Quixote, "Actæon could not be more lost in admiration and amazement, when he unexpectedly saw Diana

¹ [*Rojo amaranto* in the original.]

bathing in the pool, than I have been at the appearance of your beauty. I applaud the design of your entertainment, and return you thanks for your offers; and if it lies in my power to serve you, you may depend on my obedience to your commands; for my profession is no other but to show myself grateful and complaisant to all manner of persons, especially those of the condition your appearance represents; so that were these nets, which must occupy some small space, spread over the surface of the whole earth, I would seek out a passage throughout new worlds, rather than break them. And that you may give some credit to this exaggeration, know that he who makes this promise is no less than Don Quixote de la Mancha, if this name has reached your ears.”—“ Oh, my dear,” cried the other shepherdess, “ what good fortune hath befallen us ! You see this gentleman before us : I must tell you, he is the most valiant, the most enamoured, and the most courteous person in the world, if the history of his exploits, which is now in print and which I have read, does not lie to deceive us. I would lay a wager, that honest fellow there by him is one Sancho Panza, his squire, to whose pleasantries there are none that are equal.”—“ It is the truth,” quoth Sancho, “ I am that pleasant creature, and that squire you wot of; and this gentleman is my master, the self-same historified and aforesaid Don Quixote de la Mancha.”—“ Oh pray, my dear,” said the other, “ let us entreat him to stay : our father and our brothers will be mighty glad of it ; I have heard of his valour and his merit, as much as you now tell me ; and, above all, they say he is the most constant and faithful lover ever known ; and that his mistress is one Dulcinea del Toboso, to whom is given the palm of beauty in all Spain.”—“ It is not without justice,” said Don Quixote, “ if your peerless charms do not put it in doubt. But, ladies, do not weary yourselves to detain me ; for the indispensable duties of my profession will not suffer me to rest in one place.”

At the same time came to where the four were standing the brother of one of the shepherdesses, also clad like a shepherd in a dress as splendid and gay as those of the young ladies. They told him that he who was with them was the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, and that

other, Sancho, his squire, of whom he already knew, by having read his history. The gallant shepherd having saluted him, begged of him to grant them his company to their tents; Don Quixote was forced to comply, and went with them.

At the same time the beaters came, and nets were filled with divers little birds, who being deceived by the colour of the snare, fell into the danger they would have avoided. Above thirty persons, all gaily dressed like shepherds and shepherdesses, came together at this place, and being informed in an instant who Don Quixote and his squire were, they were not a little pleased, for they were already acquainted with his history. They carried them to their tents, where they found a sumptuous, plentiful, and neatly spread feast ready. They honoured Don Quixote by giving him the first place; and all gazed on him, and wondered to see him.

At last, the cloths being removed, Don Quixote, with a great deal of gravity, lifting up his voice, said, "Of the greater sins that men commit, though some think pride, I say ingratitude is the worst; inclining to what is often said, that hell is full of the ungrateful. Ever since I had the use of reason, I have used my utmost endeavours to avoid this crime; and if I have not been able to repay the good deeds I receive with other deeds, I put in their place the desire to do them, and if that be not sufficient, I make them public; for he that tells and proclaims the kindnesses he receives, would repay them if he could; and those that receive are generally inferior to those that give; and so God is above all, for He is the giver above all; and the gifts of man cannot match those of God within an infinite distance; and this meagreness and deficiency gratitude, in a certain degree, makes up for. I then, grateful for the civilities I have been treated with here, and unable to make an acknowledgment of the same measure, confine myself within the narrow limits of my poverty, and offer what I can, and what is within my ability; and therefore I say, that I will maintain for two whole days, in the middle of this high road that leads to Saragossa, that these ladies here, disguised as shepherdesses, are the fairest and most courteous damsels in the world, excepting only the

peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, sole mistress of my thoughts; without offence to all that hear me, be it spoken."

Hearing which, Sancho, who had been listening with great attention, said in a loud voice, "Is it possible there can be any persons in the world so bold as to say and swear this master of mine is mad? Pray, tell me, ye gentlemen shepherds, is there a country parson, though he be never so wise, or so good a scholar, that could say what my master has said? Or, is there any knight-errant, though never so famed for prowess, that can make such an offer as my master has here done?"

Don Quixote turned towards Sancho, his face on fire, and full of indignation, and said, "Is it possible, Sancho, that there is anybody in the world that can say thou art not a fool lined with folly, and knows not that thou art faced with malice and knavery? Who are you to meddle with my concerns, and to make trial whether I am wise or foolish? Hold your tongue! Make no reply, but go and saddle Rozinante, if he is unsaddled, that we may go and give effect to what I have offered; for, with the right that is on my side, thou mayest reckon all those who shall seek to gainsay it as overthrown." And in a great fury, and with marks of anger in his looks, he rose from his chair, leaving all the company in amazement, who were at a loss whether they should esteem him a madman or a man of sense. Finally, though they endeavoured to prevail with him not to lay himself open to such a challenge, since they were well assured of his willing gratitude, and that there was no need of new demonstrations to know his valorous soul, since those related in the history of his achievements sufficed, yet for all this Don Quixote proceeded with his purpose; and mounted on Rozinante, bracing on his shield, and grasping his lance, he posted himself in the middle of a high road, not far from the verdant meadow, followed by Sancho on his Dapple, and all the people of the pastoral society, who were desirous to see the event of that arrogant and unheard-of offer.

And now Don Quixote being posted in the middle of the road as I have told you, clove the air with words like these:—"O ye, passengers and wayfarers, knights and squires, people on foot or on horseback, that now pass, or shall pass

within these two days following, know, that Don Quixote de la Mancha, knight-errant, stays here to maintain that the nymphs who inhabit these meadows and groves surpass in beauty and courtesy all those in the world, setting aside the lady of my soul, Dulcinea del Toboso. And he that dares uphold the contrary, let him appear, for here I await him."

Twice he repeated these lofty words, and twice they were not heard by any adventurer. But Fortune, that continued to manage his concerns better and better, ordained that by-and-by he should discover on the road a great number of people on horseback, many of them with lances in their hands, all trooping together in close array very fast. The company that were with Don Quixote had no sooner spied them, than they turned their backs and went aside to some distance from the road, for they knew that if they stayed, they might incur some danger; only Don Quixote stood fixed with an undaunted courage, and Sancho sheltered himself behind Rozinante's crupper. When the horsemen came near, one of the foremost, bawling to Don Quixote, "Get out of the way. The devil is in the fellow! stand off, or these bulls will have thee in pieces."—"Go to, scoundrels," answered Don Quixote, "no bulls are any thing to me, though the fiercest that ever were fed on the banks of Xarama. Acknowledge, hangedogs, all in a body, what I have proclaimed here to be truth, or else stand combat with me." But the herdsman had not time to answer, neither had Don Quixote any to get out of the way, if he had been inclined to it, and thus the herd of wild bulls and the tame oxen,¹ with the huge company of drivers and other people, that were taking them to be housed in a town where they were to be baited the next day, passed over Don Quixote and over Sancho, Rozinante and Dapple, bearing all down to the earth, and making them roll on the ground. There lay Sancho mauled, Don Quixote stunned, Dapple bruised, and Rozinante in no very Christian condition. But at length they all got up, and Don Quixote in great haste, stumbling here, and falling there, began to run after the herd. "Stop, scoundrels," cried he aloud; "stay, it is a single knight

¹ [Lit. *mansos cabestros*: tame bell-oxen, used to guide the herd.]

defies you, whose quality and seeming is not that of those who say, Make a silver bridge for a flying enemy." But the hasty travellers did not stop, nor take any more notice of his threats than of last year's clouds.

Weariness stopped Don Quixote; so that, with more anger than prospect of revenge, he sat down on the road, waiting till Sancho, Rozinante and Dapple came up to him. They came; master and man made a shift to remount; and, without turning to take leave of the feigned or counterfeit Arcadia, with more shame than pleasure they pursued their way.

CHAPTER LIX.

Where is related the extraordinary Accident that happened to Don Quixote, which may well pass for an Adventure.

A CLEAR and limpid fountain, which Don Quixote and Sancho found among some verdant trees, served to relieve them of the dust and fatigue caused by the rude encounter of the bulls. There, by the brink, leaving Rozinante and Dapple, unbridled and unhaltered, to their own liberty, the two forlorn adventurers, master and man, sat down. Sancho went to his cupboard, the wallet, and took out of it what he used to call his sauce. He then rinsed his mouth, and Don Quixote his face; with which refreshment their exhausted spirits recovered breath. But Don Quixote would eat nothing for pure vexation, and Sancho durst not touch the victuals that he had before him for pure good manners, expecting that his master would first show him the way. However, finding him so wrapped in his imaginations as to have no thoughts of lifting the bread to his mouth, he opened not his own, but throwing aside all kind of good breeding, began to stuff his maw with the bread and cheese before him. "Eat, friend Sancho," cried Don Quixote, "and sustain life, which thou hast more reason to value than I; leave me to die, by dint of my sorrows, and the violence of my misfortunes. I was born, Sancho, to live dying, and thou to die eating. And that thou mayest see that in this I tell thee truth, do but

reflect upon me, printed in histories, renowned in arms, courteous in behaviour, respected by princes, importuned by damsels; yet after all this, when I at last looked for palms, triumphs, and crowns, laid up and merited by my valorous achievements, this morning has seen me trod under foot, kicked and bruised by the hoofs of beasts unclean and vile. The thought blunts the edge of my teeth, dulls my jaws, benumbs my hands, and takes away entirely the desire for food, so that I think to let myself die of hunger, a death the most cruel of all deaths."

"So that, belike," quoth Sancho, without leaving his hasty chewing, "you will not make good the saying, It is good to die with a full belly? ¹ I at least do not think to kill myself. I had rather do as the cobbler does that stretches his leather with his teeth till it is as long as he wants it; and I will stretch my life by eating till it arrives at the end that Heaven has fixed for it. And mark you, sir, there is no greater folly than for a man to despair, as you do. Take my advice, when you have eaten, take a nap on the green pillows of this grass, and you will see when you awake that you are somewhat better.

This Don Quixote did, for he thought that Sancho spoke more like a philosopher than a fool. "Ah! Sancho," said he, "if thou wouldst but do for me something that I now desire thee, my comfort would be more certain and my cares not so great. It is that while I sleep according to thy advice, thou do but step aside a little, and, exposing thy flesh to the air, take Rozinante's reins and give thyself some three or four hundred lashes, in part of the three thousand and odd thou art to give thyself to disenchant Dulcinea; for it is no small pity, that poor lady should remain enchanted, through thy carelessness and neglect."—"There is a great deal to be said as to that," quoth Sancho, "but let us both go to sleep, and then let Heaven say what will be done. I would have you to know, sir, it is a cruel thing for a man to flog himself in cold blood, especially when the lashes light upon a body ill conditioned, and worse fed. Let my lady Dulcinea have patience; and, when she least thinks it, she shall see me

¹ [*Muera Marta, y muera harta*: lit. "Let Martha die, and die well filled."]

riddled with lashes. Life is everything till death comes; I mean that I still have it, as well as the wish to make good my promise." Don Quixote gave him thanks, ate a little, and Sancho a great deal; and then both betook themselves to sleep, leaving those constant companions and friends, Rozinante and Dapple, to their own discretion, without any hindrance, to feed on the grass that abounded in that meadow.

They awoke somewhat late, and again mounted, and held on their journey, making the best of their way to an inn, that seemed to be about a league distant. I say that it was an inn, because Don Quixote called it so, contrary to his custom of calling all inns, castles.

Being got thither, they asked the innkeeper whether he had got any lodgings. "Yes," answered he, "and all the accommodation and entertainment you could find in Saragossa." They alighted, and Sancho put up his store-bag in a chamber, of which the landlord gave him the key. He took the beasts to the stable, gave them their food, and went to wait on his master, who was sitting upon a stone seat, and gave special thanks to Heaven that his master had not taken this inn for a castle. Supper-time arriving they retired to their apartment, and Sancho asked the host what he had to give them for supper. To which the host replied that his mouth might be measured, and that he might ask for what he liked, that the inn was provided with fowls of the air, birds of the earth, and fishes of the sea.—"There is no need of all this," quoth Sancho; "if you will roast a couple of chickens for us it will be enough; for my master has a nice stomach and eats but little; and I am not a glutton."—The innkeeper replied that he had no chickens, for the kites had devoured them.—"Why, then, landlord," quoth Sancho, "roast us a pullet, so it be tender."—"A pullet, master!" answered the host; "faith and troth, I sent above fifty yesterday to the city to sell; but setting aside pullets, ask for anything you like."—"Why, then," quoth Sancho, "there is sure to be veal or kid."—"Just now!" replied the innkeeper, "we have none in the house, for it is finished; but by next week we shall have enough, and to spare."—"We are finely helped by that," quoth Sancho. "Now

will I lay wager, all these defects must be made up with a surfeit of eggs and bacon.”—“Good Heavens!” cried the host, “my guest has a rare knack at guessing. I told him I had no pullets nor hens, and yet he would have me to have eggs! See if you will have some other delicacies, but do not ask for hens.”—“Body of me,” cried Sancho, “let us come to something; tell me what thou hast, Mr. Landlord, and have done with these ramblings.” “Master guest,” quoth the innkeeper, “what I really and truly have are a pair of cow-heels, that look like calves’ feet, or a pair of calves’ feet that look like cow-heels, dressed with their beans, onions, and bacon; and by this very time they are crying, ‘Eat me, eat me.’”—“I set my mark on them this minute,” cried Sancho; “let nobody touch them. I will give more for them than any other, for, as I think, nothing else will be more savoury, and I do not care whether they are feet or heels.”—“Nobody else shall touch them,” answered the host; “for the other guests I have in the house are persons of such quality, that they carry their cook, their steward, and their larder along with them.”—“As for quality,” quoth Sancho, “my master is as good as any, but his profession allows of no pantries or butteries. We just stretch ourselves in the midst of a field, and fill our bellies with acorns or medlars.” This was the discourse that Sancho had with the innkeeper; for Sancho did not care to prolong it by answering his interrogatories concerning his master’s office and profession.

Supper-time came, Don Quixote went to his room, the host brought in the kettle just as it was, and he set himself down fairly to supper. It appears that in the next room to Don Quixote’s which was only separated from it by a slender partition, Don Quixote heard somebody say, “Sir Don Geronimo, I beseech you, Signor, till supper is brought in, let us read another chapter of the Second Part of Don Quixote de la Mancha.” Don Quixote no sooner heard himself named, than up he started and listened, with attentive ears, to what was said of him; and then he heard that same Don Geronimo answer, “Why would you have us read that nonsense, Signor Don John? It is not possible that anyone that has read the First Part of the history of Don Quixote de la Mancha should take delight in reading the

second.”—“With all that,” replied Don John; “it may not be amiss to read it; for there is no book so bad as not to have something that is good in it. What displeases me most in this is, that it represents Don Quixote no longer in love with Dulcinea del Toboso.” Upon these words Don Quixote, full of wrath and indignation, raised his voice and said, “Whoever shall say that Don Quixote de la Mancha has forgotten, or can forget, Dulcinea del Toboso, I will make him know, with equal arms, that he departs wholly from the truth; for neither can the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso be forgotten, nor can Don Quixote be guilty of forgetfulness. Constancy is his motto; and, to preserve it with pleasure, and without the least self-constraint, is his profession.”—“Who is he that answers us?” cries one of those in the next room. “Who should it be?” quoth Sancho, “but Don Quixote de la Mancha his own self, the same that will make good all he has said, and all he shall say, take my word for it; a good payer does not grudge pledges.”

Sancho had no sooner said this, than there came in at the door of their room two gentlemen (for such they appeared to be), and one of them, throwing his arms about Don Quixote’s neck, “Your presence, sir knight,” said he, “cannot belie your reputation, nor can your reputation fail to credit your presence. You are certainly the true Don Quixote de la Mancha, the pole-star and luminary of chivalry-errant, in despite of him that has sought to usurp your name, and annihilate your achievements, as the author of this book,¹ which I here deliver into your hands, has done.” And putting in his hands a book that his companion carried, Don Quixote took it, and, without saying a word, began to turn over the leaves; and then, returning it a while after, “In the little I have seen,” said he, “I have found three things in this author that deserve reprehension. The first is some words that I have read in the preface; the second that his language is Aragonian, for he so often writes without articles. And the third, which most confirms his ignorance, is that he

¹ [Concerning the spurious continuation of Don Quixote, published before Cervantes’ second part, see the preface at the beginning of this volume.]

errs and departs from the truth in the principal part of the history ; for there he says that the wife of my squire, Sancho Panza, is called Mary Gutierrez, which is not her name, but Teresa Panza ; and he that errs in so considerable a passage, may well be feared to err through the whole history.”—“ A pretty fellow for a history-writer !” cried Sancho. “ Sure he knows much what belongs to our concerns, to call my wife Teresa Panza, Mary Gutierrez.¹ Pray, take the book again, if it like your worship, and see whether I am there, and whether he has changed my name.”—“ I have heard, by what my friend says,” said Don Geronimo, “ you should without doubt be Sancho Panza, squire to Signor Don Quixote ? ”—“ So I am,” quoth Sancho, “ and I am proud of it.”—“ Well in faith,” said the gentleman, “ this new author does not treat you with the nicety that your person exhibits. He represents you as a glutton and a fool, without the least wit, and very different from the Sancho described in the first part of your master’s history.”—“ Heaven forgive him,” quoth Sancho ; “ he might have left me in my corner, without meddling with me, for let him play that knows how. St. Peter is very well at Rome.” The two gentlemen invited Don Quixote to their chamber to sup with them, for they knew there was nothing in the inn befitting his quality. Don Quixote, who was always complaisant, vouchsafed their request, and went to sup with them. Sancho stayed behind with the flesh-pot, *cum mero mixto imperio* ;² he placed himself at the upper end of the table, and with him the innkeeper for his messmate ; for he was no less a lover of his feet and heels than the squire. In the course of supper Don John asked Don Quixote what news he had of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso—whether she were married—whether she had children, or were with child or no—or whether, continuing still in her maiden state, and preserving her honour and reputation, she answered

¹ [Nevertheless, that is one of the names that Cervantes himself has given her. See vol. i. p. 76.]

² [That is, with a deputed or subordinate power. *Merum imperium*, according to the Civilians, is that residing in the sovereign. *Merum mixtum imperium*, is that delegated to vassals or magistrates, in causes civil or criminal.—JARVIS.]

to the amorous thoughts of Signor Don Quixote.—“Dulcinea is still a virgin,” answered Don Quixote, “and my thoughts more fixed than ever; our correspondence as of old not frequent, her beauty transformed into that of a vile peasant woman.” And with that he told the whole story of the enchantment of the lady Dulcinea; what had befallen him in the cave of Montesinos, and the means that the sage Merlin had prescribed to her disenchantment, which was that of Sancho’s lashes. The gentlemen were extremely pleased to hear from Don Quixote the strange passages of his history; equally wondering at his extravagances, and his elegant manner of relating them. At one time they looked upon him as wise, at another he sank in their estimation as a fool, so that they could not resolve what degree to assign him between sound judgment and folly.

Sancho having eaten his supper, and leaving his landlord with limbs awry,¹ went to his master’s room; and as he entered, “Hang me, gentlemen,” quoth he, “if the author of the book your worships have got could have a mind that we should hob-nob together: I wish, as he calls me greedy-gut, as you say, he does not make me out for a drunkard too.”—“Nay,” said Don Geronimo, “he does, though I cannot well remember how. Only this I know, his expressions are scandalous, and false into the bargain, as I perceive by the physiognomy of honest Sancho here present.”—“Take my word for it,” quoth the squire, “the Sancho and the Don Quixote in this book are not the same as those in Cid Hamet Benengeli’s history, who are we two; my master valiant, discreet, and in love; and I, plain, merry, and no glutton or drunkard.”—“I believe you,” said Don John, “and, were such a thing possible, would have it commanded that no one else should dare to record the deeds of the great Don Quixote except Cid Hamet, his first author; as Alexander forbade any other to draw his picture, except Apelles.”—“Let any one draw mine that pleases,” said Don Quixote; “but let him not misdraw me; for when patience is loaded with injuries, it is often wont to give way.”—“No injury,” replied Don

¹ [*Lexando hecho X al ventero*; i.e., “made into an X,” a vulgar expression for “fuddled.”]

John, "can be offered to Signor Don Quixote, but what he is able to revenge, or at least ward off with the shield of his patience, which, in my opinion, is very strong and mighty."

In this and other discourse they spent a good part of the night; and though Don John wished that Don Quixote should read more of the book, to see what was treated of, he could by no means prevail with him; for he said that he regarded it as read, concluding it to be all nonsense; and that he did not wish, should it by chance come to its author's ears that he had read it, that he should have the pleasure of thinking that he had held it in his hands, for if we ought to avoid defiling our thoughts with vile and obscene matters, how much more our eyes.

They asked him, which way he was determined on travelling? He answered, to Saragossa, to make one at the tournament of Armour held in that city every year. Don John acquainted him that this new history gave an account how Don Quixote, whoever he was, had been there, at a running at the ring, the description of which was defective in contrivance, mean in style, and miserably poor in devices, though rich in follies. "For that reason," said Don Quixote, "I will not set foot in Saragossa; and so will show in the market-place of the world the falsehood of this new historian, and make all mankind perceive I am not the Don Quixote he speaks of."—"You will do very well," said Don Geronimo; "and there is another tournament at Barcelona, where Signor Don Quixote will be able to prove his valour."—"I design to do so," replied Don Quixote: "and so, give me leave to go to bed, for it is time; and hold and place me in the number of your best friends, and most faithful servants."—"And me too," quoth Sancho: "mayhap I may be good for something."

Having taken leave of one another, Don Quixote and Sancho retired to their chamber, leaving Don John and Don Geronimo in admiration at the medley he had made of good sense and extravagance; but fully satisfied, however, that these were the true Don Quixote and Sancho, and not those described by the Aragonian author.

Early in the morning Don Quixote got up, and knocking

at the thin wall of the other chamber, took his leave of his entertainers. Sancho paid the host nobly, and advised him to commend less the provision of his inn, or to keep it better provided.

CHAPTER LX.

What happened to Don Quixote in going to Barcelona.

THE morning was cool, and gave promise of a similar day, when Don Quixote left the inn, having first informed himself which was the readiest way to Barcelona without touching at Saragossa, such was his desire to prove that new author a liar, who, as he was told, had so maligned him. For more than six days nothing happened to him worthy of being recorded, at the end of which, having lost his way, he was overtaken by the night in a thicket, either of oak or cork-trees; for in this Cid Hamet does not observe the punctuality he is wont to do in other matters. Master and man dismounted, and laying themselves down against the trunks of the trees, Sancho, who had dined at noon that day, easily entered the gates of sleep. But Don Quixote, whom his chimeras kept awake much more than hunger, could not so much as close his eyes; his thoughts coming and going between a thousand several places. Now he fancied himself in Montesinos' cave; then that he saw his Dulcinea, perverted as she was into a country hoyden, skip and jump on to the back of her ass. The next moment the sage Merlin's voice sounded in his ears, relating the means and tasks required for Dulcinea's disenchantment. Despair seized him to think on his squire Sancho's remissness and want of charity, since, as he believed, he had not given himself above five lashes, a small and inconsiderable number, in proportion to the infinite number still behind. This so vexed and angered him, that he made these remarks. If Alexander the Great, when he cut the Gordian knot, said, it is the same thing to cut or to undo, and thereby did not fail to become the universal lord of all Asia, neither more nor less can it happen in the disen-

chantment of Dulcinea, if I whip Sancho, whether he will or no. I or, if the condition of this remedy consists in Sancho's receiving three thousand and odd lashes, what does it signify to me whether he gives them himself, or another gives them him, since the substance lies in his receiving them, let them come from where they may? Full of that conceit, he came up to Sancho, having first taken the reins off Rozinante; and having fitted them to his purpose of lashing him with them, he began to untruss Sancho's points; though it is a received opinion that he had but one that was used before, which held up his breeches; but he had no sooner come to him, than Sancho started up, thoroughly awake. "What is here?" cried he; "who is that touching me, and untrussing me?"—"It is I," answered Don Quixote; "I am come to repair thy negligence, and to seek the remedy of my torments: I am come to whip thee, Sancho, and to discharge in part, that debt for which thou standest engaged. Dulcinea perishes, while thou livest careless and I die with longing. Untruss, therefore, of thine own will; for I am resolved, while we are here alone, to give thee at least two thousand stripes."—"Not so," quoth Sancho; "pray be quiet; if not, I protest by Heaven deaf men shall hear us! The lashes I am bound for are to be voluntary, not forced; and just now I have no mind to whip myself. Let it suffice that I promise you to flog and flip myself when the humour takes me."—"No," said Don Quixote, "there is no leaving it to thy courtesy, Sancho, for thou art hard-hearted; and, though a clown, yet thou art tender of flesh;" and forthwith he tried and strove to undo him. Which when Sancho perceived, he started up on his feet, and setting upon his master, wrestled with him, tripped up his heels, and threw him down upon his back; then set his knee upon his breast, and held his hands with his in such a manner that he could not stir, or fetch his breath. Don Quixote cried, "How now, traitor? Rebel against thy master, and natural lord? Presumest thou against him that gives thee his bread!"—"I neither mar king nor make king," quoth Sancho; "I do but help myself, that am my own lord.¹ If your worship will

¹ [The words said to have been spoken by Bertrand du Guesclin, when he helped Henry the Bastard at Montiel. See vol. i. p. 30 *note*.]

promise to keep quiet, and talk no more of whipping me now, I will let you go free, and at liberty ; if not :—

“ Here thou diest, traitor,
Foe to Donna Saucha.”¹

Don Quixote gave his word, and swore by the life of his thoughts not to touch a hair of his raiment, but entirely leave it to his will and discretion to whip himself when he thought fit. With that Sancho got up, and removed to another place at a good distance ; but as he went to lean against another tree, he felt something touching his head ; and, lifting up his hands, found it to be a person's feet, with shoes and stockings on. Quaking for fear, he moved off to another tree, where the same thing happened to him. He called out to Don Quixote for help. Don Quixote came and inquired what had happened to him, and of what he was afraid ; Sancho answered, that all those trees were full of human feet and legs. Don Quixote felt them, and falling presently into the account of the business, he said to Sancho, “ There is nothing to be afraid of ; for the feet and legs thou feelest are certainly those of some banditti and robbers that have been hanged upon these trees, for here the officers of justice, when they have caught them, are wont to hang them up by twenties and thirties in clusters, by which I suppose that I ought to be near Barcelona ;” and this was the truth, as he guessed.

And now day breaking, they lifted up their eyes, and saw that the fruit of those trees were the bodies of highwaymen. By this time it was day ; and if the dead surprised them no less were they dismayed at the appearance of above forty live banditti, who surrounded them on a sudden,

¹ Sancho here, with a punning allusion to his own name, quotes the last verse of the last of one of the most famous series of ballads in the *Cancionero* :

“ El *Espera* que tu diste
A los INFANTES DE LARA ;
Acqui moras traydor !
Enemigo de Donna Saucha.”

These are the words of *Mudara*, when he is about to slay the enemy of his father's house, and so revenge the slaughter of *the seven infants of Lara*.—See Add. Note XI.

charging them in the Catalan tongue to stand and yield themselves till their captain came.

Don Quixote found himself on foot, his horse unbridled, his lance against a tree, and in short, void of all defence; and, therefore, he thought it best to cross his hands, hold down his head, and reserve himself for a better time and opportunity. The robbers fell to work to rifle Dapple, leaving nothing of what he carried, either in the wallet or the cloak-bag; and it was very well for Sancho that the duke's crown pieces and those he brought from home were hidden in a belt about his waist; though, for all that, those honest gentlemen would certainly have searched and surveyed him all over, even to what lies between the skin and the flesh, if their captain had not come at the same time. He seemed about four-and-thirty years of age, robust, of more than middle size, his visage austere, and his complexion swarthy. He was mounted on a strong horse, wore a coat of mail, and four pistols, which in that country are called petronels, at his sides. Perceiving that his squires (for so they call men of that profession) were going to strip Sancho Panza, he ordered them to forbear, and was instantly obeyed; by which means the belt escaped. He wondered to see a lance reared up against a tree, a shield on the ground, and Don Quixote in armour, and pensive, with the saddest, most melancholy countenance that sadness itself could frame. Coming up to him, "Be not so sad, honest man," said he; "you have not fallen into the hands of some cruel Busiris,¹ but into those of Roque Guinart,² a man rather compassionate than severe."—"I am not sad," answered Don Quixote, "for having fallen into thy power, valorous Roque, whose fame hath no limits on earth to confine it; but for having been so remiss, that thy soldiers have taken me unbridled; being obliged, as I am according to the order of chivalry-errant, which I profess, to live always upon my guard, and at all

¹ [The original is Osiris, probably a misprint.]

² The true name of this famous robber was Pedro Rocha Guinarda. He was one of the principal leaders of a very great band, who went by the name of *Los Niceros*, and who, along with another formidable troop, *Los Cadelles*, levied shameful contributions all over the mountainous districts of Catalonia, about the time when Don Quixote was written.—See Add. Note XII

hours be my own sentinel: for, let me tell thee, great Roque, had they met me on my steed, with my lance and shield, it would not have been very easy to make me yield; for I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, the same whose exploits have filled the whole globe."

Roque Guinart found out immediately that Don Quixote's weakness touched on madness more than valour. Now, though he had several times heard him mentioned, he never believed his deeds true, nor could he be persuaded that such a humour should reign in the heart of any man; and he was extremely glad to have met him, that he might prove in his company what he had heard of him at a distance. Therefore, said he to him, "Valorous knight, vex not yourself, nor hold as bad fortune that in which you are; for it may happen, that in these difficulties your crooked lot may be made straight. For Heaven, by strange and unheard of ways, beyond human imagination, uses to raise up those that are fallen, and fill the poor with riches." Don Quixote was going to return him thanks, when from behind them they heard a noise like that of a troop of horses, though it was but one; on which came, full speed, a youth that looked about twenty years of age. He was clad in green damask, with gold galloon, breeches and blouse, a three cornered cocked hat, tight wax-leather boots, gilt spurs, dagger and sword, a light bird-piece in his hand, and a brace of pistols beside him. Roque, having turned his head to the noise, discovered the handsome figure; which, on approaching, said: "I have come in search of you, valiant Roque; with you I may find some comfort at least, if not a remedy, in my affliction. And, not to hold you in suspense (for I am sensible you have not recognised me), I will tell you who I am. I am Claudia Geronima, the daughter of your particular friend Simon Forte, sworn foe to Clauquel Torrellas, who is also your enemy, being one of the band that opposes you. You already know this Torrellas has a son, called Don Vicente Torrellas, at least he was called so within these two hours. That son of his, to be short in the story of my misfortune, I will tell you in few words what he has brought me to. He saw me, courted me, I listened to him, and loved him unknown to my father; for there is no woman, though

ever so retired and closely looked to, but can find time enough to compass and fulfil her unruly desires. In short, he promised to be my husband, and I gave him my word to be his wife without proceeding any further. Now, yesterday I understood that, forgetting his engagements to me, he was going to wed another, and that he went to be married this morning ; a piece of news that distracted my mind, and made me lose all patience. And, my father being out of town, I took occasion to equip myself as you see, and, making speed on this horse, I overtook Don Vicente about a league hence, where, without seeking to urge my wrongs, or to hear his excuses, I fired this piece, and in addition both these pistols, and as I believe, must have buried more than two bullets in his body, opening doors by which my honour steeped in his blood might escape. There I left him to his servants, who neither dared, nor could set themselves to defend him ; and I come to seek you, that by your means I may pass into France, where I have relations with whom I can live ; and withal to beg of you to defend my father, that Don Vicente's party may not dare to take an outrageous revenge upon him."

Roque admiring the gallantry, boldness, handsome figure, and the deed of the beautiful Claudia, "Come, madam," said he, "let us first be assured of your enemy's death, and then consider what had best be done for you."—"Hold," cried Don Quixote, who had hearkened with great attention to what Claudia had said, and Roque Guinart had answered, "none of you need trouble yourselves with the defence of this lady, which I take upon myself. Give me my horse and arms, and stay for me here ; I will go and find out this knight, and, dead or alive, force him to perform the promise made to so much beauty."—"Let no one doubt it," quoth Sancho, "for my master has a rare hand at match-making ; it is but the other day he made another man marry, who just as much denied his promise to another maid ; and had it not been that the enchanters, that plague him, changed his real figure into that of a lackey, the said maid had been none by this time."

Roque, who was more taken up with the thoughts of the beautiful Claudia's adventure than with the speeches of

master and man, did not understand them, but ordering his squires to restore all that they had taken from Dapple to Sancho, and to retire to the place where they had quartered the night before, he went off upon the spur with Claudia to find the wounded or dead Don Vicente. They got to the place where Claudia met him, and found nothing but blood newly spilt; but looking round about them, they discovered a company of people on the side of a hill above, and judged, as was the fact, that it must be Don Vicente carried by his servants, either to cure or bury him. They hastened to overtake them, which, as they were going slowly, they easily did. They found Don Vicente in the arms of his servants, desiring them, with a spent and fainting voice, to let him die in that place, for the pain of his wounds would not allow him to go any further. Claudia and Roque threw themselves from their horses and hastily came up to him. The servants were afraid at the appearance of Roque, and Claudia was troubled at the sight of Don Vicente; and so, divided between compassion and severity, she came to him, and taking him by the hands said, "Had you given me these in conformity with our agreement, you had never seen yourself at this pass." The wounded gentleman, lifting up his almost closed eyes, and knowing Claudia, "Now do I see," said he, "my fair deluded mistress, it is you that have killed me, a punishment never deserved nor due to my intentions, for neither in these nor in my actions have I been desirous or conscious of offending thee." "Is it not true," said Claudia, "that you went this morning to marry Leonora, the daughter of wealthy Balvastro?"—"No, most certainly," answered Don Vicente. "My evil fortune must have brought you this report to spur your jealousy to take my life, which, since I leave it in your hands, and in your arms, I reckon my lot happy; and, to confirm this truth, hold my hand, and receive me for your husband, if you will, for I have no other satisfaction to give for the wrong you think you have received from me." Claudia pressed his hand, and being pierced to the very heart, dropped into a swoon on the bloody breast of Don Vicente, who fainted away in a deadly trance.

Roque was confounded and knew not what to do, the

servants ran to find water to throw on their faces, and, having got some, bathed them with it. Claudia came to herself again, but Don Vicente never waked from his trance, but breathed out his life. When Claudia perceived this, and could no longer doubt that her dear husband no longer lived, she rent the air with her sighs, and wounded the heaven with her complaints. She tore her hair, scattered it in the wind, and disfigured her face with her own hands, showing all the marks of grief and sorrow that could be imagined by a wounded heart. "O cruel and inconsiderate woman!" cried she, "how easily wast thou set on to put this evil thought into execution! Oh, maddening force of jealousy, how desperate is the end to which thou leadest those who give place in their breast to thee! Oh my husband, whose wretched fate in being pledged to me, has, from his nuptial bed, brought him to the grave!" Such and so sad were Claudia's lamentations, which drew tears from the eyes of Roque, though they were not wont to shed them on any occasion. The servants wept; Claudia swooned at every step; and the whole neighbourhood seemed a plain of sorrow and a place of misfortune. At last Roque Guinart bid Don Vicente's servants carry his body to his father's village, which was not far distant, in order to have it buried. Claudia told Roque that she wished to go into a convent, where an aunt of hers was abbess, purposing there to spend the rest of her life wedded to a better and an immortal bridegroom. Roque commended her resolution, offering to conduct her whither she pleased, and to protect her father from the relatives and from all the world if they should seek to hurt him. Claudia on no account desired his company, and, thanking him for his offers as well as she could, took leave of him weeping. Don Vicente's servants carried off the body, and Roque returned to his men. Thus ended the loves of Claudia Geronima; and little marvel, if the prevailing and cruel force of jealousy wove the web of her lamentable story.

Roque Guinart found his squires where he had appointed, and Don Quixote in the middle of them, on Rozinante, delivering a discourse in which he was persuading them to leave their way of living, at once dangerous to their

bodies and to their souls; but, as they were chiefly Gascoigners, a wild unruly kind of people, Don Quixote's discourse was thrown away upon them. Roque, upon his arrival, asked Sancho Panza if they had returned and restored him the ornaments and trinkets that his men had taken from Dapple. "They had," Sancho answered, "but three kerchiefs that were worth three cities."—"What say you, fellow?" cried one of those by; "here they be, and they are not worth three reals."—"It is so," said Don Quixote, "but my squire values them at what he said on account of the person that gave them me."

Roque Guinart ordered them to be restored immediately; and, commanding his men to draw up in a line, he ordered them to bring out all the clothes, jewels, money, and all the other booty they had got since the last distribution, then, readily appraising every particular, returning and reducing into money what could not be divided, he made a dividend for the whole company with so much equity and prudence that he failed not by excess or defect in the least point of distributive justice. This being done to the general satisfaction, "If it were not for this punctual management," said Roque to Don Quixote, "there would be no living with them."—"Well," quoth Sancho, "by what I have seen here justice is so good a thing that it is necessary to use it amongst thieves themselves." One of the squires, overhearing him, raised the butt end of his gun, and would certainly have broken Sancho's head, had not Roque Guinart commanded him to hold. Sancho quailed, and resolved not to open his lips whilst he remained amongst these gentry.

By this time came one or two of those squires that were posted as scouts on the road to watch for all who should pass by and inform their captain of what occurred; and one said "Sir, not far off comes a great company of travellers on the way to Barcelona." "Are they such as look for us?" asked Roque, "or such as we look for?"—"Such as we look for, sir," answered the fellow. "Away then," cried Roque, "all of you, and bring me them hither straight, let none escape." The squires presently obeyed the word of command, and Don Quixote, Roque, and Sancho remained, waiting to see what they would bring. In the meantime Roque said to Don Quixote: "This way of living of ours must be new to

Signor Don Quixote : new adventures, new occurrences, and all perilous ; and I do not wonder that it so seems, for I really confess that there is no mode of life more restless nor more subject to sudden alarms than ours. I have been brought to it by I know not what desires of vengeance which have power to disturb the most peaceful hearts. I am naturally compassionate and well intentioned ; but, as I have said, the desire to revenge an injury done to me has so dashed all my good intentions to the ground that I remain in this condition in spite of, and against my inclination : and, as one deep calleth to another, and one sin to another sin, revengeful acts are so linked together that I take charge not only of my own but also of others ; but, by God's will, though I find myself in the midst of this maze of confusion, I despair not of escaping from it to a safe haven."

Don Quixote, being surprised to hear Roque utter such sound and sensible words ; for he thought that those engaged in the like of robbing, slaying, and attacking could include none of good speech. "Signor Roque," said he, "It is the first step to health, for a man to understand his distemper, and for the patient to be willing to take the physic prescribed by the physician. You are sick ; are sensible of your malady ; and heaven or rather God, who is our physician, will apply effectual medicines which are wont to cure little by little, and not suddenly or miraculously ; and the more that sinners of good sense are nearer amendment than fools. And you have shown your good sense in your conversation ; you have only to be of good heart, and hope for the recovery of your sick conscience. If you have a mind to take the short road and come easily on that of salvation, come with me and be instructed in knight-errantry, in which are so many toils and misfortunes that they will expiate your offences, and bring thee to heaven." Roque smiled at Don Quixote's advice, and changing the discourse, gave him an account of Claudia Geronima's tragical adventure, which grieved Sancho to the heart ; for the beauty, boldness and spirit of the damsel had not a little pleased him.

By this time the squires had arrived with their prize, bringing with them two gentlemen on horseback, and two pilgrims on foot, and a coach full of women, with some

half dozen servants on foot and on horseback, besides two muleteers that belonged to the gentlemen. The squires kept them in their midst, both vanquished and victors keeping strict silence, and expecting what the great Roque Guinart would say. He asked the gentlemen who they were, whither they were bound, and what money they had about them? One of them answered: "Sir, we are two captains of Spanish foot; our companies are at Naples; and we design to embark in four galleys which are said to be at Barcelona with orders to proceed to Sicily; we have about two or three hundred crowns, which, as we think, make us rich and happy, for the ordinary poverty of soldiers does not allow of greater riches. The pilgrims, being examined by Roque in like manner to the captains, answered that they intended to embark for Rome, and had about threescore reals between them both. He likewise inquired who was travelling in the coach and whither, and what money they carried, and one of the horsemen said "My lady Donna Guiomar de Quiñones, wife of the Regent of the vicariate of Naples, with her little daughter, and a duenna, are those in the coach, together with six servants, and their money is about six hundred crowns. "So then," said Roque, "we have got here nine hundred crowns and sixty reals. I think I have about threescore soldiers here with me; see how much will fall to each, for I am not a good accountant." The highwaymen, hearing this, lifted up their voices and said, "Long live Roque Guinart in spite of the dogs that seek his ruin!" The officers looked dolefully, the lady Regent was sadly dejected, and the pilgrims were no less cast down, seeing the confiscation of their property. Roque held them a while in suspense, but did not wish to prolong their grief, which was plain enough a gun-shot off. Then turning to the officers, "Do me the favour, captains," said he, "to lend me threescore crowns, and your ladyship fourscore, to gratify this squadron that accompanies me; for the abbot dines on what he sings for: and you can forthwith go your way free from any more disturbance with a safe-conduct, which I shall give you so that if you meet with any others of my squadrons that are posted in these parts, they will let you go unmolested; for I wish not to wrong soldiers nor

any women, especially those of quality." Boundless and well spoken were the words with which the captains thanked Roque for his civility and liberality, for so they esteemed his letting them keep their own money. The lady Donna Guiomar de Quiñones would have thrown herself out of the coach to kiss the feet and hands of the great Roque, but he would not suffer it on any account, rather excusing the wrong done them, which he was forced to, in compliance with the absolute necessities of his unpleasant profession. The lady Regent then ordered one of her servants to pay the fourscore crowns assigned; the officers had already disbursed their sixty, the pilgrims were going to give up all their mite; but Roque ordering them to wait a little, and turning to his men, said, "Here are two crowns a-piece for each of you, and twenty over and above. Let us bestow ten of them on these pilgrims, and the other ten on this honest squire, that he may be able to speak a good word of his adventure." So, calling for pen, ink, and paper, with which he always went provided, Roque gave them a written safe-conduct to the commanders of his squadrons, and taking his leave, dismissed them, wondering at his greatness of soul, gallant disposition and strange conduct, holding him rather an Alexander the Great than a professed highwayman. One of his men, in his Gascon and Catalan language, said "This captain of ours would make a better friar than a highwayman; if another time he has a mind to be so liberal, let it be with his own property, not ours." The wretch spoke not so low but he was overheard by Roque, who, whipping out his sword, almost clave his skull in two. "Thus it is I punish the abusive and mutinous," said he. All the rest stood motionless, and durst not say a word, so great was the awe they bore him. Roque withdrew a little, and wrote a letter to a friend of his in Barcelona, to let him know how the famous knight-errant, Don Quixote de la Mancha, of whom so many things were reported, was with him and that he must know that he was one of the pleasantest men and of the best understanding in the world, and that on the fourth day from then, which was St. John Baptist, he would be on the quay of that city, armed at all points, mounted on Rozinante his horse, and

his squire Sancho on an ass; and that he should give notice of this to his friends the Niarros that they might have some pleasure from him; and that he would have the Cadells, his enemies, lack this pleasure. But this was impossible, since the folly and discretion of Don Quixote, and the pleasantries of his squire Sancho Panza could not help giving pleasure to all the world! He delivered the letter to one of his men, who, changing his highway clothes to a countryman's habit, went to Barcelona, and gave it to whom it was directed.

CHAPTER LXI.

Of what befell Don Quixote on his entry into Barcelona, with other Accidents that have more truth than wisdom in them.

DON QUIXOTE stayed three days and three nights with Roque, and had he tarried three hundred years, he might have found subject for notice and admiration in that kind of life. They slept in one place, and ate in another, sometimes fearing they knew not what, then lying in wait for they knew not whom. Sleeping as they stood, and breaking their slumber to change from one place to another, there was nothing but setting of spies, listening to scouts, putting matches in their firelocks; though of such they had but few, being all supplied with flint-pistols. Roque himself slept apart from the rest, in such places that they did not know where he was; for the many bans which the viceroy of Barcelona had put upon his life, made him disquiet and fearful, and he durst trust nobody, fearing that his own people would either kill him or deliver him up to justice; a life certainly most miserable and uneasy.

At length, by bye-ways, short cuts and hidden paths, Roque, Don Quixote, and Sancho, attended by six other squires, set out for Barcelona. They got to the strand on Midsummer-eve, at night; where Roque, having embraced Don Quixote and Sancho, to whom he gave the ten crowns he had promised him and which he had not given him till then, took his leave of them both, after many compliments on both sides. Roque returned and Don

Quixote stayed there, waiting the approach of day, mounted as he was. Not long after, the face of fair Aurora began to peep through the balconies of the east, cheering the grass and flowers instead of gladdening the ear, though, at the same time a sound of many hautboys and kettledrums did cheer the ears, joined with the jingling of morrice-bells, and the tramp! tramp! make way! make way! of horsemen who seemed to be coming out of the city. Now Aurora gave place to the sun, who, with face broader than a target, rose little by little through the lower horizon. Don Quixote and Sancho, casting their looks abroad on all sides, discovered the sea, which they had never seen before. To them it appeared spacious and broad, far bigger than the lakes of Ruydera which they had seen in la Mancha. They saw the galleys on the shore, which, taking in their awnings, appeared covered with flags and streamers, that fluttered in the air, and kissed and swept the water. Within them sounded clarions, trumpets, and hautboys, which near and far filled the air with gentle and martial tones. They began to move and to join in a sort of engagement on the calm waters; while a vast number of gentlemen on fine horses, and with rich liveries, marched out of the city, and, in like manner, did their part. The marines discharged numerous cannon from the galleys, which were answered by those on the walls and forts about the city, and the mighty noise of the heavy artillery rent the air and was answered from the galleys again by the long pieces amidships. The lively sea, the cheerful land, and the sky serene, but where the smoke of the artillery dimmed it a while, seemed to infuse and engender a sudden delight in all the people. Sancho was mightily puzzled to discover how these huge bulky things that moved on the sea could have so many feet.

By this time the gentlemen in livery came galloping with cries, shouts and huzzas up to where Don Quixote was standing in doubt and amazement. One of them, who was the person to whom Roque had written, cried aloud to Don Quixote "Welcome to our city, mirror, light, and polestar of all knight-errantry" and more that may be omitted. "Welcome, I say, valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha; not the counterfeit, the fictitious, and the apocryphal one shown

us lately in false histories; but the true, legitimate, and faithful one described by Cid Hamet, the flower of historians!" Don Quixote made no answer, nor did the gentlemen stay for any; but wheeling and counter-wheeling with the rest of his companions, they fell to making an intricate display of horsemanship round about Don Quixote. He, turning about to Sancho, said, "these gentlemen know us well. I dare engage they have read our history, and even that which the Aragonian lately published." The gentleman that spoke to Don Quixote returning, "Noble Don Quixote," said he, "we beg you to come along with us, being all great servants, and great friends of Roque Guinart." To which answered Don Quixote, "If civility beget civility, yours, sir knight, is the daughter or very near relation of the great Roque's; take me where you please to command, for I have no other will but yours, and the more if you please to use it in your service." The gentlemen returned his compliments no less courteously; and so all of them inclosing him in the middle they conducted him to the city to the sound of trumpets and drums. But, at the entrance, the evil one who orders all evil, and the boys, who are more evil than the evil one himself, ordained that two of these mischievous and audacious ones got through the crowd of people and one of them lifting up Dapple's tail, and the other that of Rozinante, they thrust and fixed a handful of furze under each of them. The poor animals felt the unusual spurs, and clapping their tails closer, increased their pain in such a manner that plunging furiously about they threw their masters on the ground. Don Quixote, out of countenance, and nettled, went to take away the plumage from his horse's tail, and Sancho did as much for Dapple. They who were conducting Don Quixote wished to chastise the boys for their rudeness. But it was impossible, for they were lost among a thousand others that followed. Don Quixote and Sancho mounted again, and with the same applause and music they arrived at their conductor's house, which was large and princely, in fact that of a man of a great estate; where we leave him for the present, because such is the will of Cid Hamet.

CHAPTER LXII.

Which treats of the Adventure of the Enchanted Head, with other trifles which must not be omitted.

DON ANTONIO MORENO was the name of Don Quixote's host, a gentleman of good fortune and parts, and fond of wholesome and agreeable diversions. He, therefore, finding Don Quixote his guest, began to seek some means by which without prejudice to him he might turn his follies to account. For those are not jests which give pain, and no amusements are worthy that are detrimental to another person. The first thing he did was to make Don Quixote take off his armour, and, in his strait-laced shamoy clothes (as we have already described and painted him), to stand in a balcony that looked into one of the principal streets of the city, exposed to the gaze of the people and the boys, who stared on him as if he had been a monkey. The cavaliers in their liveries began afresh to career in front of him, as if they had put them on solely for him, and not to enliven this day of festival. Sancho was highly pleased, fancying he had hit, without knowing how, upon another Camacho's wedding, or another house like that of Don Diego de Miranda, or another castle like the duke's.

Several of Don Antonio's friends dined with him that day; and all of them honouring and treating Don Quixote as a knight-errant, they puffed up his vanity to such a degree that he could not contain himself for pleasure. As for Sancho, his pleasantries were such that the servants of the house and all that heard him hung as it were upon his mouth. Being at table, Don Antonio said to Sancho "I am told you are so fond of capon's breast and forced meat that if you have any over, you keep it in your pocket for another day."—"No, sir, it is not so," answered Sancho, "I am more cleanly than greedy, I would have you to know; here is my master Don Quixote knows well that we two have been wont to pass a week together upon a handful of acorns or walnuts. The truth is, that if I have a calf given me, I run with the halter; I mean to say that I eat

what is given me and use the times as I find them. But whosoever told you I was a greedy eater and a sloven, be sure it is not true; and, were it not for the honourable beards at table, I would tell him more of my mind.”—“Verily,” said Don Quixote, “the frugal and cleanly manner of Sancho’s feeding ought to be written and engraved on brazen tablets, as an eternal memorial to succeeding ages. It is true, when he is hungry, he seems somewhat ravenous; for he eats apace, and chews with both jaws at once. But he is always a punctual observer of neatness, and at the time that he was governor he learnt to eat so fastidiously, that he would eat grapes, and even pomegranate-seed with the point of his fork.”—“How,” cried Antonio, “has Sancho been a governor?”—“Ay,” answered Sancho, “and of an island called Barataria! Ten days I governed, and at my own will: in these I lost my rest and learnt to hate all the governments in the world. I fled away from it, I fell into a hole where I gave myself up for dead; and from which I came out alive by a miracle.” Don Quixote related the circumstances of Sancho’s government with all detail, at which the hearers were much pleased.

The cloth being taken away, Don Antonio took Don Quixote by the hand, and carried him into a private chamber, wherein there was no kind of furniture, but a table that seemed to be of jasper, supported by a foot of the same, upon which was placed a head, from the breast upwards like the busts of the Roman emperors, and seeming to be of brass. Don Antonio having walked with Don Quixote about the whole room, going several times round the table, thereupon said “Signor Don Quixote, being assured that nobody hears or listens to us, and the door being shut, I shall communicate to you one of the most strange adventures or rather novelties that can be imagined, provided that what I tell you be kept in the closest recesses of secrecy.”—“I swear it,” answered the knight, “and will clap a tombstone over it, for further security; for I would have you know, Don Antonio,” for by this time he had learned his name, “you are conversing with a person who, though he has ears to hear, has no tongue to tell. So you can with safety commit to my

breast what you have in your own, and reckon that you have buried it in the depth of silence.”—“In faith of that promise,” said Don Antonio, “I doubt not to raise your astonishment, and disburden myself somewhat of the pain caused by my having no one to whom to communicate my secrets, which are not to be trusted to every one.”—Don Quixote was astonished, wondering what was to come after such precautions. Whereupon Don Antonio took hold of his hand and passed it over the brazen head, the whole table, and the jasper leg that supported it. Then he said, “This head, Signor Don Quixote, was made and fashioned by one of the greatest enchanters and necromancers the world has had. I believe he was a Pole by birth, and disciple of the celebrated Escotillo,¹ of whom so many marvels

¹ If we may trust Pellicer, the master of this Polander was neither Duns Scotus, nor, (what I should have supposed more likely,) Michael Scott—but another Escoto or Escotillo, a learned Italian, who flourished in the 16th century, and was supposed (like his great countryman and contemporary, Cardan), to possess extraordinary powers, derived from intercourse with the spirits of darkness. He passed several years in the Low Countries, at the time when they were governed by the famous Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma; and his fame was thus widely spread throughout all the dominions of the House of Austria.

Zapata, in his *Miscellanea*, tells many wonderful anecdotes of Escotillo, for the authenticity of which he alleges the authority of many eye-witnesses, “noble and veracious gentlemen.” For example, “One day Escotillo purchased a horse of a certain gentleman, and gave him for it thirty crowns in doubloons. The gentleman put them in his purse, and went home rejoicing over his bargain. He took them out to show them to his wife, when, behold! they were not doubloons, but so many pieces of slate, or thin stone. In much confusion he returned immediately to the market-place, where Escotillo was still standing in the midst of a great crowd of people. Being charged with the deceit, Escotillo denied it, and asserted that he had paid in good coin. The gentleman drew out his purse to convict him, and behold! there were once more the doubloons. But although he saw the coin, he said he gave them to the devil, whose they were, and must have his horse again. ‘Very well,’ answered Escoto. The man mounted his horse once again, and proceeded homewards, blessing himself from any farther dealings with such merchants; when, lo! as he was riding through a dark lane, he observed, of a sudden, horns growing out of his horse’s head, and dismounted with terror, not from a horse, but from a comely cow.” Father Martin de lo Rio, in his *Disquisitiones Magicæ*, published at Madrid in 1604, tells various stories of the same sort. Among the rest he informs us, that when Escotillo gave an entertainment, the

are related. He stayed here in my house, and, for the price of a thousand crowns which I gave him, wrought this head which has the property and virtue of answering all questions put to its ear. After observing of courses, erecting of figures, consulting of stars, and regarding of points he brought it to the perfection we shall see to-morrow; for on Fridays it is mute, and that being to-day we have to wait till to-morrow; meanwhile you may consider of what you will ask it, for I know by experience it tells the truth in all its answers." Don Quixote was amazed at this virtue and property of the head, and was not disposed to credit Don Antonio; but, considering the shortness of the time before making trial, he was content to say nothing but that he thanked him for revealing to him so great a secret. So out of the chamber they went. Don Antonio locked the door, and they returned into the room where the rest of the gentlemen were. Meanwhile Sancho had related to them many of the adventures and accidents that had befallen his master.

That afternoon they carried Don Quixote abroad not armed, and but dressed after the city fashion, with

dishes were commonly set on the table by invisible hands; and Escotillo would say of one dish, 'Ay, this comes from the table of the King of England,'—of another, 'this was cooked for the emperor,' &c. At other times, he treated his guests less hospitably; "they regaled, indeed, on sumptuous viands, and left his house lauding him; but ere they reached their own houses, the deceit was manifest, for their bellies fell in, and they found themselves famished with a hunger true and real, not imaginary, like their dinner."

The first *brazen head* on record is that famous one possessed by Albertus Magnus, which was broken into a thousand shivers by his disciple Thomas Aquinas, whose self-possession entirely deserted him on hearing the sayings of the head. The great Albert exclaimed, on beholding the accident, "*Periit opus triginta annorum.*" Beckman, in his History of Inventions, says that this is all that has been recorded concerning the first and most famous of all the brazen heads. Friar Bacon, in our own country, and the Marquess de Villena, in Spain, passed for having in their possession similar marvels of unholy mechanism. But I believe *the Invisible Girl*, that some years ago made the tour of all the capitals of Europe, has at last revealed all the mystery of all the brazen heads that ever existed; and Cervantes, in the text, seems to have anticipated all the capabilities of such a device.

a long coat of tawny-coloured cloth, which, at that season, was enough to put frost itself into a sweat. They gave orders to the servants that Sancho should be so entertained that he should not be allowed to go out of doors. Don Quixote went mounted, not on Rozinante, but on a large easy mule, with fine furniture. They put the cloak on him, having pinned to its back, without his knowledge, a piece of parchment, with these words written in large letters, "*This is Don Quixote de la Mancha.*" As soon as they began their walk, the sight of the parchment drew the eyes of everybody who came to see him, and as they read, "*This is Don Quixote de la Mancha,*" Don Quixote wondered to see himself regarded, named and known by so many, and turning to Don Antonio, that rode by his side, "How great," said he, "is this prerogative included in knight-errantry, by which he who professes it is known and famous through all the confines of the earth! Only look, Signor Don Antonio, how the very boys of this city, who have never seen me before, know me?"—"It is true, sir Don Quixote," answered Don Antonio; "like fire, that cannot be concealed and shut in, so virtue cannot be left unknown, and that which is acquired by the profession of arms shines and excels beyond all others."

It happened that as Don Quixote was going with this applause that has been said, a certain Castilian, reading the scroll at his back, cried out aloud, "The devil take thee for Don Quixote de la Mancha! Who would have thought to have found thee here, alive, after so many drubbings that have been laid about thy shoulders? You are mad; and if you were mad in private, and kept within the doors of your madness, it would matter less, but you have the property of turning into madmen and fools as many as speak or hold converse with you. Only look at these gentlemen with you! Get you home, blockhead; look after your house, your wife, and your children, and leave these vanities which eat away your brain and drain your understanding."—"Friend," said Don Antonio, "go about your business, and keep your advice for those that ask it. Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha is a man of much sense, and we who attend him are no fools. We must pay respect to virtue wherever it is found. So, in

the name of ill-luck, go your ways, and do not meddle where you are not wanted.”—“Egad,” said the Castilian, “you are in the right; for it is but to kick against the pricks to give this good man advice, though it grieves me to think this whim of knight-errantry should spoil the good parts which they say this madman shows in all things. But ill-luck light on me, as you say, and on all my generation, if I ever from this day advise any one again, though I were desired, and were to live longer than Methuselah.” The adviser went his ways, and the cavalcade continued; but so great was the din that the boys and all the people made who read the inscription, that Don Antonio was forced to pull it off, under pretence of doing something else. Upon the approach of night, they returned home and a dance of ladies took place, for Don Antonio’s wife, a lady of quality, gay, beautiful and witty, had invited several of her friends to come and honour her guest, and enjoy his unheard-of freaks. Some of them came, and, after a splendid supper, the dancing began about ten o’clock at night. Among the ladies were two of mischievous and waggish disposition, such as, though virtuous enough, were somewhat careless to take pains that their jests should divert without offence. These were so urgent in making Don Quixote dance, that they tired out not only his body, but his very soul. It was a sight to see the figure of Don Quixote, long, lank, thin, and yellow, stuck up in his close doublet, awkward, and, above all, none of the lightest. The young ladies courted him as if by stealth, and he as secretly rejected them; till seeing their advances become more urgent, “*Fugite, partes adversæ*,” cried he aloud, “leave me to my rest, unwelcome thoughts; go in peace, ladies, with your longings! for she who is the queen of mine, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, allows no other but her own to subject and conquer me;” and, so saying, he sat himself down on the ground in the midst of the hall, bruised and broken with so much dancing exercise. Don Antonio gave order that he should be carried in arms to bed; and the first who laid hold of him was Sancho; who said, “And so, sir master of mine, you must needs go and dance! Do you think that all who are valiant, are dancers, and that all knights-errant

are capereis? If you do, you are deceived, let me tell you. I know those who would sooner kill a giant than cut a caper. Had it been the shoe-jig, I had supplied your place, for I slap it away like gyr-falcon; but, as for regular dancing, I cannot do a step." With these and other remarks Sancho made the company laugh, and led out his master to bed, where he covered him up, that he might sweat out the cold he had caught by dancing.

The next day, Don Antonio thought good to make his experiment on the Enchanted Head, and with Don Quixote, Sancho, a couple of other friends, and the two ladies that had teased Don Quixote at the ball, and who had stayed all night with Don Antonio's wife, he shut himself up in the room where stood the head. He told them the virtue it had, and enjoined them to secrecy, and said that this was the first day he proposed to make proof of it; and, except the two friends of Don Antonio nobody knew the riddle of the enchantment; and, had not Don Antonio just told it to his friends they had been drawn into the same astonishment as the rest; for the contrivance was so artful, and cunningly managed, that it was impossible to do aught else. Don Antonio himself was the first that made his application to the ear of the head, to which, speaking in a low voice, but not so much so, but that it was heard by all. "Tell me, O Head," said he, "by that virtue enclosed within thee, what are my thoughts at present?" The head, in a clear and distinct voice, without moving the lips, answered, "I do not judge of thoughts." On hearing which they were all astonished; the more so in seeing that in all the room or round the table there was no human being who could have answered. "How many of us are there here?" asked Don Antonio again. And he was answered, in the same key, slowly "Thou, and thy wife, two of thy friends, and two of hers and a famous knight, called Don Quixote de la Mancha, and a squire of his, Sancho Panza by name." Now was there fresh astonishment; now did the hair of all of them stand on end with pure terror. "It is enough," said Don Antonio, stepping aside from the head. "To convince me it was no impostor sold thee to me, sage Head, discoursing Head, answering Head, and miraculous Head! Now let some-

body else come and ask what he will." As women are generally prompt and inquisitive, the first who came was one of the two friends of Don Antonio's wife, and what she asked was: "Tell me, Head," said she, "what shall I do to be very beautiful?"—"Be very virtuous," was the answer.—"I ask nothing more" said the too curious one. Her companion then came, and said, "I would know, Head, whether my husband loves me well or not." It answered, "Observe his usage of thee, and that will tell thee."—"Truly," said the married lady to herself, as she withdrew, "that answer needed no question, for a man's actions are tokens of the disposition of his mind." Next came up one of Don Antonio's two friends, and asked, "Who am I?" The answer was, "Thou knowest."—"I do not ask that," replied the gentleman; "I would have thee tell me whether thou knowest me."—"I do," it answered; "thou art Don Pedro Noriz."—"I wish to know no more; this is enough, to convince me, O Head, that thou knowest all things." So he made room, and the other friend advanced and asked, "Tell me what does my son and heir desire." "I have already told thee," it answered, "that I am no judge of wishes; but for all that I can tell thee, what thy heir desires is to bury thee."—"It is so," replied the gentleman; "what I see with my eyes I mark with my finger; I ask no more." Don Antonio's lady came up and said, "I do not know, Head, what to ask thee; I would only know whether I shall long enjoy my dear husband." And it answered, "Thou shalt, for his healthy constitution and temperance promise many years of life which many are wont to cut short by intemperance." Then came Don Quixote. "Tell me, thou that answerest," said he, "was it real or was it a dream that I report to have happened to me in Montesino's cave? will Sancho, my squire, fulfil his scourgings? shall Dulcinea be disenchanted?"—"As for the matter of the cave," was answered, "there is much to be said; it has something of both; Sancho's whipping shall go on leisurely; the disenchantment of Dulcinea shall be duly effected."—"I desire to know no more" said Don Quixote, "when I see Dulcinea disenchanted I shall be sure that all the things that I desire will come at once." Sancho made the last application. What he asked was,

"Shall I chance, Head, to have another government? shall I get clear of this starving condition of squire? shall I see my own wife and children again?" To which he had answer, "Thou shalt be a governor in thine own house; if thou goest home thou mayest see thy wife and thy children, and if thou leavest off thy service, thou shalt leave thy squireship."—"Good! by the Lord," cried Sancho Panza, "I might have told all this myself. The prophet Perogrullo would say no more."—"Brute," said Don Quixote, "what answer wouldst thou have? Is it not enough that the answers this Head has given are pertinent to thy questions?"—"Yes, it is enough," quoth Sancho, "but I could wish that it had declared itself more, and told me a little more."

With this, the questions and the answers were brought to an end, but not the amazement in which all remained, except Don Antonio's two friends, who understood the matter, the which Cid Hamet Benengeli is resolved now to discover, that the world should be no longer in doubt, believing that any magic or extraordinary witchcraft were enclosed in the said head. He, therefore, declares, that Don Antonio Moreno, to divert himself and surprise the ignorant, had this made in his house, in imitation of another which he had seen contrived by a die-cutter in Madrid. The construction of it was in this wise: the top of the table was of wood, painted and varnished like jasper, and the pedestal on which it was supported was of the same, with four eagles' claws which projected from it to support the weight more firmly. The head, which seemed to be the stamp and features of a Roman emperor, and of a brass colour, was all hollow, and equally so was the top of the table into which it was so exactly fixed, that no sign of a joint was apparent. The pedestal of the table was likewise hollow, and joined on to the throat and breast of the head, and all this was made to communicate with another room that was underneath the chamber of the head. Through all this cavity of foot, table, throat and breast of the model and figure described, ran a tin pipe, very well fitted so that no one could see it. In the room below, corresponding to that above, was set he that was to answer, his mouth being applied to the aforesaid tube in such a manner that the voice went, after the manner of a

speaking-tube, from above downwards and from below upwards, in articulate and clear words, in such a manner that it was impossible to find out the deception. A nephew of Don Antonio, a sharpwitted and discreet student, was the one who answered; and having been warned by his uncle of who were to enter the chamber of the head on that day with him, he easily answered the first question with readiness and preciseness: to the remainder he answered by conjecture, and, as being a discreet person, discreetly. And Cid Hamet informs us further, that, during ten or twelve days this wonderful machine continued; but, at last, the noise of Don Antonio's having an enchanted head in his house, that gave answers to all questions, began to spread about the city; and as he feared this would reach the ears of the watchful sentinels of our faith, he gave an account of the matter to the reverend inquisitors, who ordered him to break it to pieces and use it no more, lest it should give occasion of scandal among the ignorant vulgar. But with Don Quixote and Sancho Panza the head passed for a piece of enchantment and an oracle, more to Don Quixote's satisfaction than Sancho's.

The gentry of the city, in complaisance to Don Antonio, and for Don Quixote's entertainment, and to make him show his madness, appointed a running at the ring about six days after; but this was broken off upon an occasion that shall be told hereafter.

Don Quixote had a mind to take a turn in the city plainly and on foot, fearing that if he went on horseback the boys would follow him. He, therefore, with Sancho, and two servants that Don Antonio gave him, went out for a walk. Passing through a certain street it happened that Don Quixote looked up, and spied, written over a door, in great letters, "Books printed here;" at which he was extremely pleased, for he had never seen any printing before, and he wished to see how it was done. In he went, with all his train; and in one part he saw them working off, in another correcting; composing here, revising there, and in short, all the apparatus that is to be seen in great printing-houses. Don Quixote went up to a case and asked what was being done; the workman explained, and he wondered and passed on. Coming

amongst others to one and asking him what he was about, "Sir," said the printer, "this gentleman here," showing a man of good figure and appearance, something grave, "has translated a book out of Italian into Spanish, and I am setting some of it here for the press."—"What is the title of the book?" said Don Quixote. "Sir," answered the author, "it is called in Italian *Le Bagatelle*."—"And pray, sir," asked Don Quixote, "what answers to *Le Bagatelle* in our language?"—"Sir," answered the gentleman, "*Le Bagatelle* is as much as to say, *Trifles*; but though this book is humble in name, yet the contents are very good and of much importance."—"I am a little conversant in the Italian," said Don Quixote, "and value myself upon reciting some stanzas of Ariosto; therefore, sir, and not doubting of your skill, but merely to satisfy my curiosity, pray, tell me, have ever you met in your writing with such a word as *pignata*?"¹—"Yes, very often," answered the author. "And how do you render it?" asked Don Quixote. "How should I render it, sir," replied the translator, "but by the word *pipkin*?"—"Body of me!" cried Don Quixote, "how you are master of the Italian idiom! I dare lay a good wager, that, where the Italian says *piace* you translate *please*; where it says *piu* you render it *more*; that *su*, corresponds to *above*, and *giu*, to *beneath*."—"Most certainly, sir," answered the other, "for such are their proper significations."—"I dare swear," said Don Quixote, "you are not recognised by the world, always hostile to rewarding flowering wits and praiseworthy labours. What abilities are thus lost, what talents rejected, what virtues despised! But for all that, I think this translating from one language to another, except it be from the queens of tongues, the Greek and Latin, is like viewing Flemish tapestries on the wrong side,² where, though the figures are seen, yet there are so

¹ [The word correctly is *pignatta*.]

² Pope, in one of his letters, applauds this idea very much, and calls it, in parenthesis, a thought of Cervantes; but the truth is, that the same thing had been said before him, by Don Diego de Mendoza, the celebrated author of *Lazarillo de Tormes*. De Villegas quotes it as "a saying of Mendoza, in the preface to his Spanish translation of Boethius de Consolatione. It also occurs in the preface to Zapata's Version of Horace's Epistle, *Ad Pisones*, published in 1591.

many threads that obscure them, that the smoothness and beauty of the work is not seen. Neither does this translating out of easy languages, show either wit or mastery of style, any more than transcribing or copying one paper from another: though I do not wish for this to imply that this business of translating is not commendable, since men may be worse employed in other things and in things which bring them less profit. I speak not of those two famous translators, the one Doctor Christoval de Figueroa in his *Pastor Fido*, and the other Don Juan de Xauregui in his *Aminta*—where they happily leave in doubt which is the translation, and which the original. But tell me, do you print this book at your own charge, or have you sold the right to some bookseller?"¹

"I print it upon my own account," answered the author, "and I hope to clear at least a thousand crowns by this first edition; which is to consist of two thousand copies, and they will go off at six reals a-piece in a trice."—"You are well up in the reckoning," said Don Quixote; "it is a sign you do not know the tricks of these booksellers and the ins and outs of these printers, and the robbery that is among them. I engage when you find two thousand books lie heavy upon your hands, you will be burdened enough to frighten you, especially if the book be somewhat faulty, and without spirit."—"What, sir!" said the author, "would you have me sell it to a bookseller, who would give me three maravedis for the right to print, and expect I should thank him for it? I print not my works

¹ It is amusing to see, in many passages of his works, how completely Cervantes understood the tricks of the booksellers of his time. In one of his novels, for example, he introduces a certain licentiate, Vidriera, complaining of "the tricks and deceptions they put upon authors, when they buy a copyright from them; and still more, the manner in which they cheat him, if he prints the book at his own charges; since nothing is more common than for them to agree for fifteen hundred, and have privily, perhaps as many as three thousand thrown off, one half, at the least, of which they sell, not for his profit, but for their own." Within two years of the publication of the First Part of Don Quixote, it is said, that not less than 12,000 copies were sold in the Spanish Peninsula alone—a number, considering the time, altogether prodigious, and of the fair profits of which, the circumstances of Cervantes' life render it sufficiently evident, that but a very slender part ever came into the hands of the author.

to get fame in the world; I am known in it already by my works; profit, sir, is my end, and without it, great reputation is not worth a farthing?"—"Heaven prosper you," answered Don Quixote; and, with that, moving to another case, he saw them correcting a sheet of a book called *The Light of the Soul*,¹ and said as he saw it, "These are the books that ought to be printed, though there are many of that kind; for sinners that use them are many, and there is need of an infinite quantity of lights for so many benighted ones." Then passing on he saw that in the same way they were correcting another book, and inquiring its title, they told him it was called *The Second Part of the ingenious gentleman, Don Quixote de la Mancha*, written by a person, a native of Tordesillas. "I have heard of that book before," said Don Quixote, "and truly and on my conscience, thought it had been burnt, and made dust of for a piece of folly; but his Martinmas will come like every pig's. For made stories are only so far good and agreeable, as they hold to truth, or the resemblance of it, and true histories are the better the truer they are." And so saying, he went out of the printing-house with tokens of some displeasure.

That very next day, Don Antonio arranged to take him to see the galleys lying in the roads, much to Sancho's satisfaction, because he had never seen any in his life. Don Antonio gave notice to the commander of the galleys, that in the afternoon he would bring his guest, the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha, to see them, of whom the commander and all the people of the town had by this time heard. What occurred to him there shall be told in the next chapter.

¹ This is a theological treatise, first published in 1556; written by a Dominican of the name of Meneses.

CHAPTER LXIII.

Of Sancho's Misfortunes on his visit to the Galleys, with the strange Adventure of the beautiful Morisca.

MANY were Don Quixote's remarks on the answer of the enchanted head, though none hit on the deceit, but centred all in the promise, which he regarded as sure, of Dulcinea's disenchantment; on that he relied and rejoiced in himself, expecting it would speedily be effected. As for Sancho, though he hated being a governor as has been said, yet still he had ever a desire to rule again, and to be obeyed; such ill-luck does authority bring with it even though it be in jest.

In short, that afternoon, Don Antonio Moreno his host, and his two friends, with Don Quixote, and Sancho, set out for the galleys. The commander, being advised of their coming, in his gladness to see such a pair as the famous Quixote and Sancho, upon their arrival at the quay, ordered all the galleys to strike sail; the clarinets played, and a pinnace, spread with rich carpets and crimson velvet cushions, was presently hoisted out, and as soon as Don Quixote set his foot into it, the admiral's galley discharged her broad-side piece, and the rest of the galleys did the like. When Don Quixote got on the galley by the starboard ladder, the whole crew saluted, according to their custom when a person of quality comes on board, saying hip, hip hurrah, three times. The general (for so we must call him), by birth a Valencian nobleman, gave him his hand, and embraced him saying. "This day will I mark with a white stone as one of the happiest I can expect to spend in all my life, since I have now seen Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha; occasion and token that shows that in him is comprised and summed all the valour of knight-errantry." Don Quixote returned his compliment with no less civility, overjoyed to see himself so treated like a grandee. They all went on to the poop which was very well adorned, and there they sat down on the seats. The

boatswain went amidships, and, with his whistle, gave the sign to the crew to strip, which was done in a moment. Sancho was scared to see so many fellows in their naked skins, but, most of all, when he saw them rig up the awning so fast, that it seemed to him as if all the devils were working at it. But all this was mere play to what I shall now tell. Sancho was sitting on the poop-rail next the aftermost rower on the starboard side, who, being instructed what to do, caught hold of him in his arms; and the whole crew, standing up on the alert, beginning on the starboard side, handled and whirled him so fast from bench to bench, that poor Sancho lost the sight of his eyes, and undoubtingly believed the very devils in hell were carrying him away. Nor did they finish with him till they had returned him by the larboard side to the poop. Here lay the poor fellow bruised, out of breath, and in a sweat, and unable to imagine what it was that had happened to him.

Don Quixote, seeing the flight of Sancho without wings, asked the general if that were a ceremony used to those who came aboard the galleys for the first time? for, if it were, as he did not design to make profession of them, and did not care to take similar exercise, he vowed to Heaven, that if any of them came to lay hold on him, to toss him, he would spurn their souls out; and with this, starting up, he laid his hand on his sword.

At the same time they lowered the awning, and, with a dreadful noise, let down the main-yard from aloft: Sancho thought the sky was falling off its hinges and coming upon his head, and ducking it in a great fright he thrust it between his legs. Don Quixote, too, was not himself at all this; he began to shiver, and shrug up his shoulders, and his face lost its colour. The crew hoisted the main-yard again with the same force and noise that they had lowered it withal. But all this with such silence as if they had neither voice nor breath. The boatswain then gave the word to weigh anchor, and, leaping amidships, with the bull's thong or rope's end began to fly-flap the shoulders of the crew, and, little by little, to put off to sea.

When Sancho saw so many coloured feet moving at

once (for he took the oars to be such), he said to himself, "These are sure enough things of enchantment and not those that my master speaks of. What have these poor wretches done, that they should be lashed thus? And how dares this single fellow go whistling about here, and flog so many people? I say, this is hell, or purgatory at least."

Don Quixote, observing how earnestly Sancho looked on what passed, "Ah, dear Sancho!" said he, "what a short and easy matter now were it for you, if you would, to strip to the waist, and clap yourself among these gentleman, and so complete Dulcinea's disenchantment; for amid the misery and pain of so many, you would not be so sensible of your own; and, besides, mayhap the sage Merlin, might take every one of these lashes, being so well laid on, for ten of those which you must one day inflict on yourself."

The general of the galleys was going to ask what were these lashes, and Dulcinea's disenchantment, when a mariner cried out, "They signal from Monjuich that there is a galley standing under the shore to the westward." On hearing this the general, leaping upon the gangway, cried, "Pull away, my hearts, let her not escape us; this must be some brigantine of Algerine corsairs that the guard has signalled." Presently the three other galleys came up with the flag-galley to receive orders. The general commanded two of them to stand out to sea, while he, with the other, would keep along the shore, that so the galley should not escape them.

The crew plied their oars and impelled the galleys with such fury that they seemed to fly, and those that stood to sea discovered, about two miles off, a vessel which at sight they took for one of fourteen or fifteen pairs of oars, and this was the fact. The bark, upon sight of the galleys, bore away, hoping, by her lightness, to make her escape; but all in vain, for the admiral's galley, being one of the swiftest vessels afloat, gained so much upon her, that those in the brigantine saw clearly that they would not escape, and so the master was willing the crew should quit their oars, and yield, for fear of exasperating the captain of our galleys. But fate ordered it otherwise;

for, upon the admiral's coming up with the brigantine so near that those on board of her could hear the voices bidding them surrender, two Toraquis, that is, two drunken Turks, among twelve others that were on board the vessel, discharged a couple of muskets, and killed two soldiers that were upon our bows. The general, seeing this, swore he would not leave a man of them alive; and coming up with great fury to attack her, she slipped away under the oars of the galley. The galley ran ahead a good way, but those in the little vessel knowing that they were done for, made sail whilst the galley was turning, and, with oars and sails, again made the best of their way off. But all their diligence did not do them so much good as their presumption did them harm; for the admiral coming up with her in little more than half a mile, caught her under his oars and took every man of them alive.

By this time the two other galleys were come up, and all four returned with their prize to the shore, where great numbers of people stood waiting desirous to see what they had taken. The general came to an anchor near the land, and perceiving the viceroy was on the shore, he ordered the pinnace to be manned to fetch him aboard, and gave orders to lower the yard, and to hang up the master and the rest of the Turks that he had taken in the brigantine, who were about six and thirty persons, all lusty fellows, and most of them Turkish musketeers. The general asked who commanded the brigantine; whereupon one of the prisoners, who was afterwards known to be a Spanish renegado, answered him, in Castilian, "This young man sir, whom you see here, is our master," showing him one of the handsomest and gallantest youths that human imagination could figure, his age being apparently less than twenty years. "You inconsiderate dog," said the general, "what made you kill my soldiers, when you saw it was not possible for you to escape? Is this the respect due to admiral's ships? Do not you know that rashness is not courage? Doubtful hops should make men bold, but not desperate." The master was offering to reply, but the general could not then listen to his answer, by reason of his running to receive the viceroy, who was

just come on board with some of his servants, and some persons of the town. "You have had a lucky chase, my lord general," said the viceroy; "Good enough," answered the general; "Your excellency shall see them immediately hanging from this yard arm."—"How so?" replied the viceroy.—"Because," replied the general, "they have killed, contrary to all law, and contrary to all reason and custom of war, two of the best soldiers in this galley; for which I am sworn to hang all I have taken; especially this youth who is the master of the brig," and he showed him the person with his hands already bound, and the halter about his neck, expecting death. The viceroy looked at him, and seeing him so beautiful, so gallant, and so humble, his beauty gave him at the same moment a letter of recommendation, and a desire to save his life came to him: "Tell me, captain," asked he, "art thou born a Turk, or a Moor, or art thou a renegade?" To which the youth answered in the same Castilian, "I am by birth neither Turk, Moor, nor renegade.—"What then?" said the viceroy.—"A Christian woman," replied the youth. "A Christian woman, and in these clothes, and at such a pass? but that is a thing rather to be wondered at than believed." "Oh, my lords," said the youth, "defer my execution till I give you the history of my life; and the delay of your revenge will be but short." Who would have been so hard of heart as not to be softened by these words? or at least to listen to what the sorrowful and pitiful youth wished to say? The general bade him say what he would, but that there were no hopes of pardon for his acknowledged offence. With this permission the youth began as follows:—

"I am one of that race, more unhappy than prudent, upon which in these days a sea of troubles has rained, being born of Morisco parents. In the current of their misfortunes, two uncles, carried me out of Spain into Barbary. In vain I professed myself a Christian, being really one, and not of those feigned and that seem such, but of the true and orthodox. It availed not with those who had charge of our miserable banishment to declare this truth, nor did my uncles try to believe it: they rather held it as a lie and an invention, with the design of staying in

the land where I had been born, and so more by force than of my free will they took me with them. My mother was a Christian; my father, a man of discretion, and equally a Christian; I sucked the Catholic faith with my milk; I was educated in good manners, and never, as I believe, either in them or in language, betrayed marks of Morisco breed. Side by side with these virtues, as I believe them to be, my beauty, if I have any, began to increase, and for all my retired and secluded life, an opportunity of seeing me was found by a young gentleman, called Don Gaspar Gregorio, son and heir to a knight that lived in another village adjoining ours. It were tedious to relate how he saw me, how we conversed together, how he thought himself lost for me, and how I gained not much by him, the more so, when I am dreading that this cruel halter will cut me off betwixt my throat and tongue. I shall only tell you, that Don Gregorio would needs bear me company in our banishment; and accordingly, by the help of the language, of which he was a master, he mingled with the Moriscos that came from other villages, and got acquainted on the journey with my two uncles that conducted me, for my father, wise and provident, upon the first news of the proclamation to banish us, had withdrawn to seek a place of refuge for us in some foreign country. He left concealed and buried in a place which I only am aware of many pearls and stones of great value, with some money in cruzados and doubloons of gold; and commanded me by no means to touch the treasure that he left, in case we should be expelled before his return. This I obeyed, and with my uncles, as I have said, and other relations and friends we passed over to Barbary; and the town where we settled was Algiers, which is as much as to say Hell itself.

“The king hearing of my beauty, and also that I was rich, which in part turned to my advantage, sent for me, and asked me from what part of Spain I was, and what jewels and gold I had got. I told him the place, and that the jewels and money were left buried there, but that I might easily recover them if I myself were to return for them. All this I told him, in hopes of his being blinded by his covetousness rather than by my beauty.

“In the midst of these questions, the king was informed that one of the handsomest and loveliest youths that could be imagined, had come over with me. I was presently conscious that they spoke of Don Gaspar Gregorio, whose beauty surpassed the greatest that could be extolled. I was agitated in considering the danger Don Gregorio ran, for amongst those barbarous Turks a boy or handsome youth is much more esteemed than a woman, however beautiful she may be. The king gave immediate orders he should be brought into his presence for him to see, asking me whether it was true what they said of this youth? I told him, as if inspired by Heaven, that it was; but that he must know that he was no man, but a woman like myself, and withal begged his permission to go and dress her in her proper habit, that her beauty might appear in its completeness, and she should appear before his presence with less shame. He willingly consented, promising next morning to talk of the manner in which I might return to Spain to get the hidden treasure. I spoke with Don Gaspar, represented to him the danger he ran in appearing as a man, and took him the same evening, in the habit of a Moorish woman to the presence of the king, who on seeing him was so much pleased with him, that he resolved to reserve him as a present for the Grand Seignior; and, fearing the danger there might be from his wives in the seraglio, and from his own desires, he gave her in charge and keeping of one of the principal Moorish ladies, to whose house he was immediately conducted.

“What we two felt (for I cannot deny that I love him) I leave to the consideration of those who are separated while they love. The king immediately gave orders that I should return to Spain in this vessel, and that two native-born Turks should accompany me, who are those who killed your soldiers: at the same time came with me this Spanish renegado (pointing to the one that had first spoken) of whom I know that he is a Christian in disguise, who comes with a greater desire to return to Spain than go back to Barbary. The rest of the brig’s crew are Moors and Turks, who only serve for rowers. These two covetous and insolent Turks, contrary to their order to set me on shore with this renegado, in the habits of

Christians, with which we are provided, on the first Spanish ground we should touch, would needs first cruise upon the coast, to take some prize if they could; being afraid, that if they should first set us ashore, some accident might happen to us, and make us discover that the brigantine was at sea, and so they might be taken, if by chance there were galleys upon the coast. In the night we made this land, and not seeing these four galleys, we were discovered, and that has happened which you have seen.

"To conclude, Don Gregorio remains in woman's habit among women, in manifest danger of destruction; and here I see myself with my hands bound, expecting, or rather fearing to lose the life of which I am already weary. This, gentlemen, is the end of my lamentable story as true as it is wretched; and all I have to beg is, that you will let me die as a Christian, since, as I have already said, I am in no way guilty of the blame under which those of my birth have fallen." Here she stopped, with her eyes full of tender tears, in which many of those present bore her company.

The viceroy, moved with tender compassion, without a word, went up to her and with his own hands unbound the cords that manacled the fair ones of the Mooress.

Now whilst the Christian Morisca was telling her strange story, an ancient pilgrim, who came on board with the viceroy, had kept his eyes fixed on her, and scarcely had the damsel made an end of her relation, than throwing himself at her feet and kissing them, with words broken by a thousand sobs and sighs, "Oh! Anna Felix," cried he, "my unfortunate daughter! I am thy father, Ricote, that returned to seek thee, being unable to live without thee, who art my soul." At these words, Sancho, who had been musing, vexed with the usage he had met with, lifting up his head, and staring at the pilgrim, knew him to be the same Ricote he had met the day he left his government, and was fully persuaded that this was his daughter, who, being now unbound, embraced her father, and mingled his tears with her own. "My lords," said he to the general and the viceroy, "this is my daughter, more unhappy in fortune than in name; she is called Anna Felix with the surname of Ricote, famed

as much for her beauty as for my riches. I left my country to seek in foreign realms some place of lodging and shelter, and, having found it in Germany, returned in this pilgrim's habit, with other Germans, to seek my daughter, and to dig up much wealth, which I left concealed. I did not find my daughter; I found the treasures which I have with me, and now, by the strange round which you have seen, I have found the treasure that most enriches me, my beloved daughter. My lords, if it can consist with the integrity of your justice, that our small offences, and my tears, joined with hers, can open the gates of pity, let them do so for us, since we never intended you any injury, and are innocent of those designs of our people who have justly been banished." Hereupon Sancho said, "I know Ricote well; and what he says so far as concerns Anna Felix being his daughter, I know to be true; but these other trifles, his goings and comings, and his intentions, whether they were good or bad, I meddle not therewith."

So uncommon an accident filled all present with admiration; and the general said, "Your tears, one upon the other, forbid me to fulfil my oath. Live, lovely Anna Felix, as many years as Heaven has decreed you; and let those insolent and rash ones, who committed the crime, bear the punishment of it." With that, he gave orders to have the two Turks, who had killed his two soldiers, hanged up at the yard; but the viceroy earnestly begged that they should not be hanged, their fault showing rather madness than design; the general did as the viceroy begged, for vengeance is not well executed in cold blood.

Then they endeavoured to plan how they might retrieve Don Gaspar Gregorio from the danger he was in; Ricote offered to this end above two thousand ducats, which he had in pearls and jewels. Many plans were proposed, but none equalled that of the Spanish renegado before mentioned, who offered, with a small bark of some half-a-dozen benches, manned by Christians, to return to Algiers, knowing, as he did, where, how, and when he could and ought to land, and being at the same time, not ignorant of the house where Don Gaspar was. The general and the viceroy demurred to trust the renegado or give to

his charge the Christians that were to row. But Anna Felix engaged for his truth, and Ricote, her father, offered to ransom the Christians, if they were taken. This design then being resolved upon, the viceroy went ashore, and Don Antonio Moreno, took with him the Morisca and her father, the viceroy desiring him to regale and cheer them as much as possible, and on his part offering whatever his house contained for their entertainment; such was the benevolence and charity which the beauty of Anna Felix infused into his breast.

CHAPTER LXIV.

Which treats of the Adventure which Don Quixote laid most to heart of any that had yet befallen him.

THE wife of Don Antonio Moreno, the history says, was extremely pleased to see Anna Felix in her house. She received her with much kindness, being as much enamoured of her beauty as of her understanding, for the Morisca excelled in both one and the other, and all the people in the city came to see her, as if summoned by bell. Don Quixote told Don Antonio, that the plan they had made to release Don Gregorio, was not a good one, it being more full of danger, than likely to succeed; and that it would have been better to set him ashore in Barbary, with his horse and arms, that he might deliver him, in spite of all Moordom, as Don Gayferos had done for his wife Melisendra. "Look here, your worship," quoth Sancho, hearing this, "Sir Don Gayferos carried away his wife on dry land, and on dry land took her to France. But here, though by chance we should deliver Don Gregorio, we should have no way to bring him over to Spain, for the sea lies between?"—"There is a remedy for all things but death," answered Don Quixote; "it is but having a bark ready by the seaside, and then we could embark in it, though all the world opposed it." "You describe it as very easy, sir," quoth Sancho, "but from said to done is a long run, and I like the renegado very well; he seems to

me an honest fellow, and well-disposed." Don Antonio said that if the renegado should not succeed in the affair, they would adopt the expedient of the great Don Quixote's going to Barbary.

In two days the renegado sailed away in a fleet cruiser of six oars on each side, manned with a most able crew; and two days after that, the galleys sailed for the Levant, the general having engaged the viceroy to give him an account of what happened as to Don Gregorio's rescue, and in the matter of Anna Felix. The viceroy promised to do as he asked him.

Now one morning, Don Quixote going abroad to take the air upon the sea-shore, armed at all points, (his arms, as he often said, being his best attire, and combat his refreshment, and without them he never felt that he was himself at all), spied a knight riding towards him, armed like himself from head to foot, having a bright moon blazoned on his shield, who, coming within hearing, directing his words to Don Quixote, called out, "Illustrious Knight, and never-sufficiently-extolled Don Quixote de la Mancha, I am the *Knight of the White Moon*, whose unheard of achievements perhaps have brought him to thy notice. I am come to enter into combat with thee, and to prove the valour of thine arm on the ground, of making thee know and acknowledge my mistress, be she who she may, to be, without comparison, more beautiful than thy Dulcinea del Toboso; the which truth, if thou wilt fairly confess, thou shalt dispense with death, and the trouble I shall have to take in inflicting it on thee. And if thou wilt fight, and I shall vanquish thee, I ask no other satisfaction but that forsaking arms, and abstaining from the quest of adventures, thou shalt retire and return to thy own place, for the space of one whole year, where thou shalt live without laying hand on thy sword, in tranquil peace and profitable ease, as is best for the improvement of thy estate, and the salvation of thy soul. But, if thou shalt conquer me, my head shall be at thy disposal, my horse and arms shall be thy spoils, and the fame of my exploits shall pass to thine. Consider what is best for thee to do, and let thy answer be quick, for my despatch of this business is limited to this very day."

Don Quixote was amazed and astounded, as much at the arrogance of the Knight of the White Moon, as at the subject of his defiance; so with a solemn and austere address, he answered, "Knight of the White Moon, whose achievements have as yet not reached my knowledge, I dare swear that thou hast never seen the illustrious Dulcinea; for, hast thou ever viewed her, I know that thou wouldst have been careful not to make this challenge, for the sight of her would have made thee know that there never has been, nor can be, beauty that can be compared with hers; and, therefore, without giving thee the lie, I only tell thee, thou art mistaken, and accept your challenge on your conditions, and at once, that the day you have fixed pass not by, excepting only that article of your exploits descending to me; for, not knowing of what sort they be, I shall be satisfied with my own, such as they are. Choose, then, whichever side of the field you like, I will do likewise, and to whom God shall give her,¹ St. Peter give his blessing."

The Knight of the White Moon had been discovered from the city, and the viceroy was informed of his parleying with Don Quixote; and believing this to be some new adventure, designed by Don Antonio Moreno, or by some other gentleman of the city, he immediately set forth to the shore with Don Antonio and many other gentlemen, who accompanied him, just as Don Quixote was wheeling Rozinante to fetch the needful career. The viceroy, seeing them both ready to turn for the onset, interposed, desiring to know the cause that moved them to this sudden combat. The Knight of the White Moon answered that it was a precedence of beauty, and briefly repeated the same that he had said to Don Quixote, with the acceptance of the conditions of the challenge on either side. The viceroy went up to Don Antonio, and asked him aside, whether he knew that Knight of the White Moon, or whether their combat was not some jest they sought to play upon Don Quixote? Don Antonio answered that he neither knew who he was, nor whether the combat were in jest or earnest. This answer put the viceroy to some doubt whether he should leave them or not to pursue their

¹ [*I.e.* Victory. These words are used in the marriage service.]

engagement; but, being unable to persuade himself that it was no jest at the bottom, he withdrew, saying, "Sir knights, if there be here no other remedy between confession and death, and Signor Don Quixote be bent on his purpose and you, of the White Moon, no less, why charge! and God help the right!"¹

He of the White Moon thanked the viceroy with courteous and seemly words for his consent, and Don Quixote did the same; and commending himself with all his heart to Heaven and his Dulcinea as he always used upon commencing combats offered to him, turned to take a little more of the field, for he saw that his adversary did the same; and without either sound of trumpet or other warlike instrument to give the signal of onset, they both turned rein at the same moment; and as he of the White Moon was the swifter, he met Don Quixote when he had run but a third of the distance. There he encountered him so forcibly, that without making use of his lance, which, as it seemed, he lifted up on purpose, he threw both Rozinante and Don Quixote to the ground with a terrible fall.

At a moment he was above him, and clapping his lance to his vizor, "Knight," cried he, "you are vanquished and a dead man, unless you immediately fulfil the conditions of our challenge." Don Quixote, bruised and stunned, without lifting up his vizor, answered in a faint and feeble voice, as if he had spoken out of a tomb, "Dulcinea del Toboso is the most beautiful woman in the world, and I the most unfortunate knight upon the earth. It were unjust that such perfection should suffer through my weakness, should prejudice this truth. Press on thy lance, knight, and rid me of life."—"That I will not do, for certain," said he of the White Moon; "let the fame and the beauty of the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso live in its completeness; I am satisfied if only the great Don Quixote return home for a year, as we agreed before the beginning of this combat." All this the viceroy and Don

¹ [In the original this metaphorical passage stands, *si . . . el señor Don Quixote está en sus trece, y vuesa merced el de la Blanca Luna en sus catorce, á la mano de Dios, y dense.* The meaning of the allusion to thirteen and fourteen seems to be lost.]

Antonio heard with many others who were with them ; and they also heard Don Quixote answer, that, as he did not ask of him anything to the prejudice of Dulcinea, he would fulfil all the rest as a knight punctilious and true. This acknowledgment being made, he of the White Moon turned rein, and bending his head to the viceroy, rode at a hand-gallop into the city. The viceroy requested Don Antonio to follow him, and by all means find out who he was.

They lifted up Don Quixote, and uncovering his face, found him pale, and in a sweat. Rozinante was in so sad a plight that he could not stir for the present. Sancho, all sad and dismayed, knew not what to say, nor what to do : he was sometimes persuaded it was all a dream, that this rueful adventure was all enchantment. He saw his master made to surrender, and bound to lay aside his arms for a year ; he imagined the light of the glory of his actions eclipsed, the hopes of his new promises dissipated as smoke is dissipated by the wind. He wondered whether or not Rozinante would remain deformed, or his master dislocated (it would have been no small luck had he been disilluded). At last, in a hand-chair, which the viceroy had sent for, they carried him into the town ; and the viceroy likewise returned thither, with a desire to know who the Knight of the White Moon was that had left Don Quixote in so sad a condition.

CHAPTER LXV.

In which it is stated who he of the White Moon was, with Don Gregorio's release, and other passages.

DON ANTONIO MORENO followed him of the White Moon, and he was likewise pursued and even persecuted by a number of boys, until they saw him safe into an inn in the city. Don Antonio went in, desiring to know who he was. A squire came out to receive him and to take off his armour. He shut himself up in a lower room, and with him Don Antonio, who could not rest till he had discovered who he was. The knight of the White Moon,

finding that this gentleman would not leave him, "Sir," said he, "I know why you come; it is to find out who I am; and since I lie under no obligation of concealing myself, while my man disarms me, I will tell you the whole truth of the story.

"You must know, sir, I am called the Bachelor Samson Carrasco: I live in the same town with this Don Quixote, whose madness and folly have moved to pity all who knew him, and I am one of those who feel it most; and believing that his health depends on rest, and on his being in his own country and his own house, I bethought myself of this stratagem to make him stay there; and, accordingly, about three months ago, I met him on the road as a knight-errant, calling myself the Knight of the Mirrors, with the intention of fighting with him and overcoming him, without doing him any harm, making the conditions of our combat that the conquered one should be at the disposal of the conqueror, and what I thought to ask of him, for I already held him as conquered, was that he should return to his village and not go out for a whole year, by which time he might be cured. But fortune ordered it otherwise, for he unhorsed and vanquished me, and so I did not effect my design. He prosecuted his adventures, and I returned conquered, shamed, and hurt with my fall, which was dangerous enough. But I did not therefore give up the wish to return and find out, and conquer him, as you have seen to-day, and as he is so punctual in keeping the rules of knight-errantry, he will undoubtedly perform the promise I have imposed on him. This, sir, is the whole story, without need to tell you anything else; I beg you not to discover me, nor tell Don Quixote who I am, that my good intentions may take effect, and a man whom I hold to be most excellent, if the follies of chivalry will let him alone, may recover his understanding."—"Oh! sir," replied Don Antonio, "God forgive you the injury you have done to all the world in seeking to make sane the most diverting madman in it. Do you notice, sir, that the advantage gained by Don Quixote's sanity cannot equal the pleasure that his insanity gives. But I believe, Sir Bachelor, that his madness is too complete for all your art to remove; and

were it not uncharitable, I would say may Don Quixote never be sane, for by his recovery we not only lose his pleasantries but those of his squire, Sancho Panza, either of which is enough to divert melancholy itself. However, I will be silent, and will tell him nothing of the matter, to see whether I turn out correct in suspecting that all the pains taken by Sir Carrasco are to no purpose." He answered that the business having succeeded so far, he hoped for a better end; and, asking Don Antonio to command him in anything else, he took his leave, and, packing up his armour on a carriage-mule, presently mounted the same horse on which he had entered into combat, and, leaving the city that very day, went homewards, meeting no adventure on the road worthy a place in this faithful history.

Don Antonio gave an account of all that Carrasco had told him to the viceroy, who was not much pleased at it, for by the retirement of Don Quixote diversion was lost to all those that were acquainted with his follies.

Six days did Don Quixote keep his bed, dejected, sullen, pensive, and in ill condition, his imagination busy with the miserable event of his overthrow. Sancho was his comforter, and among other arguments, "My master," quoth he, "pluck up your head and be of good cheer if you can, and be thankful to Heaven that your overthrow on the ground did not end with a broken rib. Consider, too, that they that give must take, and we must not always look for bacon where we see the hooks. A fig for the doctor, since you do not need him to cure this ill; let us go home and give up going about in quest of adventures in lands and places we do not know. And if you consider, I am the greatest loser, though it is you that are in the worst pickle. It is true that with the government I left the desire of being a governor any longer, but I never parted with my inclination of being an earl, which can never come to pass if you miss being a king, by casting off your knight-errantry, and so my hopes turn to smoke."—"No more, Sancho; for you see that my seclusion and retreat are for no more than a year, and then I shall reassume my honourable profession, and not fail of the kingdom I desire, and some earldom to give

thee.”—“Heaven hear it,” quoth Sancho, “and the devil be deaf. I have always heard say that a good hope is better than a bad possession.”

Thus they were when Don Antonio came in, with great signs of joy, calling out, “Reward me, Don Quixote, for Don Gregorio and the renegado who went after him are on shore! Why do I say on shore? they are now at the viceroy’s house, and will be here this moment.” Don Quixote was a little revived, and said, “Truly I should have been glad if it had happened otherwise, for I should have been bound to cross over to Barbary, where, by the strength of my arm, I should have set at liberty not only Don Gregorio, but all the Christian slaves in Barbary. But what am I saying, wretch that I am! Am I not the conquered one; am I not the overthrown? am I not he that cannot take up arms for a year? What do I promise, then; of what do I boast, who am fitter for a distaff than a sword?”—“No more of that, sir,” quoth Sancho; “let the hen live, though she have the pip. To-day for thee, and to-morrow for me. And in these matters of encounters and blows you must take no account of them; he that is down to-day may be up to-morrow, unless he has a mind to lie abed, that is to say, to let himself be dismayed without getting new strength for new quarrels. So get up, sir, now, to bid Don Gregorio welcome to Spain; for it seems to me that people are all afoot, and he must be in the house.” And so it was; for Don Gregorio and the renegado having given the viceroy an account of his going and return, Don Gregorio, impatient to see Anna Felix, arrived at Don Antonio’s house with the renegado. And though Don Gregorio was in a female habit when he was freed from Algiers, he changed it in the vessel for that of a captive who came along with him, and in whatever he was he appeared to be a person to be envied and esteemed, for he was exceedingly handsome, and appeared to be sixteen or eighteen years of age. Ricote and his daughter went out to meet him, the father with tears, and the daughter with modesty. They did not embrace one another, for where there is much love there is not wont to be excessive freedom. The combined beauty of the two, Don Gregorio and Anna Felix, surprised everybody who

was present. It was silence that spoke then for the two lovers, and their eyes were the tongues that discovered their happy and honourable thoughts. The renegado gave an account of the diligence and means he had used to deliver Don Gregorio, and Don Gregorio related the dangers and shifts he was put to among the women with whom he stayed, not at length, but in a few words, which showed his wit and discretion to be much above his years. Finally Ricote paid and satisfied liberally both the renegado and the rowers. The renegado returned and was received back into the church, having, with penance and sincere repentance, become, from a rotten limb, whole and sound again.

Two days after, the viceroy took counsel with Don Antonio as to how they might procure that Anna Felix and her father might remain in Spain, judging it not unfitting that a daughter so Christian and a father seemingly so well-disposed should remain among them. Don Antonio, being obliged to go to Madrid about some other matters, offered to negotiate it, hinting that, by the help of favour and gifts, many difficult matters were brought about there. "There is nothing to be hoped from favour and bribes," said Ricote, who was present at this conversation; "for the great Don Bernardino de Velasco,¹ Count de Salazar, to whom his majesty gave the charge of our expulsion, is not to be moved either by prayers, promises, gifts, or tears; and though it is true that he combines mercy with justice, yet, as he finds the whole body of our race to be contaminated and corrupted, he rather makes use of the cautery that burns than the ointment that soothes, and thus with the prudence, the sagacity, the diligence, and the years that he applies he has borne upon his strong shoulders to due execution the burden of this vast scheme, without our diligence, stratagems, solicitations and frauds having availed to obscure his Argus eyes, which he ever keeps open: whereby there is neither retained nor concealed any one of us, who, like a hidden root, might, in time to come, breed and bear fruit

¹ This was the Count Salazar, one of the chief persons about the court of Philip III, and employed by him in the business of the Morisco banishment.

poisonous to Spain, already cleansed, already free from the anxiety in which our multitude held her. Heroic resolution of the great Philip the Third, and unheard-of wisdom in having entrusted to Don Bernardino de Velasco!"—"Well, when I am there," said Don Antonio, "I will use all possible diligence, and leave the rest to Heaven's will. Don Gregorio shall go with me to comfort his parents, who must have mourned for his absence. Anna Felix shall stay with my wife at my house, or in some monastery; and I dare engage the viceroy will be glad to let the good Ricote remain in his protection till he see how I succeed." The viceroy consented to all this, but Don Gregorio, hearing what passed, said that he could and would by no means leave Anna Felix; however, considering that he might arrange to return to her after he had seen his parents, he yielded to the proposal, and so Anna Felix remained with Don Antonio's lady, and Ricote with the viceroy.

The day of Don Antonio's departure came, and Don Quixote and Sancho's two days afterwards; for his fall did not allow him to set out more quickly. There were tears, sighs, swoons and sobs, at the parting of Don Gregorio and Anna Felix. Ricote offered Don Gregorio a thousand crowns if he required them, but he would have none, and only borrowed five of Don Antonio, promising to repay him at Madrid. And so the two departed; and afterwards Don Quixote and Sancho, as has been said; Don Quixote unarmed and in travelling dress, and Sancho on foot, so that Dapple might go laden with the armour.

CHAPTER LXVI.

*Which treats of that which shall be seen by him that reads it,
or heard by him that listens when it is read.*

DON QUIXOTE, as he went out of Barcelona, cast his eyes on the spot where he was overthrown. "Here once Troy stood," said he; "here my unhappy fate, and not my cowardice, deprived me of all the glories I had achieved.

Here fortune practised on me her turns and revolutions; here my exploits suffered eclipse; and, in short, here fell my good fortune, never to rise again." Sancho, hearing this, said: "It is as much the part of great spirits, my master, to have patience in misfortunes, as to be joyful in prosperity; and I judge of it by myself; for if when I was a governor I was merry, now I am but a squire afoot, I am not sad. And indeed I have heard say, that this they call Fortune, is a drunken, freakish quean, and above all, blind; so that she neither sees what she does, nor knows whom she casts down, nor whom she raises up."—"Thou art very much a philosopher, Sancho," replied Don Quixote; "thou talkest very sensibly. I know not who teaches it to thee, but I must tell thee there is no such thing as fortune in the world, nor do the things that happen in it, be they good or ill, come by chance, but by the particular providence of Heaven; and this makes good the proverb, that every man is the artificer of his own fortune. I have been the maker of mine; but for want of using the needful discretion my presumptuousness hath ended in vain-glory. I might well have considered that Rozinante's weakness could not withstand the Knight of the White Moon's huge and strong-built horse. However, I would needs adventure; I did what I could, I was overcome. Yet, though I lost my honour, I have not lost, nor can I lose, the virtue of keeping my word. When I was a knight-errant, bold and valiant, my hands and my actions gave a reputation to my deeds; and now I am a dismounted squire, the performance of my promise shall give a reputation to my words. On then, friend Sancho, and let us get home, to pass the year of our probation. In that retirement we shall recover new vigour, to return to that which is never to be forgotten by me, the profession of arms."—"Sir," quoth Sancho, "it is no such pleasure to travel afoot, that it moves and exerts me to make large marches. Let us leave this armour hung up upon some tree, in the room of some criminal, and when I am got upon Dapple's back with my feet off the ground, we will make our marches just as you think right and meet; for, to think I can foot it, and go far, is what you must excuse me in."—"Thou hast spoken well, Sancho," said Don

Quixote ; “let my arms be hung for a trophy, and underneath, or above them, we will carve on the trees what was written on the trophy of Orlando’s arms :—

‘ Let none but he these arms displace,
Who dares Orlando’s fury face.’ ”

“All this is as fine as pearls,” quoth Sancho ; “and were it not that we shall want Rozinante upon the road, it were not amiss to leave him hanging too.”—“Then,” said Don Quixote, “neither he nor the armour shall be hanged, for it shall never be said, ‘For good service bad reward.’ ”—“That is well said,” quoth Sancho ; “for in the opinion of wise men, the fault of the ass must not be laid on the packsaddle ; and therefore, since in this job you yourself were in fault, punish yourself, and let not your fury wreak itself upon your armour, already battered and bloody, nor upon the tameness of Rozinante, nor upon the tenderness of my feet, requiring them to travel more than they ought.”

They passed that day, and four more after that, in such argument and discourse, without anything befalling them that might interrupt their journey ; and on the fifth day, as they entered into a country town, they saw a great company of people at an inn-door, being got together for pastime, it being a holiday. As soon as Don Quixote drew near to them, a countryman raised his voice and said, “One of these two gentlemen that are coming this way, who know neither of the parties, shall decide our wager.”—“That I will certainly,” said Don Quixote, “and with all the equity imaginable, if I can understand it.”—“Why,” said the countryman, “my good master, the business is that one of our neighbours in this town, so fat, that he weighs eleven arrobas,¹ has challenged another neighbour that weighs not five, the conditions being that he is to run a race of a hundred paces, with equal weight. And he that gave the challenge, being asked how they should make equal weight, demands that the other, who weighs five arrobas, should carry six more of iron, and so the lean one’s eleven arrobas will be equal to the eleven

¹ An arroba is a quarter of a hundredweight.

ones of the fat one.”—“Not so,” cried Sancho at once, before Don Quixote could answer, “to me, that came but a few days ago from being a governor and judge, as all the world knows, it belongs to resolve these doubts, and to give an opinion on the whole case.”—“Answer with all my heart, friend Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “for I am not fit to give crumbs to a cat, my judgment is so disturbed and out of order.” Sancho, having thus got leave, said to the countrymen (who were all standing about him, with open mouths, waiting to hear his sentence), “Brothers, what the fat man asks, will not do, and has not a shadow of justice; for if it is true, as is said, he that is challenged may choose his weapons, there is no reason that he should choose such as may encumber him, and hinder him from being the victor. Therefore it is my judgment that the fat one, who gave the challenge, shall cut, pare, slice, scrape, erase, and do away with six arrobas of his flesh, here and there from his body as it seems and is best for him, and in this way, having five arrobas of weight left, he will be equal to and match with the five of his adversary and so they may run upon equal terms.”—“I swear,” quoth a countryman that had heard Sancho’s sentence, “this gentleman has spoken like one of the saints; he has given judgment like a canon; but I warrant the fat one will not part with an ounce of his flesh, much less with six arrobas.”—“The best way will be for them not to run at all,” quoth another; “for then, Lean need not grind himself with the load, and Fat need not part with his flesh. So let half the wager be spent in wine, and let us take these gentlemen to the tavern that has the best, and lay the cloak upon me when it rains.”—“I return you thanks, gentlemen,” said Don Quixote, “but I cannot stay a moment; for dismal thoughts and disasters force me to appear unmannerly, and to travel at an uncommon rate;” and, so saying, he clapped spurs to Rozinante, and moved forwards, leaving them in astonishment at what they had seen and remarked, of his strange figure no less than of the rare parts of his servant, for such they took Sancho to be. “If the man be so wise,” quoth another of the countrymen, “what must the master be? I will hold a wager, if they be going to study at

Salamanca, they will come to be judges of court in a trice ; for it is all a mere joke ; it is but studying and studying again, and having favour and good luck ; and when a man least dreams of it, he finds himself with a rod in his hand, or a mitre upon his head."

That night the master and the man took up their lodgings in the middle of the fields under the clear and open sky ; and the next day, as they were on their journey, they saw coming towards them a man afoot, with a wallet about his neck, and a javelin or pike in his hand, just like a foot-post. When he came near Don Quixote, he mended his pace, and, almost running, came up to him, and embracing his right thigh, for he could reach no higher, said with signs of great joy, " My Lord Don Quixote de la Mancha," cried he, " oh ! how heartily glad my lord duke will be when he understands you are coming again to his castle, for there he is still with my lady duchess."—" I do not remember you, friend," answered Don Quixote ; " nor do I know who you are, unless you tell me."—" I am Tosilos, Sir Don Quixote," answered the post-boy ; " my lord duke's footman, the same who would not fight with you about the marriage of Donna Rodriguez's daughter."—" Bless me !" cried Don Quixote, " is it possible you should be the man whom those enemies of mine, the magicians, transformed into that lackey you speak of to defraud me of the honour of that combat?"—" Softly, good sir," replied the post-boy ; " there was no enchantment nor any transformation of face. It was as much a footman Tosilos who entered the lists as it was Tosilos the footman who came out ; I had a mind to marry without fighting, because the young woman seemed to suit me. But it happened quite opposite to my idea, for, as soon as you were gone from our castle, my lord duke ordered me a hundred stripes for not doing as he had ordered me before entering on the contest ; and the upshot was this, that the girl is already a nun, and Donna Rodriguez is gone back to Castille, and I am going to Barcelona with a parcel of letters from my lord to the viceroy. However, sir, if you please to take a sip neat, though a little warm, I have here a calabash full of the best, and I know not how many slices of Tronchon cheese, that will

serve to call and stir up thirst if it be asleep.”—“I like the offer,” quoth Sancho; “and let us leave further ceremony and pour out, honest Tosilos, to the confusion and in spite of all the enchanters in the Indies.”—“Well, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “thou art certainly the veriest glutton in the universe, and the most ignorant blockhead in the world, else thou wouldst consider that this postman is enchanted, and this Tosilos a counterfeit. Stay with him and stuff thyself, whilst I will ride softly on before and wait for you.” The lackey smiled, uncovered his bottle and brought forth his cheese, and pulling out a little loaf, he and Sancho sat down upon the green grass, and in all peace and fellowship they whetted their appetites and got to the bottom of the wallet’s entire store with such a goodwill, that they licked the very packet of letters because it smelt of cheese.

Tosilos said to Sancho, “Doubtless this master of yours ought to be reckoned a madman.”—“Why ought?”¹ replied Sancho; “he owes nothing to anybody, for he pays for everything, especially where madness is current. I see it full well, and full well I tell him of it; but what boots it, especially now that he is all in the dumps, for having been worsted by the Knight of the White Moon?” Tosilos begged of him to tell him that story; but Sancho said it would not be handsome to let his master stay for him, but that another day, if they should meet again, he would have an opportunity to do so. With that they got up, and, after he had shaken his coat, and the crumbs from his beard, he drove Dapple before him, and, with a good-by-to-ye, left Tosilos, to overtake his master, who stayed for him under the shade of a tree.

¹ [A play upon the word *debe*.]

CHAPTER LXVII.

How Don Quixote resolved to turn Shepherd, and lead a rural life for the year of his engagement; with other Passages truly good and diverting.

IF Don Quixote was much disturbed in mind before his overthrow, he was much more disquieted after his fall, While he stayed under the tree as has been told, thoughts swarmed about and stung him like flies on honey; some were on the means to free Dulcinea from enchantment; others on the life he must lead during his involuntary retirement. Sancho came up to him, commending the liberal disposition of the lackey Tosilos. "Is it possible, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "thou should'st take that man for a real lackey? It seems as if thou hast forgotten how thou saw'st Dulcinea converted and transformed into a rustic wench, and the Knight of the Mirrors into the bachelor Carrasco; all arts of those magicians that persecute me? But tell me now, didst thou not ask Tosilos, as thou callest him, what became of Altisidora? whether she bemoaned my absence, or left in the hands of oblivion those amorous thoughts that disturbed her when I was near her?"—"Mine were such," quoth Sancho, "that I had no time to think on foolish stuff. Body of me, sir! are you now in a mood to ask about other folk's thoughts, especially love-thoughts?"

"Look you, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "there is a great deal of difference between actions that are done from love, and those that are done from gratitude. It is possible a gentleman should not be amorous; but, strictly speaking, he cannot be ungrateful. It is very likely that Altisidora loved me well; she presented me, as thou know'st, with the three kerchiefs; she wept when I went away; cursed me, abused me, and, in spite of modesty, lamented in public: all tokens that she was deeply in love with me, for the anger of lovers commonly vents itself in curses. I had no hopes to give her, nor treasures to bestow on her, for all I have are reserved for Dulcinea; and the treasures

of a knight-errant are like fairies', delusive and false. So all I can do is to bestow on her that esteem which I have for her, without prejudice, however, to that which I have for Dulcinea, whom thou injurest, Sancho, by thy neglect to scourge thyself and to castigate that flesh, which I would see devoured of wolves, and which thou would'st rather preserve for wolves than for the relief of that poor lady."—"Sir," quoth Sancho, "to deal plainly with you, I cannot persuade myself that the flogging of my buttocks will signify aught for the disenchanting of the enchanted. It is as if we should say, if your head aches, anoint your shins. At least, I dare be sworn that in all the stories you have read treating of knight-errantry you never knew stripes unbewitch anybody. But whether or no, I will give me them when I find myself in the humour, and when time serves for chastising myself."—"God grant it," answered Don Quixote; "and may Heaven give thee grace to accept the reckoning and the obligation under which thou art to assist my mistress, who is thine, since thou belongest to me."

Thus talking, they went on their way, till they came to the same spot and place where the bulls had run over them; and Don Quixote, knowing it again, said to Sancho, "This is that meadow where we met the fine shepherdesses and the gallant shepherds, who had a mind to renew and imitate in it the pastoral Arcadia. It was a conceit new as it was ingenious, in imitation of which, if thou thinkest well of it, I would wish, Sancho, that we should turn shepherds, too, at least for the time I am to be retired. I will buy some sheep, and everything else that is necessary for the pastoral life; and so, calling myself the shepherd Quixotis, and thee the shepherd Pansino,¹ we will range the hills, the woods, and meadows, singing here, and versifying there, and drinking the liquid crystal out of

¹ There can be no doubt that Cervantes meant all this raillery to strike at the *Pastoral Romances* then so much in fashion in Spain, and at his own *Galatea* among the rest. Amadis de Grecia, however, was, at one period of his career, seized with the same Arcadian mania, the comparative gentleness and harmlessness of which is made use of by Cervantes to prepare the reader for finding his hero once more in possession of his sound senses

the fountains, or from the limpid brooks and abundant streams. The oaks shall give us of their sweetest fruit with abundant hand; the trunks of the hardiest cork-trees shall afford seats, and chestnut-trees will afford us both lodging and diet; the willows will yield us shade, the roses perfume, and the spacious meads, carpets diversified with a thousand colours; the clear and pure air, breath, the moon and stars light, in spite of the darkness of the night; song, delight, and tears, gladness; Apollo, verses and Love, conceits by which we shall be able to make ourselves eternal and famous, not only in the present, but in ages to come."

"As I live," quoth Sancho, "this sort of life suits me to a hair;¹ and, moreover, if the bachelor Samson Carrasco, and Master Nicholas, the barber, have but a glimpse of it, they will want to follow us and turn shepherds too: nay, God grant that the curate may not have a mind to enter the fold also, for he is merrily inclined, and fond of pleasure."—"That is well said," said Don Quixote; "and then, if the bachelor Samson Carrasco will enter the pastoral fold, as I doubt not but he will, he may call himself the shepherd Samsonino, or Carrascon; and the barber Nicholas can call himself Niculoso, as formerly old Boscan called himself Nemoroso.² For the curate, I do not well know what name we shall give him, unless it is something derived from his office, and we call him the shepherd Curiambro. As for the shepherdesses whose lovers we are to be, we can choose them names like ours; and since my mistress's name is as proper for a shepherdess, as for a princess, I need not trouble myself to get a better; thou, Sancho, mayest call thine as thou pleasest."—"I," replied Sancho, "do not think of any other name for mine than Teresona; that will fit her fatness full well and her Christian name too, for she is called Teresa, and all the better that when I mention her in my verses, I shall discover my chaste inclinations, since I do not go seeking wheaten bread in other folk's houses. As for the curate, it will be well for him to do without a shepherdess,

¹ [*Ha quadrado, y aun esquinado*, squares and corners with me exactly, alluding to the corner-stone of a building.]

² [*Bosque* in Spanish being equivalent to Latin *nemus* (grove).]

for good example's sake, and if the bachelor means to have one, he can take his choice."—"Bless me!" said Don Quixote, "what a life shall we lead, Sancho, my friend! What a melody of reed pipes will fill our ears, of Zamora bagpipes, of tabors, timbrels and fiddles! And if to all these different sorts of music we add the albogues, we shall have nearly all the pastoral instruments."—"What are the albogues?" quoth Sancho; "for I have not heard their name, nor seen them in all my life."

"Albogues," answered Don Quixote, "are plates like brass candlesticks, which, being struck one against the other on the empty or hollow side, make a sound, which, if not very grateful or harmonious, is not disagreeable, but goes well with the rusticity of the bagpipe and tabor. This name albogues is Moorish, as are all those in our Spanish language that begin with *al*. It will serve to notice *almohaza*, *almorzar*, *alhombra*, *alguacil*, *alhuzema*, *almacen*, *alcancia*, and the like, which are not very many. And we have also but three Moorish words in our tongue that end in *i*, and they are, *borcegui*, *zaquízami*, and *maravedi*; as for *alheli* and *alfaqui*, they are as well known to be Arabic by their beginning with *al* as their ending in *i*. I tell thee so much by-the-way, the fact of naming albogues having brought it into my head; and one thing that will go a great way towards making us complete in our new kind of life is that I am something of a poet, as thou knowest, and that the bachelor Samson Carrasco is a most accomplished one. I say nothing of the curate, though I will wager he has his poet's points and collars, and so has Master Nicholas, no doubt about it; for all your barbers, or most of them, are guitar players and songsters. For my part I will complain of absence; thou shalt celebrate the constant lover; the shepherd Carrascon the one that is disdained, and the pastor Curiambro what subject he likes best; and so all will be managed to our heart's content."

To which Sancho answered, "I am so unlucky, sir, that I fear me I shall never live to see myself so employed. Oh, how I shall make the spoons shine when I see me a shepherd! What titbits, what creams, what garlands, and what pretty pastoral fancies, which, though they may not recommend me for wisdom, will prevail to make me pass

for an ingenious fellow! My daughter Sanchica shall bring us our dinner to the pasture. But hold! She is a likely wench, and some shepherds are more knaves than fools, and I would not have her go out for wool, and come home shorn; for amours and wicked doings are to be found in the fields as well as in cities, and in shepherds' cots as well as in kings' palaces. Avoid the cause, and the sin is avoided; what the eye never sees, the heart never rues; and a leap from the tree is better than good men's praying."

"No more proverbs, Sancho," cried Don Quixote; "for any one of these you have said is sufficient to make us know thy meaning. I have told thee many times not to be so lavish of thy proverbs, and to go gently with them; but it seems to me I preach in a desert: my mother whips me, and I whip my top the more."—"It seems to me that you do just as when they say," quoth Sancho, "the pot calls the kettle black.¹ You chide me for speaking proverbs, and you bring them out two at a time."—"Look you, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "those I spoke are to the purpose, and fit, as I say them, like a ring on a finger; but thou fetchest thine in by the head and shoulders, so that they confuse instead of aiding, and, if I am not mistaken, I have told thee before that proverbs are short sentences derived from the experience and observations of our ancient sages, and the proverb which comes not to the purpose is rather a folly than a wise remark. But no more of this, and, as night is coming, let us leave the road a little to where we can pass the night. God knows what to-morrow will bring." They did accordingly, supped late and ill, little to Sancho's liking, which brought into his thoughts the hardships of knight-errantry practised in woods and mountains, though abundance was sometimes found in castles and houses, like Don Diego de Miranda's, or rich Camacho's wedding, or at Don Antonio Moreno's. But he considered that it could not be always day nor always night, so he spent this in sleeping and his master in watching.

¹ [*Dixo la sarten á la caldera, quitate alla ojinegra.* The frying-pan said to the kettle, get away black-eyes.]

CHAPTER LXVIII.

Of the Adventure of Hogs that befell Don Quixote.

THE night was somewhat dark, though the moon was in the sky, but not in a part where she could be seen; for now and then Madam Diana takes a turn to the antipodes, and leaves the mountains black, and the valleys in darkness. Don Quixote complied with nature, and slept his first sleep, but would not yield to the second; quite the reverse of Sancho, who never enjoyed a second, for his sleep lasted from night to morning, in which was shown the soundness of his constitution and the fewness of his cares. Don Quixote's kept him awake in such a manner that he aroused Sancho and said to him. "Sancho, I am amazed at the easiness of thy temper. Thou art certainly made of marble or solid brass, in which is neither motion nor feeling. Thou sleepest while I wake; thou singest while I mourn; and while I faint for want of sustenance, thou art lazy and unwieldy with mere gluttony. It is the part of good servants to share in the afflictions of their masters, and to experience their feelings for appearance's sake at least. Observe the stillness of the night, and the solitary place we are in, which bids us interpose some watchfulness in our slumber. Get up, for your life, step a little aside, and, with a good courage and a cheerful boldness, give thyself some three or four hundred lashes on account of those for the disenchanting of Dulcinea. This I make my earnest request, not being desirous to come to a struggle with thee as before; for I know thou layest a heavy hand on a man. When thou hast given them, we will pass the remainder of the night in chaunting, I of absence, and thou of constancy, and so begin those pastoral exercises which are to be our employment at home."

"Sir," answered Sancho, "I am not a monk, that I should start up in the middle of my sleep and discipline myself. Nor does it seem a small matter to pass from the extreme pain of the blows to music. Let me sleep, and do

not press me in the matter of this whipping ; for you will put me upon making oath never to touch a hair of my coat not to mention my flesh.”—“Oh obdurate heart !” cried Don Quixote ; “oh, impious squire ! Oh, bread ill-bestowed and favours ill-considered, such as I have done and think to do for thee. By me hast thou got thee a government, and by me hast thou speedy hopes to get thee an earldom, or an equivalent title, nor will their accomplishment tarry longer than the passing of this year ; for, *post tenebras spero lucem*.”—“That I do not understand,” quoth Sancho ; “only this I understand, that while I am asleep, I feel neither fear, nor hope, nor pain, nor glory. Blessings light on him that first invented this same sleep ! a cloak that covers all man’s thoughts ; it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold, and cold for the hot, and in fine the current coin that purchases all things, the balance and weight that sets the king and the shepherd, the fool and the wise man, even. There is only one thing as I have heard say that is bad in sleep ; it is that it resembles death ; for there is very little difference between a man in sleep and a dead man.”—“Never, Sancho, have I heard thee speak so elegantly as now,” said Don Quixote ; “whereby I perceive the truth of the proverb thou are sometimes wont to say, Not of whom thou art bred, but with whom thou hast fed.”—“Egad, master of mine !” replied Sancho ; “I am not he now that threads proverbs ; for they fall in packs from your mouth as well as and better than from me, only between mine and yours there is this difference, that yours come in season, mine out of season ; but, for all that, they are all proverbs.”

Thus they were employed, when they perceived a deafening clamour and hoarse noise that spread itself over all the adjacent valleys. Don Quixote started up on his legs and laid his hand on his sword, and Sancho hid himself behind Dapple, clapping the bundle of armour on one side, and on the other the ass’s pack-saddle, trembling with fear as much as Don Quixote was excited. Every moment the noise grew louder, as it approached the terrified pair, or the one, at least ; for the valour of the other is sufficiently known.

Now, the occasion was this : some fellows were driving above six hundred swine to be sold at a fair, with which they were pursuing their way at this time ; and, with their grunting and snorting, they made such a noise that the ears of Don Quixote and Sancho were stunned with it, and they could not imagine what it could be. The troop came on, a long extended and grunting herd, and, without respect to Don Quixote's authority or Sancho's, they passed over the two, destroying Sancho's entrenchments and not only overturning Don Quixote, but carrying away Rozinante in addition. The crowd, the grunting, the speed with which the unclean animals passed threw into confusion and on the ground the pack-saddle, armour, Dapple, Rozinante, Sancho and Don Quixote.

Sancho got up as well as he could, and called to his master for his sword, saying he would kill half-a-dozen of those gentry and uncivil swine ; for now he knew what they were. Don Quixote said to him, "Let them go, my friend, this disgrace is a punishment for my sin ; it is a just chastisement from Heaven on a vanquished knight-errant that dogs should devour him, hornets sting him, and hogs trample on him."—"So it ought to be a punishment of Heaven," answered Sancho, "that flies should sting, lice bite, and hunger famish the squires of these vanquished knights. If we squires were the sons of those knights we serve, or very nearly related to them, it would not be much that the punishment of their faults should follow us even to the fourth generation. But what have the Panzas to do with the Quixotes ? Now let us go back and set us right again, and sleep out the little that is left of the night, and we shall be better when God sends us daylight."—"Sleep then, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "thou wert born to sleep ; but I, who was born to be still waking, intend, between now and day, to give rein to my thoughts, and vent them in a madrigal that I made in my heart last night unknown to thee."—"Methinks," quoth Sancho, "that anxieties which allow of making couplets cannot be very great. You may versify as long as you please, and I will sleep it out as much as I can." And forthwith, taking as much ground as he wanted, and, hunching himself together, he fell fast asleep,

without any suretyships, debts, or any care whatsoever. Don Quixote, leaning against the trunk of a beech or a cork tree (for it is not determined by Cid Hamet which tree it was), sang to the sound of his sighs, in the following fashion :

“Whene’er I think what mighty pain
The slave must bear who drags thy chain,
O Love, for ease to death I go—
In hope of ending thus my woe.

“But when the haven I attain
And fain would quit the sea of pain,
The pleasure that I gain thereby
Revives my life, nor lets it fly.

“Thus life each moment makes me die,
And death itself new life doth give;
I hopeless and tormented lie,
And neither truly die nor live.”

Each verse he accompanied with many sighs and not a few tears, as of one whose heart was transfixed with grief for his defeat and the absence of Dulcinea.

Now day came on, and the sun darted his beams in Sancho’s eyes, who awoke and stretched himself, shaking himself and extending his drowsy limbs. He perceived the havoc that the hogs had made in his baggage, which made him curse the herd, and somewhat else too. Finally the two set forward on their journey, and, about the close of the evening, they discovered some half-a-score horsemen and four or five fellows on foot making towards them. Don Quixote felt a strange emotion in his breast, and Sancho was terrified; for the people approaching them carried spears and shields, and came well equipped for battle. Don Quixote turned to Sancho and said, “Were it lawful for me, Sancho, to use my arms, and were my hands not tied by my promise, what a trifle should I esteem this squadron that approaches! But things may fall out better than we fear.”

By this time the horsemen, with their lances advanced, came up without speaking a word, and, encompassing Don Quixote, levelled their points at his back and breast, threatening him with death. One of the footmen, laying his finger upon his mouth, signified that he must be mute;

and, taking Rozinante by the bridle, led him out of the road, while the rest of those on foot, driving Sancho and Dapple before them, all preserving a marvellous silence, followed the steps of him who led Don Quixote, who attempted twice or thrice to ask where they took him, and what they wanted; but he no sooner began to open his mouth than they were ready to shut it with the heads of their spears. Sancho fared the same; for, hardly had he offered to speak, when one of the foot-guards gave him a jag with a goad, and served Dapple as ill, as though he had wished to speak.

As it grew night they mended their pace, and the fears of the two captives increased, especially when every minute they heard them say to them, "On, Troglodytes; silence, barbarians; vengeance, Anthropophagi; grumble not, Scythians; and open not your eyes, murdering Polyphemes, devouring lions," and other names like to these, with which they tormented the ears of the miserable master and his man. Sancho kept saying to himself, "Trollopites, barbers, and Andrew Hodge-podge, and bitchlings: I do not like any of these names." It is a bad wind for this crop; and all the mischief comes at once, like blows on the dog. Heaven grant that this luckless adventure may stop at that." Don Quixote was astounded, not being able to imagine with all the reason he had what were those names full of abuse that they bestowed on them, from which he could take no hope of any good, but feared much evil. After they had ridden about an hour in the dark, they came to a castle, which Don Quixote presently knowing to be the duke's where he had so lately been, "Heaven bless me!" cried he, as soon as he recognised the mansion, "what do I see? In this house all is civility and humanity. But to the vanquished good turns to ill, and ill to worse." They entered the great court of the castle, and found such preparations made there as increased their amazement and doubled their fear, as we shall find in the next chapter.

CHAPTER LXIX.

Of the most strange and most novel Adventure that befell Don Quixote in the whole course of this great History.

THE horsemen alighted, and together with the footmen hurriedly snatching up Don Quixote and Sancho in their arms, came into the court-yard, round which blazed above a hundred torches, fixed in their sconces; and about the galleries round the court above five hundred lights, insomuch that in spite of the night, which was somewhat dark, the absence of day was not to be perceived. In the middle of the court there was a tomb, raised some two yards from the ground, with a large canopy of black velvet all over it, and round about it, on its various stages, above a hundred tapers of virgin wax stood burning in silver candlesticks. Upon the tomb appeared the dead body of a young damsel, so beautiful, that death itself seemed lovely by her beauty. Her head, supported by a pillow of cloth of gold, was crowned with a garland twined of various fragrant flowers; her hands were crossed upon her breast, and between them was a branch of the yellow palm of conquerors. On one side of the court there was a theatre erected, and on two chairs sat two personages, who, by the crowns upon their heads and sceptres in their hands, appeared to be perhaps real, perhaps counterfeit kings. By the side of this theatre, whence some steps ascended, two other chairs were placed, upon which they who bore the prisoners caused Don Quixote and Sancho to sit down, continuing silent all the while, and making their prisoners understand, by signs, that they must also be silent. But they kept silence, without any signs thereto; for their surprise at what they saw tied their tongues.

At the same time two other persons of note, whom Don Quixote presently knew to be the duke and duchess, his hosts, ascended the stage with a numerous retinue, and seated themselves on two very stately chairs by the two who seemed to be kings. Who would not have wondered

at this, and the more that Don Quixote found that the dead body upon the tomb was that of the fair Altisidora?

As soon as the duke and duchess had ascended the theatre, Don Quixote and Sancho rose and made them a profound obeisance, and the duke and duchess did the same with a short inclining of their heads. Upon this an officer entered from behind, and, coming up to Sancho, clapped over him a black buckram frock, figured all over with flames of fire, and, taking off his cap, he put on his head a mitre, such as is worn by the penitents of the Holy Office, whispering him in the ear that he should not open his lips, or they would put a gag in his mouth, or murder him. Sancho viewed himself over from head to foot, and saw himself blazing in flames; but as they did not burn him he cared not two farthings. He pulled off the mitre, and found it pictured with devils. He put it on again, saying to himself, "It is well, for these do not burn me, nor the others run away with me." Don Quixote also surveyed him, and, though fear kept his mind in suspense, he could not forbear smiling to see what a figure Sancho made. And now, as it seemed, from beneath the tomb there began to issue a low and charming sound of flutes, which being interrupted by no human voice, for at this juncture silence itself kept silence, appeared at the same time soft and amorous. Then suddenly there appeared, close to the pillow of the seeming corpse, a handsome young man, dressed in a Roman habit, who, to the music of a harp touched by himself, sang these stanzas with a very smooth and clear voice:

While slain the fair Altisidora lies,
A victim to Don Quixote's cold disdain;
Here all things mourn, all pleasure with her dies,
And weeds of woe disguise the fairies' train.

I'll sing the beauties of her face and mind,
Her hopeless passion, her unhappy fate;
Not Orpheus' self, in numbers more refined,
Her charms, her love, her sufferings could relate.

Nor shall the fair alone in life be sung,
Her boundless praise is my immortal choice;
In the cold grave, when death benumbs my tongue,
For thee, bright maid, my soul shall find a voice.

When from this narrow cell my spirit's free,
And wanders grieving with the shades below,
Even o'er the Stygian waves I'll sing to thee;
And Lethe's self shall sympathise in woe.

"No more," cried one of the two seeming kings, at this point; "no more, divine musician; it were an endless task now to tell the death and the graces of the peerless Altisidora. Nor is she dead, as the ignorant would surmise. In the mouth of fame she lives, and once more shall revive, as soon as Sancho Panza, who is present, has undergone the penance that is to restore her to the lost light. Therefore, O Rhadamanthus! thou who sittest in judgment with me in the opaque shades of Dis, since thou knowest all that is appointed by the inscrutable fates to restore the damsel to life, say and declare them immediately, that the felicity we expect from her return may not be delayed."

Scarce had Minos, judge and colleague of Rhadamanthus, said this, when Rhadamanthus started up. "Proceed," said he, "ye officers of this household, superior and inferior, high and low, proceed one after another, and mark me Sancho's chin with twenty-four twitches and twelve pinches, and run six pins into his arms and loins; for Altisidora's restoration depends on the performance of this ceremony." Sancho Panza, hearing this, broke silence, and "So help me," cried he, "I will as soon let my face be marked, or my flesh handled, as turn Turk. Body of me, what can the mauling of my face signify to the restoring of the damsel? The old woman tickled herself with trifles. Dulcinea is bewitched, and I must flog myself to free her from witchcraft! Altisidora dies of ills Heaven thought good to send her, and they must needs give me four-and-twenty jags, and riddle my body with pins, and pinch my arms black and blue to restore her. Try those tricks on a brother-in-law. I am an old dog, and understand trap."¹ "Thou diest," cried Rhadamanthus aloud, "relent, thou tiger, submit, proud Nimrod; suffer and be silent. No impossibility is required of thee; and pretend not to verify the difficulties of this business. Thou shalt receive the twitches, thy skin shall be riddled, and thou

¹ [*Tus, tus*, in the original. A word used in calling dogs.]

shalt groan under the pinches. Ho, I say, ye ministers of justice, execute my sentence, or, as I am an honest man, ye shall see for what ye were born." At the same time six waiting-women appeared, coming through the court in procession, one after another; four of them wearing spectacles, and all with their right hands held aloft and their wrists bare to the width of four fingers, according to the fashion, to make their hands seem the longer. Sancho no sooner spied them, than, roaring like a bull, "Let all the world lay hands on me," cried he; "but to suffer waiting-women to finger me, never: let cats claw me as they did my master in this castle, drill my body through with the points of polished daggers, tear my arms with red-hot pincers, I will bear it with patience, and serve your worships; but the devil shall run away with me if I consent to be touched by waiting-women." Don Quixote upon this broke silence: "Have patience, my son," said he to Sancho, "and do the pleasure of these lords, with thanks to heaven for having endowed thy person with such a virtue as to release the enchanted and raise the dead by its suffering."

By this time the waiting-women were advanced to Sancho, who, having become more quiet and amenable, settled himself in his seat, and submitted his face and beard to the first female, who gave him a well-planted cuff, and then dropped him a deep courtesy. "Less courtesy, and less sauce, my lady duenna," cried Sancho, "for, by Heaven, your fingers stink of vinegar." In short all the waiting-women cuffed him, and many other servants of the house pinched him. But when they came to prick him with pins, he could not bear it, and, starting up from his chair in a chafe, he snatched up a lighted torch that stood near him, and laid it across the duennas and all his tormentors. "Avaunt," cried he, "ye ministers of hell! do ye think I am made of brass, not to feel such extraordinary tortures?"

At the same time Altisidora, who could not but be tired with lying so long upon her back, turned herself on one side, which was no sooner perceived by those around, than nearly all with one voice, said, "Altisidora is alive! Altisidora lives!" Rhadamanthus desired Sancho to be

pacified, for the end they aimed at was already gained. Don Quixote, seeing Altisidora stir, went and threw himself on his knees before Sancho. "Now is the time, son of my bowels," cried he, "for I will not call thee squire, for thee to give thyself some of the lashes to which thou art bound for the disenchanting of Dulcinea. This, I say, is the time when thy virtue is most mature and efficacious for working the good that I expect of thee." To which Sancho answered, "This seems to me trouble on trouble, and not honey on tartlets. After I have been twinged and tweaked and riddled, it is now time to be whipped. There is no more to be done but to take a good stone and tie it about my neck, and tip me into a well; which I shall not take much to heart, if to cure other people's ills I am to be the cow of the marriage feast. Let me be, or by Heaven I will fling out, and do it all in a lump, though it be lost labour."

By this time Altisidora had sat up on the tomb, and at the same instant the clarions struck up, being joined with the flutes and the voices of all, who cried aloud, "Long live Altisidora, Altisidora, live!" The duke and duchess got up, and the kings Minos and Rhadamanthus and all, accompanied by Don Quixote and Sancho, went to receive Altisidora, and hand her down from the tomb, who, pretending to be faint, bowed to the duke and duchess, and to the two kings; but, looking askance upon Don Quixote, said, "Heaven forgive thee, unloving knight, by whose barbarity I have been in the other world for, as it seems to me, a thousand years; and to thee, O most compassionate squire that the world contains, I return my thanks for the life that I enjoy. From this day forth I bestow on thee, friend Sancho, six of my smocks which I bid thee to have changed into six others for thee; and if they are not all whole, yet they are at least all clean." Sancho, mitre in hand, put his knee to the ground, and kissed her hand. The duke commanded that they should take it away and return him his cap, and, instead of his flauing frock, to give him his gaberdine; but Sancho begged of the duke that he might keep the frock and mitre to carry into his own country, as a token and memorial of that unheard-of adventure. The duchess said he should have them, for now he knew what a great friend she was of

his. Then the duke ordered them to clear the court, and that all should retire to their apartments; and that Don Quixote and Sancho should be conducted to those they already knew.

CHAPTER LXX.

Which comes after the Sixty-ninth, and treats of things not to be omitted for the clearing up of this History.

THAT night, Sancho lay in a truckle-bed in the same room as Don Quixote, a thing which he would have been glad to avoid if he could, being very sensible that his master would not let him sleep for questionings and answers, and he was not disposed to talk much, for the pains of his late penance kept it present to him and left not his tongue free, so that it had been more agreeable to sleep alone in a hovel than in that stately apartment in company. His apprehensions proved so true, and his suspicions so certain that his master was scarcely laid in bed when he said—

“Sancho, what is your opinion of the night’s adventure? Great and mighty is the force of the spite of rejected love; with your own eyes you have seen in the death of Altisidora, by no other dart, by no other sword, nor by other warlike engine, nor deadly poison, than through the sense of the rigour and disdain with which I have always treated her.”—“She might have died and welcome, when she liked and how she liked,” answered Sancho, “and left me quiet at home, for I neither loved her nor disdained her in my life. I do not know and cannot think what the well-doing of Altisidora, a maiden more whimsical than discreet, should have to do, as I have said before, with the plaguing of Sancho Panza. Now I begin to see clearly and distinctly that there are enchanters and withcraft in the world, from which Heaven deliver me! for it is more than I can do myself. But for all this, sir, let me sleep, I beseech you; and trouble me not with any more questions, unless you wish me to leap out of the window.”—“Sleep, friend Sancho,” said Don Quixote; “if the pricks and pinches thou hast received, and the plucks they gave thee, will let thee.”—“No pain,” answered Sancho,

“equals the abuse of those plucks, for no other reason than because it was done by waiting-women, the devil take them; and so once again let me sleep, for sleep is rest from the miseries of those who suffer them when awake.”¹ —“So be it,” said Don Quixote, “and Heaven be with thee!” They both fell asleep; and meanwhile Cid Hamet, author of this great history, would take the opportunity to write and tell us what moved the duke and duchess to raise the structure of the artifice that has been related. He says that the Bachelor Samson Carrasco, not having forgotten how the Knight of the Mirrors was defeated and overthrown by Don Quixote, which defeat and fall spoiled and undid all his plans, wished to try his hand again, in hopes of better fortune than before; and therefore, having understood where Don Quixote was, by the page that brought the letter and present to Sancho’s wife, Teresa Panza, he furnished himself with a fresh horse and arms, and set a silver moon on the shield; taking all upon a mule, which was led by a country fellow, and not by Thomas Cecial, his former attendant, that he should not be known by Sancho or Don Quixote. Coming to the duke’s castle, he was informed of the road and direction that Don Quixote had taken with intent to take part in the tournament at Saragossa, the duke giving him an account also how they had imposed upon him with the contrivance for Dulcinea’s disenchantment, to be effected at the expense of Sancho’s posteriors. Finally, he told him of the jest Sancho had played on his master, giving him to understand that Dulcinea was enchanted and transformed into a country wench; and how the duchess his wife had persuaded Sancho that it was he who was deluded, and Dulcinea enchanted in good earnest; at which the bachelor laughed not a little, and was struck with wonder at the cunning and simplicity of the squire, and the extremity of Don Quixote’s madness. The duke then made it his request that, if he met with the knight, he should return and give him an account of his success, whether he vanquished him or not. This the bachelor promised; and departing on his quest, he found him not

¹ [The above translation departs slightly from the original text, which is probably misprinted.]

at Saragossa ; but travelling farther met with such fortune as has been told. He returned to the duke's castle and gave him an account of all, with the conditions of the combat, and how Don Quixote was already returning to fulfil his promise, like a good knight-errant, of remaining in his village for a year ; in this space, the bachelor said, it might be that he would recover his senses ; which was the design that had moved him to take these disguises, for it was a grievous thing that a gentlemen of such good parts as Don Quixote should be distracted. Upon this he took leave of the duke and returned home, there to expect Don Quixote, who was coming after him. From this the duke took occasion to play off this jest on him. Such was the delight he had in the ways of Sancho and of Don Quixote ! and having ordered all the roads near and far about the castle, on all sides by which he thought that Don Quixote would return, to be watched by a great many of his servants on foot and horseback, he ordered them, if they found him, to bring him to the castle by force or of his own free will.

They met him, and sent the duke an account of it ; who, having prepared all things against his coming, caused the torches and the tapers to be lighted round the court, and Altisidora to be laid upon the tomb with all the apparatus as has been told, so to the life and so well done that between reality and it there was little difference. Cid Hamet adds that he believed those that played all these jests were as mad as those they were imposed upon, and that the duke and duchess were within two fingers' breadth of being thought fools themselves, for taking so much pains to make sport with two fools. Of these, the one was sleeping a light sleep, and the other lying awake with unbridled fancies, when day and the desire to rise encountered them ; for the bed of sloth was never agreeable to Don Quixote, whether vanquished or victorious.

Altisidora, whom Don Quixote supposed to have returned from death to life, following the humour of her lord and lady, crowned with the same garland she wore upon the tomb, and clad in a loose gown of white taffety, flowered with gold, her hair loose on her shoulders, supporting herself with a staff of black and very fine ebony, entered

Don Quixote's chamber, who, surprised and amazed at this apparition, slunk down, and covered himself all over with the sheets and coverings of the bed, with a mute tongue, and without succeeding in offering her the least courtesy. Altisidora placed herself in a chair close by his bed's head, and, after a profound sigh, she said, in a soft and languishing voice: "When ladies of quality and modest damsels trample upon honour, and let loose their tongues, that break out at all hazards, betraying public the secrets their hearts contain, they are at the last extremity. Noble Don Quixote de la Mancha, I am one of them, straitened, vanquished, and enamoured; but yet so patient and honest in my sufferings that, by reason of it, my soul broke forth through my silence and I lost my life. It is now two days since, through the sense of your severe usage (*more obdurate than marble to my complaints!* oh, stony-hearted knight!), I died, or at least was judged to be dead by every one that saw me. And, had not love been compassionate, and assigned my recovery on the sufferings of this kind squire, I had there remained in the other world."—"Love," quoth Sancho, "might even as well have assigned them to my ass, and I would have been obliged to him for it. But pray, mistress, tell me one thing now, and so heaven provide you a better-natured lover than my master: What did you see in the other world? What sort of folks are there in hell? for those that die of despair must needs stay at that halting-place."—"To tell you the truth," replied Altisidora, "I could not be dead outright, because I was not got so far as hell; for, had I been once in, I should not have been able to get out again. I got to the gates, indeed, where there were about a dozen devils in their breeches and waistcoats playing at ball; they wore collars trimmed with Flanders lace, and ruffles of the same, that served for cuffs; with four fingers' breadth of their wrists bare, to make their hands look the longer, in which they held staves of fire. But what I most wondered at was that, instead of balls, they made use of books, to all appearance full of wind and flocks, a thing strange and wonderful; but this did not surprise me so much as to see that, while it is natural to gamesters for

the winning party to be in good humour, and the losers to be angry, there, in this game, they all grumbled, all snarled, and all cursed.”—“That is no wonder at all,” quoth Sancho; “for devils, whether they play or no, can never be contented, win or lose.”—“That must be so,” said Altisidora; “but another thing that I also wonder at (I then wondered at, I would say) was, that the ball was done for at the first stroke, and was of no use a second time, and they squandered away books, new and old, in such a way that it was a marvel. To one of them, a new one, smart and well bound, they gave such a stroke, that the very guts flew out of it, and the leaves were scattered about. Cried one of the devils to another, ‘Look, what book is that?’ and the devil answered, ‘It is the Second Part of the History of Don Quixote de la Mancha; not composed by Cid Hamet, the original author, but by a certain Aragonian, who says he is a native of Tordesillas.’—‘Away with it,’ replied the other; ‘down with it to the lowest pit of hell; may my eyes never see it more.’—‘Is it so bad?’ answered the other. ‘So bad,’ replied the first, ‘that if I should set myself on purpose to make it worse, I could not do so.’ They continued their game, playing with other books; and because I had heard the name of Don Quixote, whom I adore and long for so much, I tried to keep this vision in memory.”—“It could be nothing but a vision, to be sure,” said Don Quixote; “for I am the only person of the name in the world; and that very history is tossed about here from hand to hand, never staying in any place, for everybody has a fling at it. Nor am I concerned that I go about like a fantastic body in the shades of hell, or in the light of the earth, since I am not the person of whom that story treats. If it were well written, faithful and authentic, it would live ages; but, if it be bad, it will not have a very long journey from its birth to the grave.”

Altisidora was then going to renew her complaints against Don Quixote, when Don Quixote said to her, “I have often told you, madam, that it grieves me that you have fixed your affections upon me, since they can but be acknowledged rather than satisfied by mine. I was born only for Dulcinea del Toboso, and the Destinies (if such

there be) have devoted me to her ; and to think that any other beauty can occupy the place she holds in my soul, is to think an impossibility. This may suffice to take away your deception, to recall you within the bounds of your modesty ; for no one can be made to do what is impossible."

At hearing which, Altisidora, putting on a passion and a changed manner, said to him, "Long live Sir Don Codfish, soul of a brass mortar, date-stone more stubborn and hard than a clown that is supplicated when he has his aim on the quarry ; if I attack you, I will tear your eyes out ! Do you think, perchance, Don Vanquished, Don Cudgelled, that I died for you ? All that you have seen this night has been counterfeit. I am not a woman to let my little finger¹ ache for such a camel, much less die."—"That I certainly believe," quoth Sancho ; "for these stories of people dying for love are jests. They may tell you so, but as to doing it, let Judas believe it."

During this discourse there entered the musician, singer and poet who had sung the two stanzas already given. "Sir Knight," said he, making a profound obeisance to Don Quixote, "let me be numbered among your most humble servants ; for I have long been a most loving one as much in regard of your renown as of your achievements."—"Pray, sir," answered Don Quixote, "let me know who you are, that my courtesy may correspond to your merits." The youth replied that he was the musician and panegyrist of the last night. "Truly, sir," said Don Quixote, "you are extremely well qualified, but what you sang did not seem to me much to the purpose ; for, what relation, pray, have the stanzas of Garcilaso to this lady's death ?"—"Oh, sir, never wonder at that," replied the musician ; "for amongst the unsworn poets of our age it is the custom for every one to write how he pleases, and steal from whom he pleases, whether it be to the purpose or no ; and now there is no folly sung or written that is not attributed to poetical licence."

Don Quixote was going to answer, but was interrupted by the duke and duchess coming in to see him, and a long and pleasant conversation took place between them, in

¹ [*Un negro de la uña* : lit. "the tip of a finger-nail."]

which Sancho was so full of his conceits and arch hits that the duke and duchess were again set awondering as much at his simplicity as his wit. Don Quixote begged them to give him leave to depart that very day, for it was more fitting that vanquished knights like him should inhabit a hovel than kingly palaces. They freely complied with his request; and the duchess inquired if Altisidora yet remained in his favour. "Madam," answered he; "your grace must know that all this damsel's disease proceeds from idleness; the remedy for which is virtuous and continual employment. She has informed me, just now, that lace is worn in hell; and since, without doubt, she knows how to make it, let her keep her hands employed at it; for when engaged in tossing her bobbins, the image, or images, of what she longs for will not toss about in her head. And this is the truth; this is my opinion, and this is my advice."—"And mine," added Sancho; "for I never knew, in all my life, a lace-maker die for love, for maidens that are busy are more anxious to finish their tasks than to think of their loves. I know it by myself: when I am digging I don't think of my duck (my Teresa Panza I mean), though I love her more than the lashes of my eye."—"You say well, Sancho," said the duchess; "and I will take care that my Altisidora shall employ herself for the future in doing some plain work which she understands extremely well."—"Madam," said Altisidora, "I have no occasion for such a remedy; for the sense of the insult that I have met with from that vagabond monster will raze him out of my memory without any other means; and, with your highnesses' leave, I beg to retire from here, that I may no longer behold with my eyes, I will not say his doleful countenance, but his ugly and abominable face."—"This," said the duke, "puts me in mind of the saying,

‘He who is railing,
Is nigh to forgiving.’”

Altisidora made a show of drying her tears with her handkerchief, and then, making her reverence to the duke and duchess, went out of the room. "I bestow on thee, poor girl!" cried Sancho, "I bestow on thee, I say, ill luck,

since thou wast taken up with a soul of grass and a heart of oak. A-faith! hadst thou taken up with me, another cock would have crowed for thee!" The discourse ended here. Don Quixote dressed, dined with the duke and duchess, and departed that afternoon.

CHAPTER LXXI.

Of what happened to Don Quixote and his squire Sancho on the way to their village.

THE vanquished and oppressed Don Quixote proceeded on his journey, still downcast on the one side and very joyful on the other; his sadness was due to his overthrow, and his joy to the assurance he had of the virtue in Sancho, as shown by Altisidora's resurrection, though he had much ado to persuade himself that the amorous damsel had really been dead. Sancho went on, pleased at nothing; for he was mightily sorry that Altisidora had not kept her promise of giving him the smocks; and turning this over in his head, he said to his master, "Faith, sir, I have the worst luck of any physician that can be found in the world; for there are doctors in it that kill the sick man they are curing, and ask to be paid for their trouble, which is nought else but signing a note of sundry medicines, which they do not make up but the apothecary, and which they have got to know of by cheating; but to me, whom another's health costs drops of blood, plucks, pinches, pricks and blows, they do not give one farthing. I take my oath, then, that if they put any other sick person in my hands, they will have to grease them before I cure him. The abbot lives from where he chants, and I'll never believe that heaven has given me the virtue I possess for me to communicate it to others without profit."—"Thou art in the right, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "and Altisidora has done unworthily in not giving thee the promised smocks; even though thy virtue is *gratis data*, and cost thee no other study but the study of receiving tortures in thy person. For my part, hadst thou demanded a fee for the lashes for disen-

chanting Dulcinea, I can tell thee that I would have given it thee already. But I know not if a gratuity would accord with the cure; and I would not have the reward hinder the medicine. For all that it seems to me that nothing will be lost by putting it to a trial. Look you, Sancho, to what you want, and scourge yourself at once, then pay yourself ready money with your own hand, since you keep my money." Sancho, opening his eyes and ears a span wide at this offer, gave consent in his heart to scourge himself with a good will. "Ay, sir, now you say well," quoth he to his master. "I am willing to dispose of myself to do you a pleasure in what may consist with my advantage, for my love for my children and wife makes me seem selfish. Tell me how much you will give me for each lash I give myself?"—"Were your payment, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "to be answerable to the greatness and quality of this cure, the wealth of Venice and the mines of Potosi would be small payment for thee. But see what you have of mine, and set the price on each stripe."—"The lashes," quoth Sancho, "are three thousand three hundred and odd, of which I have given myself five; the rest are to come. Let these five go for the odd ones, and let us come to the three thousand three hundred, which at a quartillo a piece—and I will not take less if all the world bid me—they make three thousand three hundred quartillos, of which three thousand make fifteen hundred half-reals, which amounts to seven hundred and fifty reals; and the three hundred remaining make an hundred and fifty half-reals, and threescore and fifteen reals; put that with the seven hundred and fifty, and it comes altogether to eight hundred and twenty-five reals. This I will deduct from what I hold of yours, and will return home rich and well pleased, though well whipped. But one must not think to catch trout—I say no more."—"O blessed Sancho! O amiable Sancho!" cried Don Quixote. "How shall Dulcinea and I be bound to serve thee all the days that Heaven shall give us of life! If she recover from her lost state (and it is not possible that she fail to do so), her misfortune will turn to her felicity, and my defeat to the happiest triumph. And hark ye, Sancho! when wilt thou enter upon thy discipline; for if thou hastenest it, I

will add further a hundred reals more?"—"When?" answered Sancho; "this very night without fail. Do you but order it that we lie in the fields under the open sky, and I will open my flesh."

Night arrived, awaited by Don Quixote with the greatest anxiety in the world, and he fancied Phœbus had broken his chariot-wheels, which made the day of so unusual a length; as is always the case with lovers who never make allowance for the reckoning of their desires. At last they entered amongst some pleasant trees that stood a little out of the road, where, leaving empty the saddle and pannel of Rosinante and Dapple, they stretched themselves upon the green grass, and supped from Sancho's wallet.

He, having made himself a heavy and flexible whip of Dapple's headstall and reins, retired about twenty paces from his master, amidst some beeches. Don Quixote, observing him go with readiness and resolution, said, "Have a care, friend; do not hack thyself to pieces. Give one stripe time to await another. Thou shouldst not so hurry in the race that thy breath fails in the midst; go more gently to work, soft and fair goes furthest; I mean, do not give it thyself so sharply that strength fails thee before the desired number is reached. And that you lose not for a card more or less, I will stand at a distance and keep count on my beads of the strokes thou givest thyself. Heaven favour thee as thy good intention deserves."—"Pledges do not hurt a good payer," said Sancho, "I mean to give it to myself in such a way that it hurts without killing me, for in this must lie the essence of this miracle." With that he stripped himself from the waist upwards, and seizing the lash began to lay on; while Don Quixote began to tell the strokes. But by the time Sancho had applied seven or eight lashes, he felt that the jest was a heavy one, and its price very cheap. Whereupon, after a short pause, he told his master that he had been deceived; for such lashes as these were each worth being paid for with a half-real not a quartillo. "Go on, friend Sancho," said Don Quixote, "take courage, I will double the pay."—"God save us, let it rain stripes in that case," quoth Sancho. But the cunning knave left off laying on his back, and fell upon

the trees, with groans every now and then, that one would have thought at each one of them he had been giving up the ghost. Don Quixote, who was tender-hearted, fearing he might make an end of his life, and that, by Sancho's imprudence, his wishes should not be attained, said, "On thy life, my friend, let this business rest at this point. This seems to be a very sharp sort of physic, and it will be well to take it at intervals. Rome was not built in a day.¹ If I have not told wrong, thou hast given thyself above a thousand stripes; that is enough for the present; for, to use a homely phrase, 'the ass will carry his load, but not more than his load.'"—"No, on," quoth Sancho, "it shall never be said of me, 'when money's paid the arms are stayed.' Stand off a little, and let me lay on another thousand lashes or so, and then with another bout like this we shall have done with this job, and have something over."—"Since thou art so well in the humour," said Don Quixote, "I will withdraw, and Heaven strengthen and reward thee." Sancho fell to work so freshly that he soon fetched the bark off a number of trees; such was the severity with which he thrashed them! At length, raising his voice, and giving an outrageous blow to one of the beeches: "There!" cried he, "die thou shalt, Samson, and all that are about thee!" At the sound of this dismal cry, and the blow of the dreadful stroke, Don Quixote presently ran up, and laying hold on the twisted halter which served Sancho for a thong: "Fate forbid," cried he, "friend Sancho, that thou shouldst for my pleasure lose thy life, which has to serve for the maintenance of thy wife and children! Let Dulcinea stay for a better opportunity. I will contain myself within the limits of the hope that is nigh, and will wait till thou recoverest new strength, that the business may be accomplished to every body's satisfaction."—"Well, sir," replied Sancho, "if it be your pleasure it should be so, so let it be, and welcome; and do so much as throw your cloak over my shoulders; for I am all in a sweat, and I have no mind to catch cold, for that is the danger that new disciplinants run." This

¹ [In the original: *No se ganó Zamora en un hora.* "Zamora is not gained in an hour." An allusion to the almost impregnable situation of that fortress.]

Don Quixote did, and leaving himself unclad, covered up Sancho, who fell fast asleep till the sun waked him. Then they continued on their journey, which they brought to an end for that day at a village three leagues off. They alighted at an inn, for it was allowed by Don Quixote to be such, and not a castle, with deep ditch, towers, portcullices, and draw-bridge; for since his defeat he spoke with more sense on all matters. He was lodged in a ground-room, in which some old painted serge hangings, such as are often seen in villages, served for stamped leathers. On one of these was painted in a most vile style the rape of Helen, when the audacious guest stole her away from her husband Menelaus; and on another was the story of Dido and Æneas—the lady upon a lofty turret, as if making signs with half a sheet to her fugitive guest, who was flying from her across the sea in a frigate or brigantine. It was indicated in the two stories, that Helen went with no very ill will, for she was smiling artfully and roguishly, but the fair Dido seemed to be shedding tears as large as walnuts from her eyes. Seeing which Don Quixote said, “These two ladies were unfortunate in not having been born in this age; and, above all, unfortunate am I, for not having been born in theirs! For had I met those gentlemen, Troy would not have been burned, nor Carthage destroyed; for, by the death of Paris alone, all these miseries had been prevented.”—“I will lay you a wager,” quoth Sancho, “that before long, there will not be a tavern, a victualling-house, an inn, or a barber’s shop, but will have the story of our deeds painted along it. But I could wish that it may be done by the hands of a better painter than he that drew these.”—“Thou art in the right, Sancho,” said Don Quixote; “for this artist is like Orbaneja, a painter who was in Ubeda, who, being asked what he was painting, made answer, ‘whatever it shall turn out’; and if he chanced to draw a cock, he underwrote, *This is a cock*, lest any should take it for a fox. Of the same sort, it seems to me, Sancho, must be the painter or the writer (for it is all one) who produced the story of this new Don Quixote that has lately come out, for he painted or wrote *whatever should turn out*. Or he must be like a poet called Mauleon, who went about Madrid some years ago, and

would give answers extempore to any questions, and when somebody asked what was the meaning of *Deum de Deo*?¹ answered, "Done as one can do."

"But setting this aside, tell me, Sancho, if you think of taking another turn to-night? and would you rather do it under a roof or in the open air?"—"Why, truly, sir," quoth Sancho, "as to what I think of giving myself, it may be done as well at home as in the fields, but withal I could like it to be among trees; for methinks they keep me company, and help me marvellously to bear my sufferings."—"Then it must not be so, friend Sancho," replied Don Quixote; "but that you may have time to recover strength we will keep it till we get to our village, where we shall arrive in two days at most." Sancho answered that it should be as he pleased, but that he would like to finish the business shortly, and in hot blood, and while the mill was in full swing; for often delays breed danger; and it is well to pray, but hammer away; and that one take is worth more than two I will give thee; and a sparrow in hand than two vultures in the air. "For Heaven's sake, Sancho," cried Don Quixote, "no more proverbs; methinks thou goest back to *Sicut erat*. State plainly, clearly, and not in a puzzle, as I have often told thee; you will find that plain words are the best."²—"I do not know how I have this ill talk," replied Sancho; "that I cannot talk to the purpose, without a proverb, nor bring you any proverb but what I think to the purpose; but I will mend if I can." And so, for this time, his remarks ended.

CHAPTER LXXII.

Of how Don Quixote and Sancho got to their village.

THAT whole day Don Quixote and Sancho continued at that place and inn, awaiting the night; the one to make an end of his penance in the fields, and the other to see the

¹ [*Dé donde diere*; literally, "I gave whence I shall give."]

² [The original is the obscure expression, *Verás como te vale un pan por ciento*, which is thought to be corrupt. It occurs above, Chap. xxxiv., p. 262, q. v.]

end of it, in which consisted the accomplishment of his desires.

In the meantime a traveller on horseback, with three or four servants, arrived at the inn, one of whom said to him that appeared to be the master, "Your worship, Signor Don Alvaro Tarfe, can stop here for the mid-day sleep to-day. The house looks cool and cleanly." Don Quixote overhearing this, said to Sancho, "Hark ye, Sancho, methinks that in turning over that book of the second part of my history I hit there, in passing, upon the name of Don Alvaro Tarfe."—"As likely as not," replied Sancho; "let him alight, and then we will question him about it."

The gentleman alighted, and the landlady gave him a ground-room that faced Don Quixote's apartment, and was hung with more painted stuff like that in Don Quixote's room. The newly arrived gentleman put on a summer-coat, and came out into the porch of the inn, that was large and airy; there he found Don Quixote walking, and asked him, "Pray, sir," said he, "which way do you travel?"—"To a village close by, of which I am a native," answered Don Quixote; "and pray, sir, which way are you bound?"—"To Granada, sir," said the knight, "which is my native country."—"And a fine country it is," replied Don Quixote. "But pray, sir, may I beg the favour to know your name; for methinks to know it is of more consequence to my affairs than I can well tell you."—"My name is Don Alvaro Tarfe," answered the guest. To which Don Quixote replied, "Then, without doubt, I believe you must be that Don Alvaro Tarfe who is printed in the *Second Part of the History of Don Quixote de la Mancha* that was lately printed and given to the light of the world by a new author?"—"I am the same," answered the knight; "and that very Don Quixote who is the principal subject of that history was my very intimate friend. I am the person that brought him out of his country, so far at least that I persuaded him to come to some tournaments which are held at Saragossa, whither I was going, and truly and verily I did him many kindnesses, and saved him from having his back slapped by the executioner for his outrageous impudence."—"But, pray, sir," said Don Quixote, "be pleased to tell

me one thing: Am I anything like that Don Quixote you speak of?"—"Certainly not," replied the guest; "in no way."—"And this Don Quixote," said our knight, "had he one Sancho Panza for his squire?"—"He had," answered Don Alvaro, "and though he had the fame of being very pleasant, I never heard a pleasant thing that he said."—"I well believe that," quoth Sancho here; "for it is not in everybody's power to say pleasant things; and that Sancho you talk of, sir, must be some very great rascal, blunderer, and thief all at once; for it is I that am the true Sancho Panza, whose jokes fall faster than rain-drops. If you doubt it, do but make trial, sir; keep my company for less than a twelvemonth, and you will see how I let them drop at every foot, and of such kind, and so many, that for the most part without knowing it I set everybody a-laughing that listens to me. And for the true Don Quixote de la Mancha, the famous, the valiant and the wise, the loving, the undoer of wrongs, the guardian of infants and orphans, the defence of widows, the detainer¹ of damsels, he whose only lady is the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, he is this gentleman present, who is my master. Every other Don Quixote and every other Sancho Panza are but mockeries and delusions."—"By Heaven, I believe it," replied Don Alvaro; "for in the fair words thou hast uttered thou hast said more pleasant things than the other Sancho Panza in all I heard him speak, which were many! He had more of the glutton than the good talker, and more of the fool than the wit; and I have no doubt the enchanters that persecute Don Quixote the good, have sought to persecute me with Don Quixote the bad. But I cannot tell what to say; for I dare take my oath I left him under cure in the Nuncio's house² in Toledo, yet here starts up another Don Quixote quite different from mine."—"I would have you know, Signor Don Alvaro Tarfe," said Don Quixote, "that I know not if I am the good, but I venture to say I am not the bad one; and, as a proof of it, sir, be assured that in all the days of my life I have never been in Saragossa; and, so far from it, that hearing this fantastical Don Quixote had appeared at the tournament

¹ [Sancho confounds *Mantenedor* (sustainer) with *Matador* (murderer).]

² [A hospital for lunatics so called.]

of that city, I declined to enter it, in order to discover his lie in the face of the world; and so I openly went to Barcelona, the repository of courtesy, the sanctuary of strangers, the refuge of the poor, the native land of men of valour, the avenger of the injured, the exchange of firm friendships, unique for situation and beauty. And though the accidents that befell me there are far from pleasing to me, but very mortifying, I put them aside solely on account of having seen that city. In short, Don Alvaro Tarfe, I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, the same of whom fame speaks, and not the pitiful wretch who has sought to usurp my name, and honour himself by my designs. By what is due from a gentleman, I beseech you to depose before the magistrate of this place that you never saw me in all the days of your life till now, and that I am not the Don Quixote printed in that *Second Part*, nor was this Sancho Panza, my squire, the one you knew.”—“I will do this with all my heart,” answered Don Alvaro, “though it is a source of wonder to find at the same time two Don Quixotes, and two Sancho Panzas, as alike in name as they are different in their behaviour; and I repeat and affirm that I have not seen what I have seen, nor has that happened to me which has happened.”—“Without any doubt,” quoth Sancho, “you must be enchanted like my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and I would to Heaven that your disenchantment may consist in my giving myself another three thousand and odd lashes as I do for her, for I would give them me without any recompense.”—“I do not understand that about lashes,” said Don Alvaro. And Sancho answered him that it was a long story, but that he would tell it if by chance they were going the same way.

Dinner-time being now come, Don Quixote and Don Alvaro dined together, and the bailiff of the town happening to come into the inn with a notary, Don Quixote begged them, as it was a petition for justice to himself, that Don Alvaro Tarfe, the knight there present, should depose before them that he had not any knowledge of the Don Quixote de la Mancha who was also there present, and that this was not he that was printed in a history entitled, *The Second Part of Don Quixote de la Mancha*,

written by a certain Avellaneda, a native of Tordesillas. In short, the notary despatched the matter in legal form; the affidavit was made with all the confirmations which in such cases ought to be employed, and Don Quixote and Sancho were as much pleased as if such affirmation were a matter of great consequence to them, and as if their behaviour and words did not clearly show the distinction between the two Don Quixotes and the two Sanchos.

Many compliments and offers of service passed between Don Alvaro and Don Quixote, in which the great Manchegan showed so much discretion, that Don Alvaro Tarfe discovered the error into which he had fallen, which proved to him that he must be enchanted since he had touched with his hand two Don Quixotes so opposite.

Evening came; they left that village, and about half a league from the town the road parted into two; one of which led to Don Quixote's habitation, and the other that which Don Alvaro was to take. Don Quixote in that little time told him of the misfortune of his defeat, with Dulcinea's enchantment, and the remedy; all which was new matter of wonder to Don Alvaro, who, having embraced Don Quixote and Sancho, followed his way, as Don Quixote did his.

He passed that night among some other trees, to give Sancho an occasion to make an end of his discipline, which he completed after the same manner as the night before, much more at the expense of the bark of the beeches than of his back, of which he took such care that the blows would not have disturbed a fly had there been one there.

The befooled Don Quixote did not miss a single stroke of the tale, and reckoned that, with those of the foregoing night, they amounted to three thousand and twenty-nine. The sun seemed to have made haste to rise and see this sacrifice, and by its light they started to continue their journey; and the two descanted upon Don Alvaro's mistake, and of how well thought of it was to take his declaration before the magistrate, and in so authentic a form.

They travelled that day, and the ensuing night, without anything worth mentioning happening to them, except that Sancho that night finished his task, at which Don

Quixote was happy beyond measure, and longed for the day, in hopes he might light on his lady Dulcinea now disenchanted; and all the way he went he did not meet a woman but he went up to her, to see whether she was Dulcinea del Toboso or not; for he firmly believed that Merlin's promises could not fail.

With these fancies and longings they got to the top of a hill, from which they descried their village, at which sight Sancho fell on his knees, and said, "Open thy eyes, O long-wished-for country, and behold thy child Sancho Panza come back to thee again, if not very rich, yet very well flogged! Open thy arms, and receive thy son Don Quixote too, who, if he comes vanquished by the might of others, comes the victor over himself, and that, according to what he has told me, is the best victory one can wish for. Some money I bring; for if they gave me goodly stripes, I went as a fine gentleman."—"Forbear these follies," said Don Quixote, "and let us put our best foot foremost to enter our village, where we will give loose to our imaginations, and the plan we mean to follow in our pastoral life." With these words they came down the hill, and went to their village.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

Of the omens Don Quixote met with as he entered his Village, with other events that illustrate and give credit to this great History.

ON entering which, as Cid Hamlet relates, Don Quixote observed in the village threshing-ground two little boys quarrelling; and says one to the other, "Never fret thyself, Periquillo, for thou shalt never see her all the days of thy life." Don Quixote heard him, and said to Sancho, "Did you mind, my friend, what that boy said, *Thou shalt never see her all the days of thy life?*"—"Well," answered Sancho, "and what does it matter though the boy did say so?"—"How!" replied Don Quixote, "dost thou not perceive that, applying the words to my intentions, it would signify that I shall never see Dulcinea more?"

Sancho was about to answer, but was hindered by the sight of a hare that came flying across the fields followed by a number of hounds and sportsmen, which in her fear came and squatted down for shelter between Dapple's feet. Sancho laid hold of her without difficulty, and presented her to Don Quixote; but he stood saying, "*Malum signum, malum signum!* A hare runs away, hounds pursue her, and Dulcinea appears not."—"You are a strange man," quoth Sancho; "let us suppose now that this hare is Dulcinea del Toboso, and these hounds that follow her are those villainous enchanters that changed her into a country-lass; she flies away, I catch her, and give her into your worship's power, who keep and cherish her in your arms. What evil token is this, or what ill omen can be made out of it?"

The two boys that had fallen out came up to see the hare; and Sancho asked one of them the cause of their quarrel. He was answered by the boy that had said *Thou shalt not see her again all the days of thy life*, that he had snatched from his play-fellow a cage of crickets, which he would not let him have again in all his life. Upon that Sancho took four quartos from his pocket, and gave them to the boy for the cage, and put it in Don Quixote's hands. "There, sir," quoth he, "here are the omens broken up, and come to nothing. You have them in your own hands; and they have no more to do with our affairs, as I think, though I am a fool, than last year's clouds, and if I am not mistaken, I have heard the curate of our parish say that it is not for Christians and wise folk to heed such fooleries, and even you yourself have said so in times past, and bid me know that such Christians who took heed of omens were fools; and there is no occasion to make a difficulty about this, but let us walk on and go into our village."

The sportsmen came up and demanded their hare, and Don Quixote gave it to them. They went on, and at their coming into the town, they lighted on the curate and the bachelor Carrasco at their devotions in a small field. But we must observe that Sancho Panza had laid over Dapple, and over the bundle of armour, by way of a sumpter-cloth, the buckram frock, figured with flames of fire, with which they had invested him at the duke's castle the night that

Altisidora had come to herself; and he had also clapped the mitre on its head; the most novel transformation and adornment that had ever been seen on any ass in the world. The curate and the bachelor, presently knowing the two, came to meet them with open arms. Don Quixote alighted and embraced them closely, and the boys—who are like lynxes for nothing escaping them—spying the ass's mitre, came running to see it, and cried to one another, "Come, boys, and see Sancho Panza's ass as fine as Mingo, and Don Quixote's beast leaner than ever!" Finally, surrounded by boys, and attended by the curate and the bachelor, they entered the village, and got to Don Quixote's house, where they found at the door his housekeeper and his niece, that had already got the news of their arrival. Neither more nor less had been told to Teresa Panza, Sancho's wife, who, with her hair about her ears, and half-dressed, dragging by the hand her daughter Sanchica, came running to see her husband. But when she found that he was not so well dressed as she thought a governor ought to be, she said to him, "What is the meaning of this, husband? You look as though you had come on foot, and tired off your legs! Why, you come more like a groveller¹ than a governor!"—"Peace, Teresa," answered Sancho; "many a time when there are hooks, there are no flitches. Let us go home, and then I will tell thee wonders. I have taken care of the main chance. Money I have, which is the chief thing, earned by my own industry without wronging anybody."—"Hast thou got money, my good husband?" said Teresa. "Be it gained here or there, or however you like to gain it, you will have made no new sort of profit in the world." Sanchica, hugging her father, asked him if he had brought her anything, for she had been longing for him as for rain in May. Thus holding him by the girdle on one side, and his wife taking him by the hand, and his daughter leading Dapple, away they went to his house, leaving Don Quixote in his, under the care of his niece and housekeeper, in company with the curate and bachelor.

That very moment Don Quixote, regardless of times and

¹ [The word in the original is *desgobernado*, which may imply one who has lost his government, and also means one who has been subjected to a certain surgical operation.]

seasons, took the bachelor and the curate aside, and, in few words, gave them an account of his defeat and the obligation he lay under of not leaving his village for a year, which, like a knight-errant bound by the strictness and discipline of knight-errantry, he was resolved to observe to the letter without infringing it one jot. And that he intended to make himself a shepherd for that year, and entertain himself in the solitude of the fields where he might give play to his amorous thoughts with a loose rein, and employ himself in that pastoral and virtuous exercise; and he begged them, if they had not much to do, and if business of greater importance were not an obstruction, that they would please to be his companions; for he would provide sheep and cattle enough to give them the name of shepherds; and that he would have them know that the chief part of the undertaking was done, for he had provided them all with names that would fit them exactly. The curate asked him to tell them. Don Quixote told him he would himself be called the shepherd Quixotiz, and the bachelor the shepherd Carrascon, and the curate, the shepherd Curiambro, and Sancho Panza, the shepherd Pancino.

They were all struck with amazement at this new folly; but, in order that they might not have him leaving the village again on his chivalry, and hoping that, within the year, he might be cured, they came into his new design, and approved of his folly as if it were wise, offering their company in his employment. "And the more," said Samson Carrasco, "as everybody knows I am a most celebrated poet, and at every step I will compose verses pastoral, or courtly, or any that shall come more seasonably, so as to divert us in those groves where we shall range. But one thing, gentlemen, is most necessary, that each of us choose a name for the shepherdess he means to celebrate in his lays; and that we leave no tree, be it ever so hard, on which her name is not inscribed and cut, as is the use and custom of enamoured shepherds."—"You are quite right," replied Don Quixote; "provided that I am free from seeking an imaginary shepherdess, since there is the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the glory of these banks, the ornament of these meads, the support of beauty, the cream

of elegance, and, in short, the subject on which all praise may light, however hyperbolical it may be.”—“That is true,” said the curate; “but we shall seek out some shepherdesses of ordinary kind who, if they do not suit us squarely, will do so corner-wise.” To which added Samson Carrasco; “And if they be wanting, we will give those very names we find in books, of which the world is full, such as Phyllises, Amaryllises, Dianas, Floridas, Galateas, Belisardas, which are to be disposed of in the markets, and can be purchased and kept as our own. If my mistress, or my shepherdess I should rather say, chance to be called Anne, I will celebrate her under the name of Anarda; if Francisca, I will call her Francenia; and, if Lucy, Lucinda, and so forth. And Sancho Panza, if he has to enter into this fraternity, may celebrate his wife Teresa Panza by the name of Teresayna.” Don Quixote laughed at the turn given to the name. And the curate greatly applauded his virtuous and honourable resolution, and repeated his offer of bearing him company all the time that his compulsory employments would allow him. With this they took their leave of him, and begged and counselled him to take thought about his health by enjoying whatever was good for him.

Fate willed that the niece and the housekeeper, according to custom, had been listening to the discourse of the three, and so, as they went away, both came in to Don Quixote; and the niece said, “What is here to do, uncle! Now when we thought you were come to stay at home, and live like a sober, honest gentleman in your house, are you hankering after new crochets, and turning into a

Gentle shepherd, coming hither,
Gentle shepherd, going hence?

For by my troth, sir, the corn is now too old to make pipes of.” To which the housekeeper added, “And will your worship be able to endure the summer noon-days, and the winter’s night-frosts, and the howlings of the wolves? No, for certain, for this is the business and duty of strong men, cut out and bred for such work almost from their swaddling bands and long-clothes. Ill for ill, it is even better to be a knight-errant than a shepherd. Look

ye, sir, take my advice; which is not given on a full meal of bread and wine, but fasting, and with fifty years over my head. Stay at home, look after your property, go often to confession, do good to the poor; and on my soul be it if ill comes of it."—"Peace, daughters," answered Don Quixote to them: "I know well what it behoves me to do. Help me to bed, for it seems to me I am not very well; and be assured that whether I now be a knight-errant or an errant-shepherd, I shall never fail to provide whatever you shall need, as you shall see indeed." And the good daughters (as without doubt they were) took him to bed, brought him something to eat, and tended him with all possible care.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

Of how Don Quixote fell sick, and of the will he made, and his death.

As human things are not eternal, always tending downwards from their beginnings till they reach their final end, especially the lives of men, and as Don Quixote held no privilege from heaven to stay the course of his, so his end and finish arrived when he least expected it. For whether it was from the melancholy that his defeat caused, or whether it was by the disposition of heaven that so ordered it, a fever took possession of him that confined him to his bed for six days.

All that time his friends, the curate, the bachelor, and the barber, came often to see him, and his good squire Sancho Panza never stirred from his bed-side.

They, conjecturing that the regret of his defeat, and his being disappointed of his desire for Dulcinea's liberty and disenchantment, kept him in this case, essayed to divert him in all possible ways. The bachelor begged him to pluck up a good heart, and rise, that he might begin his pastoral life, for which he had already written an eclogue, which would confound all those that Sannazáro¹ had ever

¹ [Jacobo Sannazáro, born at Naples in 1458, was, according to Pellicer, one of the first of Italian poets. He was especially renowned for his pastoral eclogues, and even invented *Piscatorials*.]

written, and that he had already bought, with his own money, two famous dogs to watch their flock, the one called Barcino, and the other Butron, that a herdsman of Quintanar had sold him. But this had no effect on Don Quixote's sadness. His friends called in the doctor, who, upon feeling his pulse, did not very well like it; and said that in any case he should provide for the safety of his soul, for that of his body was in danger. Don Quixote heard this with a calm mind, but not so his housekeeper, his niece, and his squire, who fell a-weeping bitterly, as if they already saw him dead before them. The physician was of opinion that melancholy and vexation were bringing him to his end. Don Quixote desired them to leave him alone, for he would sleep a little; they did so, and he slept for more than six hours straight off, as they say, so that the housekeeper and the niece thought that he would never wake.

At the end of that time he awaked, and, with a loud voice said, "Blessed be Almighty God, who hath done me so much good. His mercies are without end, nor are they shortened or hindered by the sins of men." The niece, hearkening very attentively to these words of her uncle, and finding more sense in them than there was wont to be in his talk, at least since he had fallen ill, asked him, "What is that you say, sir; has anything fresh happened? What mercies are these or what sins of men?"—"The mercies, niece," answered Don Quixote, "are those that heaven has this moment vouchsafed to me, which, as I said, my sins do not prevent. My judgment is now free and clear, and the murky clouds of ignorance removed, which my painful and continual reading of those detestable books of knight-errantry cast over me. Now I perceive their nonsense and deceit, and am only sorry the discovery happens so late, when I want time to make some amends by reading others that should enlighten my soul. I find, niece, that I am at the point of death; and I would meet it in such a manner as to show that my life has not been so evil as to leave me the character of a madman. Send, my dear, for my good friends the curate, the bachelor Samson Carrasco, and Master Nicholas the barber, for I wish to confess and make my will." But

this trouble the niece was saved by the entrance of the three. Don Quixote had scarcely seen them, when he said, "Largess! good gentlemen, for I am no longer Don Quixote de la Mancha, but Alonso Quixano, the same whom my behaviour gave the surname of Good. I am now an enemy to Amadis de Gaul and all the endless crowd of his descendants; all the profane stories of knight-errantry are now hateful to me. I have a sense of my folly and the danger I have run by having read them; and now, through heaven's mercy and my own experience, I abhor them." When the three heard this, they concluded without doubt some new frenzy had possessed him, and Samson said to him: "Now, Signor Don Quixote, when we have just had news that the Lady Dulcinea is disenchanted, do you come out with this? and now we are upon the point of turning shepherds, to spend our lives singing like princes, do you wish to make yourself a hermit? Peace, on your life; come to yourself and leave idle tales."

"Those which hitherto have been true, to my prejudice," replied Don Quixote; "my death, with the assistance of heaven, shall turn to my advantage. I perceive, sirs, that I am dying with all speed. Put aside jests, and fetch me a confessor to confess me, and a scrivener to draw up my will, for in such straits as this a man must not play with his soul; and I beg that whilst Master Curate confesses me a scrivener may be fetched."

They stared at one another, wondering at Don Quixote's words, and though in doubt they were inclined to believe him. And one of the signs by which they conjectured that he would die was his having changed so quickly from a madman to a sane person; for to the words already said he added many others so well spoken, so Christian, and so connected, that they came, withal, to lose their doubts and to believe that he was sane. The curate made all the people leave the room and stayed alone with him and confessed him. The bachelor went for the scrivener, and presently returned with him and with Sancho Panza, who, being informed by the bachelor in what state his master was, and finding the housekeeper and the niece in tears, began to make wry faces and fall a-crying. The

confession was ended and the curate came out saying, "Certainly about to die, and certainly in his senses is Alonso Quixano the Good; we had best go in, that he may make his will." These tidings were a terrible blow to the swollen eyes of the housekeeper, the niece, and Sancho Panza, his good squire, so that it made the tears burst out of their eyes, and a thousand profound sighs from their hearts; for indeed, as on some occasion has been observed, whilst Don Quixote was plain Alonso Quixano the Good, and whilst he was Don Quixote de la Mancha, he was ever of pleasant humour and agreeable behaviour, and therefore he was not only beloved by his family, but by every one that knew him.

The scrivener, with the rest, went in, and after he had made the preamble of the will, and Don Quixote had disposed of his soul with all those Christian circumstances that are requisite, he came to the legacies, and said—

"Item, it is my will that of certain moneys that Sancho Panza (whom in my madness I made my squire) holds, inasmuch as that there have been between him and me certain accounts, both payments and receipts, there shall be no charge made, nor account demanded of him; but that if any shall remain over after he has paid himself what I owe him, the residue shall be his; it can be but small, and may it do him much good. And if, when I was mad, I was a party to making him governor of the island, I would now, in my right senses, give him the government of a kingdom, were it in my power, for the simplicity of his disposition and the fidelity of his character deserve it." And turning to Sancho he said, "pardon me, my friend, that I have given thee occasion to appear mad like myself, making thee fall into the error in which I fell that there have been and are knights-errant in the world."—"Woe's me!" replied Sancho, all in tears, "do not die, dear master, but take my counsel, and live on a many years; the maddest thing a man can do in this life is to let himself die without any more ado, without being killed by anybody or finished by any other hands but those of melancholy. See you do not be slothful, but get up from this bed, and let us be off to the fields in our shepherd's clothing, as we had agreed. Who knows but behind

some bush we may find the Lady Donna Dulcinea disenchanted, as fine a sight as there is to be seen. If it is that you will die of vexation at being conquered, lay the blame upon me, and say that through my not girding Rozinante well, they overthrew him. Especially as you will have seen in your books of chivalry that it is a common thing for one knight to overthrow another, and for him who is conquered to-day to be conqueror to-morrow.”—“It is so,” said Samson, “and honest Sancho is very much to the point in these matters.”—“Soft and fair, gentlemen,” said Don Quixote; “never look for birds of this year in the nests of the last: I was mad, and now I am in my senses; I was Don Quixote de la Mancha, and I am now (as I said before) Alonso Quixano the Good; may my repentance and my truth restore me to the same esteem you had for me before; and so let master scrivener go on.”

“Item, I bequeath all my estate without reserve to Antonia Quixana, my niece here present, having first deducted from such of it as is in best condition what shall be necessary to discharge the bequests that I have made; and the first payment that she makes I desire to be that of the salary due to my housekeeper, for the time that she has served me, with twenty ducats more for a dress. I appoint Master Curate and Master Bachelor Samson Carrasco, here present, to be my executors.

“Item, it is my will that if my niece Antonia Quixana be inclined to marry, she marry a man of whom she shall first have evidence that he does not know what books of chivalry are; and in case it shall appear that he does know, and nevertheless my niece shall wish to marry him and does so marry, she is to forfeit all that I have bequeathed to her, which my executors are empowered to dispose of in pious works, as they shall think proper.

“Item, I entreat the said gentlemen, my executors, that if by good fortune they come to know the author who is said to have composed a story which goes by the title of *The Second Part of the Achievements of Don Quixote de la Mancha*, they most heartily beg his pardon from me, for being undesignedly the occasion of his writing so many and such great follies as he has written in

it; for I quit this life with regret for having given him a motive for writing them."

Herewith finished the will, and, falling into a swoon, he lay at full length in the bed. They were all alarmed, and ran to his assistance; and for the space of three days that he lived after that when he had made his will he fainted continually.

The whole family was in confusion; and yet, for all that, the niece ate, the housekeeper drank, and Sancho Panza cheered himself; for this matter of inheriting somewhat effaces or alleviates in the inheritor the thought of sorrow that it is natural for a dead man to leave behind.

In short, Don Quixote's last day came, after he had received all the sacraments, and, by many and weighty arguments, showed his abhorrence of the books of knight-errantry. The scrivener, who was by, said he had never read in any book of chivalry of any knight-errant who had ever died in his bed so quietly and like a good Christian as Don Quixote, who, amidst the compassion and tears of those who were by, gave up the ghost, or, to speak plainly, died; which, when the curate perceived, he desired the scrivener to give him a certificate, how Alonso Quixano the Good, commonly called Don Quixote de la Mancha, had departed out of this present life, and died a natural death. This testimony he desired, to remove opportunity from any other author but Cid Hamet Benengeli to falsely resuscitate him, and write endless histories of his adventures.

This was the end of the INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN OF LA MANCHA, whose native place Cid Hamet has not thought fit precisely to mention, with design that all the towns and villages in La Mancha should contend amongst themselves for the honour of adopting and keeping him as their own, as the seven cities of Greece did for Homer. We omit here the lamentations of Sancho, of Don Quixote's niece and the housekeeper, and the new epitaphs upon his tomb; but Samson Carrasco set this upon it:

A valiant gentleman lies here,
So brave, that, to his latest breath,
Immortal glory was his care,
And made him triumph over death.

Of small account he held the world,
 Whose fears its ridicule belied;
 And if he like a madman lived,
 At least he like a wise one died.

And the most sagacious Cid Hamet said to his pen, "Here shalt thou hang from this rack and this thread of brass. I know not whether thou art well-cut or ill-trimmed, my slender pen. There thou shalt live long ages, unless presumptuous and wicked historians take thee down to profane thee! But, ere they reach thee, thou mayst bid them beware, and, as well as thou canst tell them,

Away! away! ye scoundrels base!¹
 I'll brook the aid of none;
 For this emprise, my lord and king,
 Is kept for me alone.

"For me alone was Don Quixote born, and I for him. He knows how to act, and I to record, only we two are one, to the grief and despite of the spurious Tordesillesque scribe, who dared, or will dare, with blunt and ill-trimmed ostrich-quill, to write the deeds of my valorous knight; for it is no burden for his shoulders, nor subject for his frost-bound genius. And if by chance thou comest to know him, advise him to let the wearied and now mouldering bones of Don Quixote rest in the tomb, and to seek not, against all the sanctions of death, to convey him to Castile the Old, fetching him from the vault, where in verity and truth he lies stretched at length beyond the possibility of taking a third journey and fresh sally; for sufficient to cast ridicule upon all those that so many knight-errants have made are the two that he made, so much to the pleasure and grati-

¹ *Tate tate folloneicos, &c.* The passage which Cervantes quotes is from one of the many ballads composed on the subject of Don Alonso de Aguilar's death, in the pass of Nevada—the same tragic story which has been rendered familiar to all English readers by the Bishop of Dromore's elegant version of "*Rio Verde, Rio Verde.*" The verse quoted in the text is that in which Alonso says to the king, "*Let none go forth but me.*"

———"Esa impresa, buen Rey,
 Para mi estaba guardada."

The ballad itself is probably more ancient than that of "*Gentle river gentle river.*" I give a translation in the Appendix, See Add. Note XIII

fication of the people under whose notice they have come, as well in this as in other realms. Thus thou shalt discharge the duties of thy Christian profession, and give good counsel to those that wish thee evil. And I shall be content and proud to have been the first to enjoy fully the fruit of his writings as I desired, since my desire has not been otherwise than to bring into the abhorrence of mankind the false and distraught stories of the books of chivalry, which, through those of my genuine Don Quixote, are already tottering, and will without any doubt fall altogether. *Vale.*"

END OF THE SECOND PART.

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

NOTE I. (page 71).

(A) *Guarinos*.

I.

The day of Roncesvalles was a dismal day for you,
Ye men of France, for there the lance of King Charles was broke in two :
Ye well may curse that rueful field, for many a noble peer
In fray or fight the dust did bite beneath Bernardo's spear.

II.

There captured was Guarinos, King Charles's admiral ;
Seven Moorish kings surrounded him, and seized him for their thrall ;
Seven times, when all the chase was o'er, for Guarinos lots they cast ;
Seven times Marlotes won the throw, and the knight was his at last.

III.

Much joy had then Marlotes, and his captive much did prize ;
Above all the wealth of Araby, he was precious in his eyes.
Within his tent at evening he made the best of cheer,
And thus, the banquet done, he spake unto his prisoner :

IV.

" Now, for the sake of Alla, Lord Admiral Guarinos,
Be thou a Moslem, and much love shall ever rest between us :
Two daughters have I—all the day thy handmaid one shall be,
The other (and the fairer far) by night shall cherish thee.

V.

" The one shall be thy waiting-maid, thy weary feet to lave,
To scatter perfumes on thy head, and fetch thee garments brave ;
The other—she the pretty—shall deck her bridal-bower,
And my field and my city they both shall be her dower ;

VI.

"If more thou wishest, more I'll give ; speak boldly what thy thought is."
Thus earnestly and kindly to Guarinos said Marlotes ;
But not a moment did he take to ponder or to pause,
Thus clear and quick the answer of the Christian captain was :

VII.

"Now, God forbid ! Marlotes, and Mary, his dear mother,
That I should leave the faith of Christ, and bind me to another ;
For women—I've one wife in France, and I'll wed no more in Spain ;
I change not faith, I break not vow, for courtesy or gain."

VIII.

Wroth waxed King Marlotes, when thus he heard him say,
And all for ire commanded, he should be led away ;
Away unto the dungeon-keep, beneath its vault to lie,
With fetters bound in darkness deep, far off from sun and sky.

IX.

With iron bands they bound his hands : that sore unworthy plight
Might well express his helplessness, doom'd never more to fight.
Again, from cincture down to knee, long bolts of iron he bore,
Which signified the knight should ride on charger never more.

X.

Three times alone, in all the year, it is the captive's doom,
To see God's daylight bright and clear, instead of dungeon-gloom ;
Three times alone they bring him out, like Samson long ago,
Before the Moorish rabble-rout to be a sport and show.

XI.

On three high-feasts they bring him forth, a spectacle to be—
The feast of Pasque, and the great day of the Nativity,
And on that morn, more solemn yet, when the maidens strip the bowers,
And gladden mosque and minaret with the firstlings of the flowers.

XII.

Days come and go of gloom and show : seven years are come and gone ;
And now doth fall the festival of the holy Baptist John ;
Christian and Moslem tilts and jousts, to give it homage due ;
And rushes on the paths to spread they force the sulky Jew.

XIII.

Marlotes, in his joy and pride, a target high doth rear—
Below the Moorish knights must ride and pierce it with the spear ;
But 'tis so high up in the sky, albeit much they strain,
No Moorish shaft so far may fly, Marlotes' prize to gain.

XIV.

Wroth waxed King Marlotes, when he beheld them fail;
 The whisker trembled on his lip—his cheek for ire was pale;
 And heralds proclamation made, with trumpets, through the town—
 “Nor child shall suck, nor man shall eat, till the mark be tumbled
 down.”

XV.

The cry of proclamation, and the trumpet’s haughty sound,
 Did send an echo to the vault where the Admiral was bound.
 “Now, help me God!” the captive cries, “what means this din so loud?
 Oh, Queen of Heaven! be vengeance given on these thy haters proud!

XVI.

“Oh! is it that some Pagan gay doth Marlotes’ daughter wed,
 And that they bear my scorned Fair in triumph to his bed?
 Or is it that the day is come—one of the hateful three—
 When they, with trumpet, fire, and drum, make heathen game of me?”

XVII.

These words the jailor chanced to hear, and thus to him he said—
 “These tabours, lord, and trumpets clear conduct no bride to bed,
 Nor has the feast come round again, when he that has the right
 Commands thee forth, thou foe of Spain, to glad the people’s sight.

XVIII.

“This is the joyful morning of John the Baptist’s day,
 When Moor and Christian feasts at home, each in his nation’s way;
 But now our king commands that none his banquet shall begin,
 Until some knight, by strength or sleight, the spearman’s prize do win.”

XIX.

Then out and spake Guarinos—“Oh! soon each man should feed,
 Were I but mounted once again on my own gallant steed:
 Oh! were I mounted as of old, und harness’d cap-a-pee,
 Full soon Marlotes’ prize I’d hold, whate’er its price may be!

XX.

“Give me my horse, mine old grey horse, so be he is not dead,
 All gallantly caparison’d, with mail on breast and head,
 And give me the lance I brought from France; and if I win it not
 My life shall be the forfeiture—I’ll yield it on the spot.”

XXI

The jailor wonder’d at his words: thus to the knight said he—
 “Seven weary years of chains and gloom have little humbled thee;
 There’s never a man in Spain, I trow, the like so well might bear;
 And if thou wilt, I with thy vow will to the King repair.”

XXII.

The jailer put his mantle on, and came unto the King—
 He found him sitting on the throne, within his listed ring;
 Close to his ear he planted him, and the story did begin,
 How bold Guarinos vaunted him the spearman's prize to win.

XXIII.

That, were he mounted but once more on his own gallant grey,
 And armed with the lance he bore on the Roncesvalles' day,
 What never Moorish knight could pierce he would pierce it at a blow,
 Or give with joy his life-blood fierce, at Marlotes' feet to flow.

XXIV

Much marvelling, then said the king, "Bring Sir Guarinos forth,
 And in the grange go seek ye for his grey steed of worth;
 His arms are rusty on the wall—seven years have gone, I judge,
 Since that strong horse has bent his force to be a carrion drudge;

XXV.

"Now this will be a sight indeed, to see the enfeebled lord
 Essay to mount that ragged steed and draw that rusty sword—
 And for the vaunting of his phrase he well deserves to die—
 So, jailer, gird his harness on, and bring your champion nigh."

XXVI.

They have girded on his shirt of mail, his cuisses well they've clasp'd,
 And they've barr'd the helm on his visage pale, and his hand the lance
 hath grasp'd.
 And they have caught the old grey horse, the horse he loved of yore,
 And he stands pawing at the gate—caparison'd once more.

XXVII.

When the knight came out the Moors did shout, and loudly laugh'd the
 King,
 For the horse he pranced and capered, and furiously did fling;
 But Guarinos whisper'd in his ear, and look'd into his face—
 Then stood the old charger like a lamb, with a calm and gentle grace.

XXVIII.

Oh! lightly did Guarinos vault into the saddle-tree,
 And slowly riding down made halt before Marlotes' knee;
 Again the heathen laugh'd aloud—"All hail, sir knight," quoth he,
 "Now do thy best, thou champion proud; thy blood I look to see."

XXIX.

With that, Guarinos, lance in rest, against the scoffer rode,
 Pierced at one thrust his envious breast, and down his turban trode
 Now ride, now ride, Guarinos—nor lance nor rowel spare—
 Slay, slay, and gallop for thy life: the land of France lies *there*!

(B) *The Moor Calainos.*

I.

"I had six Moorish nurses, but the seventh was not a Moor—
The Moors they gave me milk enow, but the Christian gave me lore ;
And she told me ne'er to listen, though sweet the words might be,
Till he that spake had proved his troth, and pledged a gallant fee."

II.

"Fair damsel," quoth Calainos, "if thou wilt go with me,
Say what may win thy favour, and thine that gift shall be :
Fair stands the castle on the rock, the city in the vale,
And bonny is the red red gold, and rich the silver pale."

III.

"Fair sir," quoth she, "virginity I never will lay down
For gold, nor yet for silver, for castle, nor for town ;
But I will be your leman for the heads of certain peers—
And I ask but three—Rinaldo's, Roland's, and Olivier's."

IV.

He kiss'd her hand where she did stand, he kiss'd her lips also,
And "Bring forth," he cries, "my pennon, for to Paris I must go."—
I wot ye saw them rearing his banner broad right soon,
Whereon reveal'd his bloody field its pale and crescent moon.

V.

That broad bannere the Moor did rear, ere many days were gone,
In foul disdain of Charlemagne, by the church of good St. John ;
In the midst of merry Paris, on the royal banks of Seine,
Shall never scornful Paynim that pennon rear again.

VI.

His banner he hath planted high, and loud his trumpet blown,
That all the twelve might hear it well around King Charles's throne ;
The note he blew right well they knew ; both paladin and peer
Had the trumpet heard of that stern lord in many a fierce career

VII.

It chanced the King, that fair morning, to the chase had made him bowne,
With many a knight of warlike might, and prince of high renown ;
Sir Reynold of Montalban, and Claros' Lord, Gaston
Behind him rode, and Bertram good, that reverend old Baron.

VIII.

Black D'Ardennes' eye of mastery in that proud troop was seen ;
And there was Urgel's giant force, and Guarinos' princely mien ;
Gallant and gay upon that day was Baldwin's youthful cheer,
But first did ride, by Charles's side, Roland and Olivier.

IX.

Now in a ring, around the King, not far in the greenwood,
 Awaiting all the huntsman's call, it chanced the nobles stood;
 "Now list, mine earls, now list!" quoth Charles, "yon breeze will come
 again—
 Some trumpet-note methinks doth float from the fair bank of Seine."

X.

He scarce had heard the trumpet, the word he scarce had said,
 When among the trees he near him sees a dark and turban'd head—
 "Now stand, now stand at my command, bold Moor!" quoth Charlemagne;
 "That turban green, how dare it be seen among the woods of Seine?"

XI.

"My turban green must needs be seen among the woods of Seine,"
 The Moor replied, "since here I ride in quest of Charlemagne;
 For I serve the Moor Calainos, and I his defiance bring
 To every lord that sits at the board of Charlemagne your king."

XII.

"Now lordlings fair, if anywhere in the wood ye've seen him riding,
 Oh, tell me plain the path he has ta'en—there is no cause for chiding—
 For my lord hath blown his trumpet by every gate of Paris,
 Long hours in vain, by the bank of Seine, upon his steed he tarries!"

XIII.

When the Emperor had heard the Moor, full red was his old cheek;
 "Go back, base cur, upon the spur, for I am he you seek:—
 Go back and tell your master to commend him to Mahoun,
 For his soul shall dwell with him in hell, or ere you sun go down!"

XIV.

"Mine arm is weak, my hairs are grey" (thus spake King Charlemagne).—
 "Would for one hour I had the power of my young days again,
 As when I pluck'd the Saxon from out his mountain den—
 Oh, soon should cease the vaunting of this proud Saracen!"

XV.

"Though now mine arm be weaken'd, though now my hairs be gray,
 The hard-won praise of other days cannot be swept away;
 If shame there be, my liegemen, that shame on you must lie;
 Go forth, go forth, good Roland; to-night this Moor must die!"

XVI.

Then out and spake rough Roland—"Ofttimes I've thinn'd the ranks
 Of the hot Moor, and when 'twas o'er have won me little thanks;
 Some carpet knight will take delight to do this doughty feat,
 Whom damsels gay shall well repay with their smiles and whispers sweet."

XVII.

Then out and spake Sir Baldwin—the youngest peer was he—
The youngest and the comeliest—"Let none go forth but me;
Sir Roland is mine uncle, and he may in safety jeer,
But I will show the youngest may be Sir Roland's peer."

XVIII.

"Nay, go not thou," quoth Charlemagne, "thou art my gallant youth,
And braver none I look upon; but thy cheek it is too smooth,
And the curls upon thy forehead they are too glossy bright:
Some elder peer must couch his spear against this crafty knight."

XIX.

But away, away goes Baldwin—no words can stop him now;
Behind him lies the greenwood, he hath gain'd the mountain's brow;
He reineth first his charger within the church-yard green,
Where, striding slow the elms below, the haughty Moor is seen.

XX.

Then out and spake Calainos—"Fair youth, I greet thee well;
Thou art a comely stripling, and if thou with me wilt dwell,
All for the grace of thy sweet face, thou shalt not lack thy fee,
Within my lady's chamber a pretty page thou'lt be."

XXI.

An angry man was Baldwin when thus he heard him speak:
"Proud knight," quoth he, "I come with thee a bloody spear to
break!"
Oh, sternly smiled Calainos, when thus he heard him say:
Oh, loudly as he mounted his mailed barb did neigh.

XXII.

One shout, one thrust, and in the dust young Baldwin lies full low;
No youthful knight could bear the might of that fierce warrior's blow;
Calainos draws his faulchion, and waves it to and fro:
"Thy name now say, and for mercy pray, or to hell thy soul must go."

XXIII.

The helpless youth reveal'd the truth: then said the conqueror—
"I spare thee for thy tender years, and for thy great valour:—
But thou must rest thee captive here, and serve me on thy knee,
For fain I'd tempt some doughtier peer to come and rescue thee."

XXIV.

Sir Roland heard that haughty word—(he stood behind the wall)—
His heart, I trow, was heavy enow, when he saw his kinsman fall;
But now his heart was burning, and never a word he said,
But clasp'd his buckler on his arm, his helmet on his head.

XXV.

Another sight saw the Moorish knight, when Roland blew his horn
 To call him to the combat in anger and in scorn ;
 All cased in steel from head to heel, in the stirrup high he stood,
 The long spear quiver'd in his hand, as if athirst for blood.

XXVI.

Then out and spake Calainos—"Thy name I fain would hear ;
 A coronet on thy helm is set ; I guess thou art a peer—
 Sir Roland lifted up his horn, and blew another blast :
 "No words, base Moor !" quoth Roland, "this hour shall be thy last !"

XXVII.

I wot they met full swiftly, I wot the shock was rude ;
 Down fell the misbeliever, and o'er him Roland stood ;
 Close to his throat the steel he brought, and pluck'd his beard full
 sore :
 "What devil brought thee hither?—speak out or die, false Moor !"

XXVIII.

"Oh ! I serve a noble damsel, a haughty maid of Spain,
 And in evil day I took my way, that I her grace might gain ;
 For every gift I offer'd my lady did disdain,
 And craved the ears of certain peers that ride with Charlemagne."

XXIX.

Then loudly laugh'd rough Roland—"Full few will be her tears,
 It was not love her soul did move, who bade thee beard *THE PEERS*—"
 With that he smote upon his throat, and spurn'd his crest in twain ;
 "No more," he cries, "this moon will rise above the woods of Seine !"

NOTE II. (page 143).

The Cid's Wedding.

I.

Within his hall of Burgos the King prepares the feast ;
 He makes his preparation for many a noble guest.
 It is a joyful city, it is a gallant day,
 'Tis the Campeador's wedding, and who will bide away ?

II.

Layn Calvo, the Lord Bishop, he first comes forth the gate ;
 Behind him comes Ruy Diaz, in all his bridal state ;
 The crowd makes way before them as up the street they go ;
 For the multitude of people their steps must needs be slow.

III.

The King had taken order that they should rear an arch,
From house to house all over, in the way that they must march ;
They have hung it all with lances, and shields, and glittering helms,
Brought by the Campeador from out the Moorish realms.

IV.

They have scattered olive branches and rushes on the street,
And the ladies fling down garlands at the Campeador's feet ;
With tapestry and broidery their balconies between,
To do his bridal honour, their walls the burghers screen.

V.

They lead the bulls before them all cover'd o'er with trappings ;
The little boys pursue them with hootings and with clappings ;
The fool, with cap and bladder, upon his ass goes prancing,
Amidst troops of captive maidens with bells and cymbals dancing.

VI.

With antics and with fooleries, with shouting and with laughter,
They fill the streets of Burgos—and The Devil he comes after ;
For the King has hired the horned fiend for twenty maravedis,
And there he goes, with hoofs for toes, to terrify the ladies.

VII.

Then comes the bride Ximena—the King he holds her hand ;
And the Queen ; and, all in fur and pall, the nobles of the land.
All down the street the eais of wheat are round Ximena flying,
But the King lifts off her bosom sweet whatever there is lying.

VIII.

Quoth Suero, when he saw it, (his thought you understand),
" 'Tis a fine thing to be a King—but Heaven make me a Hand ! "
The King was very merry, when he was told of this,
And swore the bride, ere eventide, must give the boy a kiss.

IX.

The King went always talking, but she held down her head,
And seldom gave an answer to anything he said ;
It was better to be silent, among such a crowd of folk,
Than utter words so meaningless as she did when she spoke.

NOTE III. (page 163).

The Seven Wise Masters.

"Of this romance the prototype is believed to have been the book of the Seven Counsellors, or Parables of Sandabar. This Sandabar is said, by an Arabian writer, to have been an Indian philosopher,

who lived about an hundred years before the Christian era; but it has been disputed whether he was the author, or only the chief character, of the work which was inscribed with his name. He might have been both a character and an author; but it would appear, from a note in a Hebrew imitation, preserved in the British Museum, that he was, at all events, a principal character; ‘*Sundabar iste erat princeps sapientum Brachmanorum Indiæ, et magnam habet partem in tota hac historia.*’ This Hebrew version is the oldest form in which the work is now extant. It was translated into that language, as we are informed in a Latin note on the manuscript, by Rabbi Joel, from the original Indian, through the medium of the Arabic or Persian.

“In point of antiquity, the second version of the parables is that which appeared in Greek, under the title of *Syntipas*, of which many MSS. are still extant. Some of these profess to be translated from the Persian, and others from the Syriac language, so that the real original of the Greek translation cannot be precisely ascertained.

“The next appearance was in Latin, a work which is only known through the French metrical version of it, entitled *Dolopatos*. This was the first modern shape it assumed, after having passed through all the ancient languages. *Dolopatos* was brought to light by Fauchet, who, in his account of the early French poets, ascribes it to Hebers, or Herbers, an ecclesiastic who lived during the reign of Lewis IX., as he informs us that it was written for the instruction of that monarch’s son, Philip, afterwards called Philip the Hardy. Of this version there is a MS. copy in the national library at Paris.

“In the same library there is preserved another French MS., by an anonymous author, which was written soon after that of Hebers, but differs from it essentially, both in the frame and in the stories introduced. This work gave rise to many subsequent imitations in French prose, and to the English metrical romance, entitled the *Process of the Seven Sages*, which is preserved among the MSS. of the Cotton library, and of which an account has been given by Mr. Ellis, who supposes it to have been written about the year 1330.

“Not long after the invention of printing, the Latin ‘*Historia Septem Sapientum*,’ a different version from that on which the *Dolopatos* of Hebers is founded, was printed at Cologne, and translations of it soon appeared in almost all the languages of Europe. It was published in English prose, under the title of the *Seven Wise Masters*, about the middle of the sixteenth century, and in Scotch metre by John Rolland, of Dalkeith, about the same period.

“The last European translation belongs to the Italians, and was first printed at Mantua, in 1546, under the title of *Erastus*. It is very different from the Greek original, and was translated, with the alterations it had received, into French, under the title ‘*Histoire Pitoyable du Prince Erastus*,’ 1565, and the ‘*History of Prince Erastus*,’ &c., was also printed in English in 1674.

“This romance, through most of its transmigrations, exhibits the story of a king who places his son under the charge of one or more philosophers. After the period of tuition is completed, the wise men, when about to reconduct their pupil to his father, discover by their

skill that his life will be endangered, unless he preserve a strict silence for a certain time. The prince being cautioned on this subject, the monarch is enraged at the obstinate taciturnity of his son. At length one of his queens undertakes to discover the cause of this silence; but, during an interview with the prince, seizes the opportunity of attempting to seduce him to her embraces. Forgetting the injunctions of his preceptors, the youth reproaches her for her conduct, but then becomes mute as before. She, in revenge, accuses him to her husband of the offence of which she had herself been guilty. The king resolves on the execution of his son, but the philosophers endeavour to dissuade him from this rash act, by each relating one or more stories, illustrative of the risks of inconsiderate punishment, which are answered by an equal number on the part of her majesty.

"Such is the outline of the frame, but the stories are often different in the versions. Indeed, there is but one tale in the modern Erastus, which occurs in the Greek Syntipas. The characters, too, in the frames, are always different; thus, in the Greek version, Cyrus is the king, and Syntipas the tutor. In Dolopatos, a Sicilian monarch of that name is the king; the young prince is called Lucinien, and Virgil is the philosopher to whose care he is entrusted. Vespasian, son of Mathusalem, is the emperor in the coeval French version, and the wise men are Cato, Jesse, Lentulus, &c. The author of the English metrical romance has substituted Diocletian as the emperor, and Florentin as the son. Diocletian is preserved in the Italian copies, but the prince's name is changed into Erastus. In some of the eastern versions, the days, in place of seven, have been multiplied into forty; and in this form the story of the Wise Masters became the origin of the Turkish Tales, published in France, under the title of 'L'Histoire de la Sultane de Perse et des quarante Visirs.'

"Few works are more interesting and curious than the Seven Wise Masters, in illustrating the genealogy of fiction, or its rapid and almost unaccountable transition from one country to another. The leading incident of a disappointed woman, accusing the object of her passion of attempting the crime she had herself meditated, is as old as the story of Joseph, and may thence be traced through the fables of mythology to the Italian novelists," &c.

Mr. Ellis has given an abridgement of a metrical romance on the same story extant in the Auchinleck MSS. See his Metrical Romances, Vol. III. p. 23.

NOTE IV. (page 163).

Durandarte and Belerma.

Sad and fearful is the story
Of the Roncesvalles fight;
On those fatal plains of glory
Perish'd many a gallant knight.
There fell Durandarte: never
Verse a nobler chieftain named:
He, before his lips for ever
Closed in silence, thus exclaim'd:

“ Oh, Belerma ! Oh, my dear one,
For my pain and pleasure born !
Seven long years I served thee, fair one,
Seven long years my fee was scorn.

“ And when now thy heart, replying
To my wishes, burns like mine,
Cruel fate, my bliss denying,
Bids me every hope resign.

“ Ah ! though young I fall, believe me,
Death would never claim a sigh ;
'Tis to lose thee, 'tis to leave thee,
Makes me think it hard to die !

“ Oh ! my cousin Montesinos,
By that friendship firm and dear
Which from youth has lived between us,
Now my last petition hear !

“ When my soul, these limbs forsaking,
Eager seeks a purer air,
From my breast the cold heart taking,
Give it to Belerma's care.

“ Say, I of my lands possessor
Named her with my dying breath :
Say, my lips I op'd to bless her,
Ere they closed for aye in death :

“ Twice a-week, too, how sincerely
I adored her, cousin, say :
Twice a-week, for one who dearly
Loved her, cousin, bid her pray.

“ Montesinos, now the hour
Mark'd by fate is near at hand :
Lo ! my arm has lost its power !
Lo ! I drop my trusty brand.

“ Eyes, which forth beheld me going,
Homewards ne'er shall see me hie :
Cousin, stop those tears o'erflowing,
Let me on thy bosom die.

“ Thy kind hand my eyelids closing,
Yet one favour I implore :
Pray thou for my soul's reposing,
When my heart shall throb no more.

“ So shall Jesus, still attending
Gracious to a Christian's vow,
Pleased accept my ghost ascending,
And a seat in Heaven allow.”

Thus spoke gallant Durandarte:
 Soon his brave heart broke in twain;
 Greatly joy'd the Moorish party,
 That the gallant knight was slain.

Bitter weeping, Montesinos
 Took from him his helm and glaive;
 Bitter weeping, Montesinos
 Dug his gallant cousin's grave.

To perform his promise made, he
 Cut the heart from out the breast,
 That Belerma, wretched lady!
 Might receive the last bequest.

Sad was Montesinos' heart, he
 Felt distress his bosom rend.
 "Oh! my cousin, Durandarte,
 Woe is me to view thy end!
 "Sweet in manners, fair in favour,
 Mild in temper, fierce in fight,
 Warrior nobler, gentler, braver,
 Never shall behold the light.
 "Cousin, oh! my tears bedew thee!
 How shall I thy loss survive?
 Durandarte, he who slew thee,
 Wherefore left he me alive?"

NOTE V. (page 172).

Merlin.

"The greater part of the angels who rebelled under the command of Lucifer, lost through that act their former power and beauty, and became 'fiendes black;' but some, instead of falling into 'Hell-pit,' had remained in mid-air, where they still possess the faculty of assuming any shape which may tend to promote their wicked purpose of tempting and perverting mankind. They had been, as we may easily believe, much disconcerted by the miraculous birth of our Saviour; but they hoped to counteract its salutary purposes by engendering with some virgin, a semi-dæmon, whose preternatural power should be constantly employed in the dissemination of wickedness. There was at that time in England a rich man, blessed with an affectionate wife, a dutiful son, and three chaste and beautiful daughters. The happiness of this family was become proverbial among their neighbours; but the fiend having discovered in the wife an irritability of temper, which had hitherto escaped the notice of her husband and children, he applied himself to encourage this infirmity; and with such success, that the good lady, having been betrayed into a trifling dispute with her son, suddenly burst into transports of rage; imprecated the most horrid curses on his head; and finally consigned him, with all possible solemnity, to the devil. The fiend lost no time

in seizing his newly acquired property, but strangled the young man in his sleep. The mother, stung with remorse, instantly hung herself; and her husband, overpowered by this sudden calamity, died of grief, without confession or absolution. Among the spectators of this tragedy was a neighbouring hermit, the holy Blaise, who, on considering all the circumstances of the case, plainly discovered that it was owing to the intervention of the fiend. Feeling a fatherly affection for the three orphan sisters, he exhorted them to scrutinise severely all the thoughts and actions of their past life; received their confessions; imposed on each a proper penance; gave them his holy absolution; and then retired to his cell, in the confidence of having secured them against future temptation. Before we proceed with our story, it will be proper to mention a singular law of this country.

‘In all England, *tho*,¹ was usage,
 Gif any woman did outrage,
 (But gif it were in spousing)
 And any man, old or ying,
 Might it *wite*² of that country,
 All *quick*³ *heo*⁴ shoulde *dolven*⁵ be.’

“On this sanguinary law the devil founded his plan for the destruction of the two elder sisters. He repaired, in a proper disguise, to an old woman, with whose avarice and cunning he was well acquainted, and engaged her, by promises of the most extravagant reward, to attempt the seduction of the eldest sister, whom he was prevented from assailing in person by the precautions of the holy hermit. The old hag readily undertook the commission. To her solicitations the young lady unfortunately neglected to make any objection, except the danger of a discovery; which, being quickly overruled, she yielded to temptation, was betrayed, condemned, and buried alive. The next sister opposed still less resistance to the artifices of the fiend; but escaped the penalty of the law by readily submitting to indiscriminate prostitution. It is evident that the Holy Blaise had been too negligent of his charge; but his whole attention was roused by the arrival of the younger sister, who, falling at his feet, and reminding him of the sad fate of her father, mother, and brother, proceeded to relate the public punishment of one sister, and the public disgrace of the other. Blaise was filled with compassion; he felt also that his character was staked, and that he was now fairly at issue with the fiend for the soul of this maiden. He therefore took every possible precaution; enjoined her strict observance of his directions with unusual solemnity; displayed the dangers attendant on the seven deadly sins; and particularly warned her against the most formidable of all, the sin of incontinence. . . . Armed with these instructions the maid returned home; watched and prayed with great regularity; and, under the protection of the holy sign, which effectually guarded the doors and windows, escaped for some time the artifices of the tempter. But at length her security betrayed her. The solicitations of some neighbours drew her to the *ale*;⁶ her stay was insensibly protracted; the treacherous liquor

¹ Then.² Know.³ Alive.⁴ She.⁵ Buried.⁶ Alehouse.

produced intoxication; and in this state she was assaulted by her wicked sister, who, attended by a troop of loose women, proceeded to insult, and even to strike her. The abuse was re-echoed; the blow returned; and a general conflict ensued, from which she at length escaped into her house, which she carefully barred and secured; but, in her agitation, forgot to say her prayers, or to make the sign of a cross; and, throwing herself on her bed, resigned herself to sleep. The fiend, no longer stopped by the formidable barrier which had hitherto excluded him, easily insinuated himself into the room, assumed a human shape, completed his long-intended purpose, and retired.

“On the following morning his unfortunate victim hastened to her confessor; related, with much contrition, the disgraceful quarrel in which she had been engaged; deplored her neglect of his instructions; and finally communicated to him some reasons for suspecting that this neglect had been productive of consequences which might lead, on their discovery, to her disgrace and punishment. The good hermit listened to her narrative with great attention; deeply lamented her carelessness, and the watchful activity of the fiend; gave her his benediction, and dismissed her with the promise, that he would employ all the means in his power to preserve her from the fate by which she was threatened. From this moment her hours were solely occupied by penitence and devotion; but her pregnancy becoming manifest, she was at length seized and carried before the justice. Her protestations of innocence were, of course, disbelieved; a jury of matrons, solemnly convened on the occasion, declared, on their own knowledge, that her asseverations were perfectly incompatible with the symptoms she discovered; and the justice was proceeding to pass sentence, when Blaise interposed, and petitioned for a delay of her punishment. He observed, that, whatever might be the guilt of the mother, her child was assuredly innocent, and consequently that her death must be deferred till after her delivery; that the story told by the supposed culprit was indeed very wonderful; but that he, to whom it had been solemnly revealed in confession, believed it to be true; that some mystery was concealed under it which time would probably manifest; and therefore he advised that a respite of two years should be allowed, during which the woman should be strictly confined, in the hopes of discovering the truth of her narrative. The justice yielded to this advice, and ordered her to be carefully guarded, with no companion but a midwife, in the upper room of a lofty tower, in which they received a daily supply of provisions, by means of a long rope and basket. In due time the girl was delivered of a son, whose fine features and well-formed limbs excited the admiration of the midwife, though his diabolical origin was evinced by a complete covering of black hair, which she could not touch without shuddering. The pious Blaise, who had exactly calculated the time of the little demon's birth, was in waiting at the foot of the tower, and, being informed of the event, ordered the infant to be lowered in the basket; bore him away in triumph to the sacred font; baptised him by the name of Merlin; and thus disappointed for ever the hopes of the fiends, at the

very moment of their expected completion. The good man then returned with his infernal proselyte, and restored him by means of the basket to the midwife, who carrying him to the fire, and surveying his rough hide with horror and astonishment, could not refrain from reproaching him for his unreasonable choice of a mother, who had never taken the usual means to have a child.

‘Alas,’ she said, ‘art thou Merlin?
Whether ¹ art thou? and of what kin?
 Who was thy father, by night or day,
 That no man wite ne may?
 It is great ruth, thou foul thing,
 That for thy love (by Heaven King!)
 Thy mother shall be slain with woe!
 Alas that *stound* ² it shall fall so!
 I would thou were far in the sea,
 With that thy mother might scape free!’

When that he heard speak so,
 He *brayded* ³ up his eyen two,
 And *lodly* ⁴ on her gan look,
 And his head on her he shook,
 And gan to cry with loud din;
 ‘Thou lyeest!’ he said, ‘old quean!
 My mother shall no man *quell*,⁵
 For no thing that man may tell,
 While that I may stand or gon!
 Maugre them every one
 I shall save her life for this.
 That thou shalt hear and see, ywis.’

“Both the mother and the midwife were very near dying of fright, while they listened to these encouraging assurances. They crossed themselves, and, at length resuming courage, conjured him, in the name of God and the Virgin, and of as many saints as they were able to recollect, that he would declare who he was, and what misadventure had brought him thither; but Merlin, who was not naturally loquacious, only smiled at their questions, and abstained from gratifying their curiosity. In this silence he obstinately persevered during six months, when the lamentations of his mother extorted from him a second promise of his protection; by which she was so far satisfied as to wait with some degree of confidence the final decision of the justice. The two years being expired, she appeared in court with her child in her arms; listened in silence to the interrogatories which she had formerly answered, and even abstained from protesting against the sentence which condemned her to be buried alive. But her infant, to the great surprise of all present, undertook her defence, alleging that her pregnancy was the result of a *chance*, which neither man nor woman could prevent. Such an argument was certainly not convincing; and

¹ Whence.

² Time.

³ Raised suddenly—with a start. *Sax.*

⁴ Loatlingly.

⁵ Kill.

the justice happening to feel offended by the premature eloquence of the young advocate, only replied by confirming the sentence, and ordering the culprit to instant execution. But Merlin was not dismayed. He proceeded to tell that he was the son of a devil of great power, though fortunately rescued by an expeditious baptism from the vicious disposition of his paternal relations; that he could prove his preternatural descent by revealing all things past, present or future; and that the justice was in this respect very much his inferior, as he did not even know the name of his own father. The justice, not much conciliated by this speech, answered,

‘Thou liest, thou black conioun !
My father was a good baroun,
And my mother a levedy free :
Yet alive thou may her see.’

“Merlin calmly desired that the lady might be summoned; and, on her appearance in court, being urged to state his accusation, requested that they might be confronted in private, because such a subject was not fit for public discussion. The justice, a good deal surprised at his discretion, readily consented.

‘Merlin,’ he said, ‘now pray I thee,
What was the man that begat me ?’
‘Sir,’ he said, ‘by St. Simoun !
It was the parson of this town.
He begat thee, by St. Jame !
Upon this woman that is thy dame.’
The levedy said, ‘Thou foul thing,
Thou hast *lowen a stark lesing* !¹
His father was a noble baroun,
And holden a man of great renown ;
And thou a mis-begotton wretch !
I pray to God the de’el the fetch !
In wild fire thou shouldst be *brunt*,²
For with wrong thou hast me *shent* !’³

“Merlin quietly answered, that, as her memory seemed rather defective, he would willingly assist it by relating a few circumstances of her past life. He put her in mind of a certain journey of Carduel, from whence the baron returned rather unexpectedly in the night . . . The justice, to whom this recital, though perfectly new, did not appear at all amusing, impatiently expected from his mother a refutation of the charge; but the lady was satisfied to purchase Merlin’s silence by a candid confession. She was therefore dismissed with a severe reprimand; after which Merlin informed the justice that she was gone to the parson, who, becoming desperate at the disclosure of his sins, would immediately fly to the next bridge, and drown himself in the river. The completion of this prophecy inspired the justice with great respect for the prophet, whose mother was instantly set at liberty.”—See Ellis’s “Early English Metrical Romances,” pp. 82–90.

¹ Lied a strong lie.

² Burnt.

³ Ruined.

Cervantes, in the introduction of Merlin in the text, most probably had in view the famous prophecy delivered to Bradamante, in the second canto of the Orlando Furioso.

NOTE VI. (page 196).

Gayferos.

Hear me, Signor Don Gayferos,
Hear what, as a friend, I say ;
As a friend I give you counsel,
And I'll give the best I may.

Lift your eyes from off the table—
Sure you have no cause of fear ;
What I say, a friend shall speak it,
And I hope a friend shall hear.

Melisendra pines a captive,
Far in Sansueña's tower ;
While with you in merry Paris,
Gaily fleets the faithless hour.

You may laugh to scorn my warning,
Trusting in her royal strain—
But we've seen as noble sinners,
And may see them yet again.

True she is King Charles's daughter—
But she's woman, nephew mine—
Older in her sex *the Frail* is
Than *the Royal* in her line.

If the will be weak and totter,
Old respect must soon give way ;
What are blood and lofty lineage,
What, if pulses beat, are they ?

Gallant Moors attend upon her,
Courtly men, though dark their faces—
And, though Christians slight them, Moors may
Doat on Melisendra's graces.

Different are the creeds we swear by,
But in breast of knight and dame,
Be they Saracen or Christian,
Flows not Adam's blood the same ?

From the feeble sand of fancy,
Wave the print of wave erases ;
Women are but lovely mirrors,
That reflect whoever gazes.

NOTE VII. (page 199).

Melisendra.

At Sansueña, in the tower, fair Melisendra lies,
Her heart is far away in France, and tears are in her eyes;
The twilight shade is thickening laid on Sansueña's plain,
Yet wistfully the lady her weary eyes doth strain.

She gazes from the dungeon strong, forth on the road to Paris,
Weeping, and wondering why so long her Lord Gayferos tarries;
When lo! a knight appears in view—a knight of Christian mien:
Upon a milk-white charger he rides the elms between.

She from her window reaches forth her hand a sign to make:
"Oh, if you be a knight of worth, draw near for mercy's sake!
For mercy and sweet charity draw near, Sir Knight, to me,
And tell me if ye ride to France, or whither bowne ye be—

"Oh, if ye be a Christian knight, and if to France you go,
I pray thee tell Gayferos that you have seen my woe;
That you have seen me weeping, here in the Moorish tower,
While he is gay by night and day in hall and lady's bower.

"Seven summers have I waited—seven winters long are spent:
Yet word of comfort none he speaks, nor token hath he sent;
And if he is weary of my love, and would have me wed a stranger,
Still say his love is true to him—nor time nor wrong can change her!"

The knight on stirrup rising, bids her wipe her tears away:
"My love, no time for weeping, no peril save delay;
Come, boldly spring, and lightly leap—no listening Moor is near us,
And by dawn of day we'll be far away"—so spake the knight Gayferos.

She hath made the sign of the Cross divine, and an Ave she hath said,
And she dares the leap both wide and deep—that lady without dread;
And he hath kiss'd her pale pale cheek, and lifted her behind:
St. Denis speed the milk-white steed! no Moor their path shall find.

NOTE VIII. (page 200).

Rodrigo's Lamentation.

The hosts of Don Rodrigo were scatter'd in dismay,
When lost was the eighth battle, nor heart nor hope had they;—
He, when he saw that field was lost, and all his hope was flown,
He turn'd him from his flying host, and took his way alone.

His horse was bleeding, blind and lame—he could no farther go
Dismounted, without path or aim, the King stepp'd to and fro;
It was a sight of pity to look on Roderick,
For, sore athirst and hungry, he stagger'd faint and sick.

All stain'd and strew'd with dust and blood, like to some smouldering brand
Pluck'd from the flame, Rodrigo show'd : his sword was in his hand,
But it was hack'd into a saw of dark and purple tint ;
His jewell'd mail had many a flaw, his helmet many a dint.

He climb'd unto a hill-top, the highest he could see—
Thence all about of that wide rout his last long look took he ;
He saw his royal banners, where they lay drench'd and torn,
He heard the cry of victory, the Arab's shout of scorn.

He look'd for the brave captains that had led the hosts of Spain,
But all were fled except the dead, and who could count the slain ?
Where'er his eye could wander all bloody was the plain,
And, while thus he said, the tears he shed ran down his cheeks like rain :—

“ Last night I was the King of Spain—to-day no King am I ;
Last night fair castles held my train—to-night where shall I lie ?
Last night a hundred pages did serve me on the knee,—
To-night not one I call mine own—not one pertains to me.

“ Oh, luckless, luckless was the hour, and cursed was the day,
When I was born to have the power of this great seniorey !
Unhappy me, that I should see the sun go down to-night !
O Death, why now so slow art thou, why fearest thou to smite ? ”

NOTE IX. (page 254).

King Rodrigo's Penitence.

It was when the King Rodrigo had lost his realm of Spain,
In doleful plight he held his flight o'er Guadalete's plain ;
Afar from the fierce Moslem he fain would hide his woe,
And up among the wilderness of mountains he would go.

There lay a shepherd by the rill, with all his flock beside him ;
He asked him where upon his hill a weary man might hide him.
“ Not far,” quoth he, “ within the wood dwells our old Eremita ;
He in his holy solitude will hide ye all the night.”—

“ Good friend,” quoth he, “ I hunger.”—“ Alas ! ” the shepherd said,
“ My scrip no more containeth but one little loaf of bread.”
The weary King was thankful, the poor man's loaf he took ;
He by him sate, and while he ate his tears fell in the brook.

From underneath his garment the King unlock'd his chain,
A golden chain with many a link, and the royal ring of Spain ;
He gave them to the wondering man, and with heavy steps and slow
He up the wild his way began, to the hermitage to go.

The sun had just descended into the western sea,
And the holy man was sitting in the breeze beneath his tree ;
“ I come, I come, good father, to beg a boon from thee :
This night within thy hermitage give shelter unto me.”

The old man looked upon the King—he scann'd him o'er and o'er ;
He look'd with looks of wondering—he marvell'd more and more ;
With blood and dust distained was the garment that he wore,
And yet in utmost misery a kingly look he bore.

“ Who art thou, weary stranger ? This path why hast thou ta'en ? ”
“ I am Rodrigo—yesterday men called me King of Spain ;
I come to make my penitence within this lonely place ;
Good father, take thou no offence for God and Mary's grace.”

The Hermit look'd with fearful eye upon Rodrigo's face,
“ Son, mercy dwells with the Most High—not hopeless is thy case ;
Thus far thou well hast chosen—I to the Lord will pray ;
He will reveal what penance may wash thy sin away.”

Now, God us shield ! it was reveal'd that he his bed must make
Within a tomb, and share its gloom with a black and living snake.
Rodrigo bowed his humbled head when God's command he heard,
And with the snake prepared his bed, according to the word.

The holy Hermit waited till the third day was gone—
Then knock'd he with his finger upon the cold tombstone ;
“ Good King, good King,” the Hermit said, “ an answer give to me,”
How fares it with thy darksome bed and dismal company ? ”

“ Good father,” said Rodrigo, “ the snake hath touch'd me not ;
Pray for me, holy Hermit—I need thy prayers God wot ;
Because the Lord His anger keeps, I lie unharmed here ;
The sting of earthly vengeance sleeps—a worser pain I fear.”

The Eremite his breast did smite when thus he heard him say ;
He turn'd him to his cell—that night he loud and long did pray ;
At morning hour he came again—then doleful moans heard he ;
From out the tomb the cry did come of gnawing misery.

He spake, and heard Rodrigo's voice, “ O Father Eremite,
He eats me now, he eats me now, I feel the adder's bite ;
The part that was most sinning my bed-fellow doth rend ;
There had my curse beginning, God grant it there may end ! ”

The holy man made answer in words of hopeful strain ;
He bade him trust the body's pang would save the spirit's pain.
Thus died the good Rodrigo, thus died the King of Spain,
Wash'd from offence the spirit hence to God its flight hath ta'en.

NOTE X. (page 425).

St. James of Compostello.

The ‘ *Chronica Antiqua de España* ’ is full of stories of battles between the Moors and the Christians, in which the fate of the day was determined by the personal appearance of St. James, leading the Christian

armies, on a white horse; whence he derived his name of *Mata-moros*, or the *Moor-slayer*. The ballads are full of these achievements, as--

“Tantos eran de los Moros
Que ay viento para un Christiano
Trovaron sangrienta lid.”

“Los Moros huyen del campo
Sant Iago el buen Apostel
Es el qui los va matando.”

The first of the four great military orders in Spain was that of St. James. It required only two degrees of noble descent; but no person descended from any Moor or Jew ever could, by any possibility, claim admission to it; and this was one of the chief circumstances which kept up the pride of the *Christianos Viejos*; for Sancho Panza knew that his grandson might become a knight of St. James, for which the least drop even of Zegri or Abencerrage blood would incapacitate for five hundred years. The reader may be amused with a passage in the *Apologie pour Hérodote*, in which Stephanus detects the *conformité entre les Dieux païens et les Saints romains*. (The part played by St. James in the Spanish armies might have been mentioned among the rest of his examples, for it is evidently enough a mere copy of some of the Roman fables concerning the Dioscorides.)

“Si on considère bien l'adoration des dieux et deesses par les payens, et l'adoration des saints et saintes par ceux de la religion romaine on les trouuera fort semblables, hormis quant à la façon de sacrifier. Et qu'ainsi soit, comme les payens, s'adressoient à Apollon et à Esculape comme à dieux faisant profession de médecine et de chirurgie, les autres ne s'adressent ils pas à S. Cosme et S. Damian? Et S. Eloy, le saint des mareschaux, quand il forge les fers, ne tient il pas la place du dieu Vulcain? À S. George ne donnent ils pas les titres qu'on donnoit anciennement à Mars? À S. Nicolas ne font ils pas le pareil honneur que les payens faisoient au dieu Neptune? S. Pierre, entant qu'on le fait portier, ne represente il pas le dieu Janus? Aussi feroient ils volôtiers à croire à l'Ange Gabriel, qu'il est le dieu Mercure. Pallas entant qu'elle est la deesse des sciences, n'est elle pas représentée par S. Katherine? Et au lieu de Diane n'ont ils pas S. Hubert, le saint des chasseurs? Lequel mestier est aussi assigné à S. Eustace per aucuns. Et quand on fait vestir vne peau de lion à S. Iean Baptiste, n'est ce pas pour nous remettre deuant les yeux Hercules? Voit on pas aussi en plusieurs lieux S. Katherine peinte avec vne rouë, comme on souloit peindre Fortune? Il y a bien d'auantage, c'est que si on vient aux fables escrites des dieux, on trouuera les cousines germanes de quelques vnes es legendes des saints. Sinon qu'on vueille dire que ce qui est fable estant escrit des dieux, soit histoire estant escrit des saints: comme (pour exemple) que le dragon tué par S. George ne soit pas fabuleux comme la Meduse tuee par Perseus. Vne chose y a qu'ils ne peuvent nier, c'est que Boniface VIII. du temple de Rome dict Pantheon, c'est à dire Tous dieux, il en fit vn Tous saints, c'est à dire, vn temple pour tous les saints, et d'auantage ordonna que la vierge Marie mere

de Iesus Christ tiendroît la place de Cybele, mere des dieux. Je passeray encore plus outre, c'est que combien que j'aye ci dessus excepté les sacrifices quant à la conformité de l'adoration des saints, et l'adoration payenne des dieux : toutesfois on y trouuera quelques sacrifices semblables, si on veut prendre le loisir d'y penser. Pour le moins me souvient il d'un qui est notable : c'est du coq qu'on offre (au moins on souloit offrir) à S. Christophle en Touraine, pour un certain mal qui vient au bout du doigt. En quoy (pour augmenter la superstition) on obserue vne chose, c'est qu'il faut expressement que ce coq soit blanc, autremēt au lieu de rendre S. Christophle propice par ce sacrifice ou oblation, on le courrouceroit. Quant au sacrifice messal, plusieurs ont monstré asses clairement, qu'en partie il auoit son origine des payens : comme aussi on voit la plus part des ceremonies qui ont esté adioustées à celles de la primitiue eglise, auoir esté empruntées d'iceux, mais sans iamais vouloir rendre. Quant au purgatoire, on ne peut nier que les poëtes payens n'en soient les premiers et les plus grands docteurs."

NOTE XI. (page 444).

The Seven Infants of Lara.

The history of these children of Lara, next to the legends of the Cid, and of Bernardo del Carpio, appears to have furnished the most favourite subjects of the Spanish minstrels. Their story has been, by recent critics, treated as entirely fabulous; but the main outline is to be found in the ancient chronicles, and the ballads adhere to it more closely than might have been expected. It appears from these authorities, that Gonçalo Bustos de Salas de Lara, a Castilian baron, living in the eleventh century, had seven sons, all distinguished above their compeers for every feat of martial exercise. Gonçalo's brother, Rodrigo Velasquez, married a Moorish lady; and at the nuptial feast, which lasted for seven days, a fray took place, in which one of the bride's kinsmen, a proud and insulting Moor of Cordova, was, after much provocation, slain in the presence of the lady, where he had sought protection, by one of the seven warlike brothers. Rodrigo, being stimulated by the complaints of his Moorish wife, determined to grant her the atrocious vengeance she demanded for this insult, and became, thenceforth, the most deadly enemy of his brother's family. Gonçalo Bustos was, in consequence of his secret arts, surprised by a party of Moorish cavalry, and conveyed to the dungeon of the King of Cordova, where he remained for many years in durance. The seven infants of Lara were in like manner, after some space, betrayed into a ravine among the mountains, where they were overpowered by a whole host in ambush, and, refusing to yield themselves prisoners, were all slaughtered upon the spot. The King of Cordova, Almanzor, invited his prisoner Gonçalo to feast with him in his palace; but when the Baron of Lara came, in obedience to the royal invitation, he found the heads of his seven sons set forth in chargers upon the table. He reproached the Moorish king bitterly for the cruelty and baseness of this proceeding, and, suddenly snatching a sword from the side of one

of the royal attendants, sacrificed to his wrath, before he could be disarmed and fettered, thirteen of the Moors who surrounded the person of Almanzor. The story goes on to relate that, in the prison to which he was now remanded, he attracted the compassion of the daughter of the Moorish king, and that this feeling was ripened into love (gradually, we may suppose, although the simple ballads represent the whole affair to have been sufficiently speedy). The Princess of Cordova became, in short, the mother of *Mudara*, the eighth son of the Baron of Lara, and destined, in the sequel, to avenge abundantly the fate of his seven slaughtered brothers. Gonçalo makes his escape from prison soon after the completion of his amour, and retreats to his castle of Salas, where he remains in solitary melancholy till such time as *Mudara* has attained his fifteenth year. The boy is first, at that epoch, informed by his mother who his father really was (for although everybody at Cordova knew *Mudara* was a bastard, nobody, it would seem, had ever thought it worth while to make any very particular inquiries as to the character of the royal maiden's amour); he immediately leaves the court of King Almanzor—repairs to Salas with the proper documents attesting his birth—is joyfully received by the childless old baron—kills his uncle Rodrigo—and in due time succeeds to all the possessions of the house of Salas de Lara.

The nuns of St. Pedro de Arlanza were used to point out the seven tombs of the infants of Lara in their cloister; but this was a disputed point, for in another cloister (at Cogolla), nine tombstones were treated with equal respect, as being supposed to cover the remains of old Gonçalo, his wife, and their seven children.

The lines which Sancho Panza quotes in the text of Cervantes form part, as I have already said, of the last ballad of the series, in which the story of the children of Lara is told.

The Vengeance of Mudara.

I.

To the chase goes Rodrigo with hound and with hawk;
But what game he desires is reveal'd in his talk,
"Oh, in vain have I slaughter'd the infants of Lara;
There's an heir in his hall—there's the bastard *Mudara*.
There's the son of the renegade—spawn of Mahoun—
If I meet with *Mudara*, my spear brings him down."

II.

While Rodrigo rides on in the heat of his wrath,
A stripling, arm'd cap-a-pee, crosses his path;
"Good morrow, young esquire."—"Good morrow, old knight."—
"Will you ride with our party, and share our delight?"—
"Speak your name, courteous stranger," the stripling replied;
"Speak your name and your lineage, ere with you I ride."

III.

"My name is Rodrigo," thus answer'd the knight;
 "Of the line of old Lara, though barr'd from my right;
 For the kinsman of Salas proclaims for the heir
 Of our ancestor's castles and forestries fair,
 A bastard, a renegade offspring—Mudara—
 Whom I'll send, if I can, to the infants of Lara."—

IV.

"I behold thee, disgrace to thy lineage!—with joy,
 I behold thee, thou murderer!"—answer'd the boy.
 "The bastard you curse, you behold him in me;
 But his brothers' avenger that bastard shall be!
 Draw! for I am the renegade's offspring, Mudara!
 We shall see who inherits the life-blood of Lara!"

V.

"I am arm'd for the forest-chase—not for the fight;
 Let me go for my shield and my sword," cries the knight;—
 "Now, the mercy you dealt to my brothers of old,
 Be the hope of that mercy the comfort you hold;
 Die, foeman to Sancha—die, traitor to Lara!"—
 As he spake, there was blood on the spear of Mudara.

NOTE XII. (page 445).

Pedro Rocha Guinarda.

Pellicer, in his note on this passage, quotes a curious document—a memorial presented to Phillip III. by the inhabitants of the town of Ripole, against a certain gentleman of considerable property and rank, in their neighbourhood. One of the chief subjects of complaint in this memorial is the conduct of the said gentleman, "in that he favours and foments the boldness of criminals, and often receives into his house Pedro Rocha Guinarda, a famous robber, and infestor of the king's highways, and a proclaimed outlaw, to whom, and his company, he gives harbour in certain parts of his domain, from whence they go forth to rob, insult, maltreat, and slay the king's lieges, as hath been proven in the royal court of the principality; and, with the favour of the said lord, certain robbers of that company have even dared to appear at fairs and markets, within the town of Ripole, and to make merry there with their friends; and that lately, a certain dispute having arisen, Rocha Guinarda came into that town at the head of more than two hundred men, and among these, many well-known robbers, assassins, and thieves—men proclaimed at the horn for enemies of your majesty, and perturbors of the public peace; who, dividing themselves into parties, rode through the town with pistols,

and other forbidden weapons of offence, insulting and reviling the inhabitants, and, by the strong hand, depriving them of their provisions, and other property; and, that a complaint being carried by the inhabitants before the Duke of Monteleon, the king's viceroy, the said lord threatened those who had complained, that if they did not withdraw their complaint, he would cause Rocha Guinarda to burn their houses, and seize their persons," &c., &c. It appears that this notorious character deserved all that Cervantes has said about the justice of his dealings among his own people; nay, that he exercised his profession in a style of equity, so to speak, of which the records of robbery furnish but few examples. It was his rule, it seems, to take from every passenger just one half of what he had. One day a poor peasant was taken, who had just fifteen reals, and a real-and-half-piece in his pocket. There was some difficulty about getting change for the real-and-half; and the poor man said he would be contented with eight reals, and they might keep the rest. "Nay, nay," said the robber, "God will favour justice: you must wait till we give you your right share." Rocha Guinarda was, in short, a sort of Spanish Rob Roy. He was at last taken, and executed about the end of 1616, a few months after he had been celebrated in Don Quixote. The style in which he communicates with his friends in Barcelona—the rank which these friends seem to have held—and the sort of respect with which he is treated even by Don Quixote, are circumstances which cannot be lost upon the reader, and strikingly illustrative of the state of Spanish manners in the seventeenth century.

NOTE XIII. (page 537.)

The Death of Don Alonzo of Aguilar.

Fernando, King of Arragon, before Granada lies,
With dukes and barons many a one, and champions of emprise;
With all the captains of Castile that serve his lady's crown,
He drives Boabdil from his gates, and plucks the crescent down.

The cross is rear'd upon the towers, for our Redeemer's sake:
The King assembles all his powers, his triumph to partake;
Yet at the royal banquet, there's trouble in his eye:—
"Now speak thy wish, it shall be done, great King," the lordlings cry.

Then spake Fernando, "Hear, grandees! which of ye all will go
And give my banner in the breeze of Alpuxar to blow?
Those heights along the Moors are strong; now who, by dawn of day,
Will plant the cross their cliffs among, and drive the dogs away?"

Then champion on champion high, and count on count doth look;
And faltering is the tongue of lord, and pale the cheek of duke;
Till starts up brave Alonzo, the knight of Aguilar,
The lowmost at the royal board, but foremost still in war.

And thus he speaks : " I pray, my lord, that none but I may go ;
For I made promise to the Queen, your consort, long ago,
That ere the war should have an end, I, for her royal charms
And for my duty to her grace, would show some feat of arms ! "

Much joy'd the King these words to hear—he bids Alonzo speed ;
And long before their revel's o'er the knight is on his steed ;
Alonzo's on his milk-white steed, with horsemen in his train ;
A thousand horse, a chosen band, ere dawn the hills to gain.

They ride along the darkling ways, they gallop all the night ;
They reach Nevada ere the cock hath harbinger'd the light—
But ere they've climb'd that steep ravine, the east is glowing red,
And the Moors their lances bright have seen, and Christian banners
spread.

Beyond the sands, between the rocks, where the old cork-trees grow,
The path is rough, and mounted men must singly march and slow ;
There, o'er the path the heathen range their ambuscado's line—
High up they wait for Aguilar, as the day begins to shine.

There nought avails the eagle-eye, the guardian of Castile,
The eye of wisdom, nor the heart that fear might never feel,
The arm of strength that wielded well the strong mace in the fray,
Nor the broad plate from whence the edge of falchion glanced away.

Not knightly valour there avails, nor skill of horse and spear ;
For rock on rock comes rumbling down from cliff and cavern drear ;
Down—down like driving hail they come, and horse and horsemen die
Like cattle whose despair is dumb when the fierce lightnings fly.

Alonzo, with a handful more, escapes into the field,
There, like a lion, stands at bay, in vain besought to yield ;
A thousand foes around are seen, but none draws near to fight ;
Afar, with bolt and javelin, they pierce the steadfast knight.

A hundred and a hundred darts are hissing round his head—
Had Aguilar a thousand hearts, their blood had all been shed ;
Faint and more faint he staggers upon the slippery sod—
At last his back is to the earth, he gives his soul to God.

With that the Moors pluck'd up their hearts to gaze upon his face,
And caitiffs mangled where he lay the scourge of Afric's race.
To woody Oxijera then the gallant corpse they drew,
And there upon the village-green they laid him out to view.

Upon the village-green he lay, as the moon was shining clear,
And all the village damsels to look on him drew near—
They stood around him all a-gaze, beside the big oak-tree,
And much his beauty they did praise, though mangled sore was he.

Now, so it fell, a Christian dame, that knew Alonzo well,
Not far from Oxijera did as a captive dwell,
And hearing all the marvels, across the woods came she,
To look upon this Christian corpse, and wash it decently.

She look'd upon him, and she knew the face of Aguilar,
Although his beauty was disgraced with many a ghastly scar ;
She knew him, and she cursed the dogs that pierced him from afar,
And mangled him when he was slain—the Moors of Alpuxar.

The Moorish maidens, while she spake, around her silence kept,
But her master dragg'd the dame away—then loud and long they wept ;
They wash'd the blood, with many a tear, from dint of dart and arrow,
And buried him near the waters clear of the brook of Alpuxarra.

THE END.

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